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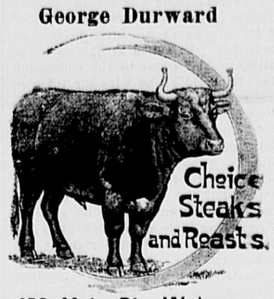
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36	Cor. Eilish and Winn Sts.
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38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
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61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
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Beginning Monday, June 3, 1907, cars will leave Reading Square for Stoneham, Winchester and Arlington as follows: 5.00, 5.30, 5.45, 6.00, 6.30, 6.45, 7.00, 7.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 5.20, 5.50, 6.05, 6.20, 6.50, 7.05, 7.20, 7.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.50 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 5.40, 6.10, 6.25, 6.40, 7.10, 7.25, 7.40, 8.10 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.10 P. M.

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Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham and Reading 6.00, 6.30, 6.45, 7.00, 7.30, 7.45, 8.00, 8.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading 6.20, 6.50, 7.05, 7.20, 7.50, 8.05, 8.20, 8.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 6.40, 7.10, 7.25, 7.40, 8.10, 8.25, 8.40, 9.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.40 P. M., then 12.10 A. M.

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Leave Winchester for Arlington 7.10, 8.10, 8.40, 9.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.10 P. M.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham and Reading 7.30, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.30, P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading 7.50, 8.50, 9.20, 9.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 8.10, 9.10, 9.40, 10.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.40 P. M., then 12.10 A. M.

JAS. O. ELLIS, Div. Supt.

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MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1908.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE.

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.50, 3.45, 6.35, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10.a. m., 5.55, 8.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m.

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.00 a. m., 12.30, 2.30, 3.30, 5.30, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct, 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.00 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham, 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.30 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.30 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

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Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
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Ansel Peever's Fortune

It Didn't Materialize Quite as He Expected

By CLARISSA MACKIE

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Everybody in Little River declared that Lucy Mellen would be tired of waiting for Ansel Peever.

"Wait until I come back from California, dearest," Ansel had whispered. "Then I will have such a home and such acres of greenhouses that I will not be ashamed to ask you to give up your splendid home on the hill."

Of course Lucy's heart prompted her to tell him to remain with her. What cared she for the promised wealth of the golden west when the solid reality of Ansel's thrifty little flower business was ready and waiting for them both? But Ansel looked so downhearted and disappointed at her answer that Lucy availed herself of the feminine privilege and changed her mind.

"You'd better go, Ansel," she urged him. "I will wait for you if you should be gone a hundred years," she added recklessly.

So it was arranged as Ansel's pride prompted him, and Lucy stayed in her father's comfortable home on the hilltop and watched the black smoke from Ansel's train dissolve in the May sunshine even as her hopes and happiness dissolved in a burst of grief.

A hundred days went by, and Ansel's letters were full of homesickness and enthusiasm. A hundred weeks passed, and the letters contained less hopefulness and the same strain of longing for home. Lucy wrote and urged him to come home. "Let the old fortune go," she wrote hastily. "There is plenty to do in Little River, and Stephen Tuttle will be glad to sell the greenhouses back to you."

But Ansel was obstinate as well as proud, and he did not come home in answer to Lucy's appeal. A hundred months went by—eight long years and four months—and Lucy's Aunt Rebecca Prentice repeated the words she had dinned into her niece's pretty ears:

"He's never coming back again, Lucy. You might as well have married Leonard Deane or the minister and had a family growing up around you instead of wasting your life waiting for a man who has forgotten you."

"I don't believe Ansel has forgotten me, Aunt Rebecca," Lucy said patiently. "It has taken longer for him to make a fortune than he expected—that's all."

One April morning Lucy Mellen found herself quite alone in the world. Her parents had died shortly after Ansel went away, and now Aunt Rebecca had succumbed to pneumonia, and the big empty house on the hill seemed bigger and emptier than ever. At the end of a year Lucy had managed to almost beggar herself by several foolish investments, and there came a day when the red flag swung to the breeze above the Mellen place.

"What are you going to do now, Lucy Mellen?" demanded her next door neighbor, Mrs. Hall. "Here you've got all your furniture crated up as if you was going away, and you ain't said a word to nobody!"

"I'm going to California," said Lucy calmly, though her pale cheeks flushed. "Ansel has sent for me to come out there and be married. You see, he's so busy he can't get away just now."

"Well, of all things!" cried Mrs. Hall excitedly. "You don't mean that you, a single woman, are going away out there all alone to get married?"

"I'm thirty-five," said Lucy obstinately, "and Ansel's folks are out there, you know."

Mrs. Hall said no more, but twisted the shawl tighter around her thin face and fairly flew down the street to be the first one to transmit the startling news to Little River.

Lucy's friends were at the station to bid her goodby when she started on her long journey. Her household goods had gone on a week before, and when the last moment came there were many tears and good wishes and lots of rice and old shoes flying after her. Lucy looked strangely pale and silent for a bride to be, but she had been that way for so many years now that her friends quite forgot what a merry, light hearted girl she had been when Ansel first wooed her.

Then the train thundered away toward New York, and Lucy leaned her pale face against the window and closed her frightened eyes. She had never taken such a long journey, and she was quite unused to traveling, but that was not the worst of it. She had told a number of downright lies—Ansel Peever had not sent for her; he did not know she was coming out there, and she had not heard from him for two months.

It was this knowledge that made Lucy Mellen so miserable as her train flew westward. Every mile that brought her nearer to Ansel also made her heart beat faster until at last when she reached San Francisco and changed cars for the little town in Santa Barbara county she was almost sick with remorse and shame at her own daring.

At last it was time for her to get off. She saw her trunks dumped on the station platform at Redcliff, and then the train rolled away among the vineyards and orange groves, while she was left in the soft, balmy atmosphere of the land of flowers.

"Ansel Peever's place?" repeated the station agent. "It's three miles down the valley. I'll have Hawkes carry you there. It'll cost you four bits, ma'am."

"Four what?" repeated puzzled Lucy.

"Four bits—50 cents. I suppose you're from the east," smiled the man good naturedly, and Lucy said that she was, and she thanked him prettily for attending to her trunks.

Seated in the buckboard with her trunks lashed on behind, the two lean roan horses clattered over the road much faster than Lucy cared to have them.

The roans slowed down, and Hawkes pointed a whip around a curve of the road. "Peever's place is just around that bend," he said.

"Stop here, please!" panted Lucy, with sudden alarm. "Please wait here while I go on and speak to them."

Lucy fluttered away around the bend of the road, looking very pale and fragile in her gray traveling dress with a gray chiffon veil tied about her hat and framing her delicate face with its soft folds. Her heavy golden hair lay in rippling waves under the veil, and the occasional silver threads that time had woven were quite hidden from view. If Lucy's cheeks had been pink she would have looked very much like the Lucy of old.

The pink came fast enough when she found herself hesitating at a pretty rustic gate set in an evergreen hedge. Beyond was a small cottage set in the midst of flowers. Away to the west there stretched a thriving vineyard, and beyond to the south there was another cottage, newer and freshly painted, and all around this cottage as far as the eye could see were orange groves. Lucy could smell the odor of the waxen blossoms, and she could see the gold of the ripened fruit as she made her way up the path to Ansel's house.

Her first doubt of Ansel Peever came when she saw a woman on the porch eying her curiously. Around the woman's skirts there clung a little child. Lucy's heart almost stopped beating. Aunt Rebecca was right after all—Ansel was married, and this was his wife and child. No wonder he had never come for her! What would they think? What would Little River think?

All these things passed through her mind before she reached the porch. There she stopped and looked at the woman with appealing eyes.

"I am looking for Ansel Peever's house," she said.

"This is it, but my husband is away just at present. I expect him back in about an hour. Won't you come in and rest awhile?" The woman smiled pleasantly, but she was evidently curious about Lucy's unexpected appearance.

"I'll rest a little while," hesitated Lucy, "but I must go back presently. There's a carriage waiting for me around the bend."

Lucy sat down in a rocking chair and looked so white and wan that Mrs. Peever fetched a glass of ice cold milk and made her drink it. After awhile Lucy was able to sit up and smile back at the little laughing girl who clung to her knee.

"I cannot wait to see Ansel—Mr. Peever. Perhaps I will come again some time," said Lucy at last as she prepared to leave.

"You are from the east, I am sure," said the woman bluntly. "If you are one of Ansel's folks from Little River he'll be mighty disappointed if you don't stay or leave your name anyway."

"You may tell him that Lucy Mellen called to see him," said Lucy as she bent down to kiss the little girl. Then, with a murmured word of thanks to Mrs. Peever, she hurried down the walk.

Then Mrs. Peever found voice. "Lucy Mellen, Lucy Mellen! Come back here!" she called imperatively.

Lucy turned. "What do you want?" she asked.

"Wait a minute," called the other, and she came running down the path and laid a hand on Lucy's shrinking shoulder. "I thought you wanted to see my husband," she panted, "but it's young Ansel you're looking for, I guess. Won't he be surprised to see you, though!" She laughed merrily.

"Young Ansel!" repeated Lucy dazedly.

"My husband's nephew. They're both named Ansel Peever. I'm Mr. Peever's second wife and sort of stepaunt to your Ansel. That's his house next door all ready for you—just finished—and Ansel inside there rigging himself up to go east after you this very minute. I'll run over and fetch him. You wait here, Lucy."

Mrs. Peever ran fleetly across the lawn, while Lucy sank weakly down on a garden seat. Happy tears filled her tired eyes, and the little girl, who was not Ansel's after all, came and heaped roses in her lap.

Then Ansel himself stood before her, thinner, browner, older, but the same Ansel save that the youthful pride and arrogance had been hammered out of him by the foundry of experience.

"Lucy—Lucy!" said Ansel brokenly. "I was getting ready to come after you. I haven't made a fortune and I never will have one, but I've got a cottage and an orange grove, and now I've got you. I didn't realize in leaving you, dear, that I was leaving my fortune behind me. I was ashamed to go back to Little River until I had done something big. Then I heard from somebody that you'd lost everything through some rascality, and so I made up my mind to go after you. Can you forgive me, Lucy, dear?"

Of course Lucy forgave him, and they were married the very next day in the new cottage, and they went to Little River on their honeymoon.

A Road Made In a Day.

Lothian road, a prominent street in Edinburgh, was made in a single day. Sir James Clerk of Penicuik bet with a friend that he would between sunrise and sunset prepare the line of road, extending nearly a mile in length by twenty paces in breadth. It happened to be in the winter season, when many men were unemployed. He had no difficulty in collecting several hundreds of these on the ground at the appointed time, when he gave them all a plentiful breakfast of porter, whisky and bread and cheese, after which, just as the sun rose, he ordered them to set to work, some to tear down inclosures, others to unroof and demolish cottages and a considerable portion to bring earth to fill up a great hollow to the required height. The inhabitants, dismayed at so vast a force and so summary a mode of procedure, made no resistance. So active were the workmen that before sunset the road was sufficiently formed to allow Sir James to drive his carriage over it.

Easy to Make a Gun.

The ameer of Afghanistan once started a gun factory of which he was very proud and placed it under the supervision of a smart Yankee who could keep his business to himself. Ameer Khan, one of the ameer's chiefs, came in to see the factory one day. The Yankee showed him around, and at the end of the inspection Ameer Khan said:

"This looks very simple. Now tell me just how to make a gun, and I will set up a factory in my own province on my return home."

"It looks simple," said the Yankee, "and it is simple. To build a gun you make a hole first; then you wrap some iron around it, and there you are."

Ameer Khan shook his head. "Ah," he said, "there is plenty of air for the hole in my province, but how the iron should be wrapped around it is a thing none of my people know."

Bruce at Bannockburn.

Robert Bruce was the descendant of a Norman. He was half an Englishman and half a Scotchman, and by his mother's side he was a claimant to the Scottish crown. After many daring adventures and rude perils, borne up throughout by strong persevering conscience and an ardent love of liberty, Bruce was able to get together a patriotic army to meet the English at Bannockburn in 1314. Before the battle began the Scottish army knelt down in prayer. Edward II. was looking on. He turned to his favorite knight and said: "Argentine, the rebels yield. They beg for mercy." "They do, my liege," the reply was, "but not from you."

The battle ended not only in a victory, but in a rout.—Samuel Smiles' "Duty."

Poetry.

It is a shallow criticism that would define poetry as confined to literary productions in rhyme and meter. The written poem is only poetry talking, and the statue, the picture and the musical composition are poetry acting. Miltox and Goethe at their desks were not more truly poets than Phidias with his chisel, Raphael at his easel or deaf Beethoven bending over his piano, inventing and producing strains which he himself could never hope to hear.—Ruskin.

Sins of the Fathers.

Fair Girl—I am sure papa would not object to you, but I am afraid mamma will. She says your family have depraved tastes. Rich Grocer's Son—Good gracious! Where did she get that idea? Fair Girl—I think she judges by the butter that your father used to recommend as good.

Hoist With His Own Petard.

"Why, Harkins, where have you been? You look like a wreck."

"I know it. My twin brother and I had a quarrel, and I hired a bruiser to lick him. The fellow mixed us up, and here I am."

THE SPIRAL NEBULAE.

One of the Terrifying and Mysterious Forces of Space.

The most stupendous manifestations of force of which we have any knowledge are presented by the spiral nebulae, whose mysterious and terrifying forms were first clearly revealed by the Lick observatory photographs made in 1898-1900 by the late Professor James E. Keeler. The heavens are full of them—they exist by thousands—and as astronomical photography is brought to greater perfection their amazing shapes tend more and more to upset all former ideas concerning the processes of creation and destruction going on in the interstellar spaces. They affect in an equal degree all theories about the origin and ultimate fate of our own solar system.

Who would imagine on looking up at the starry heavens some quiet night that the earth is like a person lost in the midst of the whirring wheels and spinning shafts of some enormous mill or machine room, where running bolts, whirling spindles, clamping pistons, grinding cogs, gyrating governors, dizzying flywheels and leaping rods confuse the eye and the mind and paralyze the limbs with the terror of impending annihilation? We are not aware of this startling situation because, while we see the stars, we do not see what is among the stars. The spinning machinery of the universe is revealed only in photographs, and as far as our senses are concerned it performs its functions with a silence which to the imagination becomes a part of the horror of space.

These cosmic wheels spin with incalculable velocity, but the span of human life is but a second of time in comparison with their periods. If we could magnify time so that a second would become as a century, then an hour would be equivalent to 360,000 years, and the true aspect of the spiral nebulae would burst upon our astonished senses.—Garrett P. Serviss in New York American.

THE BLANKET FISH.

This Dreaded Sea Monster Wraps Its Body Around Its Prey.

The manta, or blanket fish, is common to the warm parts of the Pacific. Around the Mexican penal colony on Tres Marias islands, not very far from Manzanillo, it is one of the most efficient guards for the prisoners incarcerated there. Not a man has ever been known to escape from this dreaded prison by swimming. No sooner does a human body strike the water than a school of these monsters appear, flying like giant bats through the sea. They throw themselves on the hapless swimmer, crushing him to the bed of the sea, and there suck the flesh from his bones with their powerful mouths.

The manta grows to mammoth dimensions, though the one which I saw, says a writer in the Wide World Magazine, was comparatively small, not weighing over two or three tons and not being more than fifteen feet across. The fish is nearly square in outline, the wings forming great right angles, which stretch out from the body, giving it a rectangular appearance. The fish swim by flapping these wings and are sometimes called "sea bats" on this account.

Mantas swim with incredible rapidity for what is apparently so ungainly a fish, and once they sight anything in the water, unless it be the speediest fish or shark, they overhaul it and simply close it, wrapping the entire blanket-like body around the unfortunate victim. Even with a sharp knife it is almost impossible to reach a vital point in the manta's body. For this reason they are the most dreaded by divers of all the dwellers in the sea, and the diver's life is not without its perils, take my word for that.

The Young Idea.

In a certain school a schoolboy of tender years is said to have produced the following essay on the camel: "The cannimal is a sheep of the desert. It is called a backteria because it has a hump on its back. The cannimal is very patient and will lie down and die without a groan, but when it is angry it gets its back up, which is called the hump. The shepherds of cannimals is called Arabs. When they live in towns they are called street Arabs. When the cannimal goes on a journey it drinks as much as it can to last for many days. Such animals are called acquiducks. Those that cannot carry enough are called inebriates."

Beer Slang In Germany.

Even the serious Germans, it appears, have a rich and racy slang. Here are some examples that a writer for the Baltimore Sun lately clawed out of a German dictionary: Bierfisch (beer fish), the little bits of cork that sometimes float in beer; bierrede (beer harangue), a speech made at a banquet; bierbass (beer bass), a heavy, unmelodious masculine voice; bierbruder (beer brother), a barroom acquaintance; biereifer (beer zeal), extraordinary and absurd enthusiasm.

Old Salts.

Another couple was about to be launched on the sea of matrimony.

"They don't seem a bit afraid," some one back in the crowd observed.

"And why should they?" asked the gentleman next. "They've both been across several times."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

No Swearing.

"Jim isn't drinking now."

"Honest? Did he swear off?"

"No; he really quit this time."—Toledo Blade.

Then He Lost Them.

A professor of Greek who was noted for self appreciation bought a dozen collars and marked the first one with his full name and the others simply "Ditto."—Everybody's.

A Mystery Solved.

One reason women have so many buttons to button is because they don't have to lose any time at shaving and hunting corkscrews.—Galveston News.

A FEAST IN SAMOA

Develops Into a Conglomerated Scramble For Food.

A SCENE OF WILD DISORDER.

The Native Guests Steal All the Eatables Within Reach, Which They Pass Over to Crowds of Waiting Relatives Gathered on the Outside.

The principal native foods of Samoa are bananas, breadfruit, taro, fish and pork. Bananas prepared "Fa Samoa" would not appeal very strongly to an epicurean taste, for they are gathered unripe and baked under heated stones, as all Samoan cooking is accomplished. A baked green banana favors somewhat a roasted chestnut, but not enough to cause any mistake between the two.

The breadfruit, in my estimation, appeals more strongly to a white man's taste than any other Samoan food. The large, mealy balls are baked, broken open and eaten, usually with one or other of the two Samoan sauces palusami and fai-ai. Palusami is made from the young shoots of the taro plant, cocoanut milk and sea water. Fai-ai is evaporated cocoanut milk. The milk is poured into a leaf, the ends and edges tied at the top, and it is then baked until the water evaporates, leaving a thick cream, which is very rich and quite palatable. Faro is the root or bulb of a plant which is an exact counterpart of what we call "elephant ear" in the United States and is somewhat like a yam, but inclined to be stingy or shreddy. The inside of a baked faro bulb is very solid and of a bluish tint.

The fish needs no explanation.

Pork is the supreme delicacy, according to the Samoan mind, and it is always eaten in a half cooked state. Since a Samoan will sell his birthright for a piece of pig, one-half grown is worth $30 or $40 and will always find a market; therefore it is easily seen that pork can be afforded only on holiday occasions. The Samoan method of killing a pig is unique. The animal's feet are tied together, and it is laid upon its back. Then two large, heavy natives place a 2 by 4 scantling across its neck, after which they seat themselves one on each end of the scantling.

As the unfortunate pig is slowly strangled to death his heartless executioners calmly talk politics. The reason for strangulation in putting a hog to death is simply this: A pig is held in such high esteem that it breaks the Samoan heart to see even the blood being wasted. The blood is used in conjunction with the fatty parts of the entrails and when baked forms some kind of pudding. I have never tasted this kind of pudding myself, but a Samoan will tell you that it is simply delicious, and I am willing to take his word for it. Even the cleaned entrails are utilized, and right here in Samoa we can again bring into use the Chicago stockyard phrase that "only the squeal is lost."

I well remember the first and only Samoan feast I ever had the pleasure of attending. I received an invitation one day from a Samoan whose friendship I had formed to attend a feast the following night which he was giving to dedicate his new home. There were several white men present and about fifty natives. We were arranged in two rows facing each other, sitting cross legged, and in front of each was a small mat on which was a profusion of food, including a lupe (or pigeon), a piece of pork (palusami), taro (breadfruit)—in fact, everything which goes to make a Samoan feast—all to be washed down with cocoanut milk. I had taken two or three mouthfuls of the pigeon when I noticed that there was a ring of natives each with a basket waiting impatiently just outside the house. As I turned to the man on my right for the purpose of asking why these people were assembled outside I sensed a movement in close proximity on my left. Turning quickly around, I was just in time to catch a farewell glimpse of my fine supper being dumped bodily into one of those waiting baskets. I saw at once the reason for that overflow meeting outside. The woman who sat next to me had taken a favorable opportunity when my back was turned to pick up my mat and dispose of my meal to her waiting relative, who had attended the overflow meeting with a basket.

Then ensued a conglomerated scramble, and the feast was turned into a scene of wild disorder as each native strove to outdo his neighbor in securing the most food to send home. The strategy, flank movements and tact that they exhibited under the inspiring grab game so far provoked my comedy bump that I was more than repaid for the loss of my supper in watching their energetic struggles to obtain food gratis.

I was afterward informed that the spectacle I had witnessed was simply the natural course of a Samoan feast, that they always ended the same way and I was indeed fortunate to have secured a taste or so of my pigeon.—Los Angeles Times.

The Indispensable Boy.

Caller—How is your new office boy getting along these days? Lawyer—Oh, fine! He's got things so mixed up now that I couldn't get along without him.—Puck.

Think all you speak, but by no means speak all you think.

His Present Love.

Wife—I came across some of your old love letters today. How you loved me, Harry! Husband—Yes. Is supper ready? I'm awfully hungry.

Etiquette.

Mrs. Blank—Is your husband going to Mrs. Jason's funeral? Mrs. Dash—Decidedly not! She never returned my last call.

The Woburn Journal

Telephone 55.
Residence 280.

FRIDAY, JULY 7, 1911

CHANGED HANDS.

In last Saturday's issue of the *Evening News* of this city the announcement was made that the proprietorship of that paper had passed into other hands, and Mr. John Maloney was no longer its publisher.

The names of the purchasers did not accompany the announcement, but it was reported on the streets that the *News* had been bought by a company composed of men of sufficient financial and business ability to insure the success of their journalistic venture here—that they are men of good character and high standing in the community.

The name of the Editor, however, did appear in the announcement of the change and it is a good one.—E. G. EAMES of Wilmington. The family are an old, well known, and highly respected one in this section of the state, and this particular member of it is an educated, cultured and thoroughly trained newspaper man, whose father of Wilmington was a valued contributor to the columns of the Woburn JOURNAL years ago. The new Editor of the *News* has filled with ability Editorial Staff positions on leading metropolitan papers.

So, when the people of Woburn and neighborhood read this from Editor Eames's "Announcement" they may rest assured that he "is the right man in the right place."

"It will be the constant effort of the new management to promote the interests of this entire locality and to make *The Evening News* actually "the home paper" to the residents of a very extensive territory."

Well, such being the case, here'a success to the Woburn *News* under its new ownership, and Editorial and business management.

RECIPROCITY.

Washington reporters of city papers pretend to feel quite sure that a vote by the U. S. Senate will be taken between now and Aug. 1 of the current year, on the pending Reciprocity project, the success of which President Taft has so much at heart.

Few, if any, of them dare predict the result of the vote, but a majority seem to incline to the opinion that the President will win by a small margin. If he should, it will be a hard blow to the Republican party, and secure Democratic victory in 1912.

☞ It does the JOURNAL's heart good to record the success of young men who are climbing hard and earnestly to secure upper seats among the crowd in life's struggle; so, when we read of the appointment of Mr. Thomas C. Quinn by Governor Dix to the important and highly responsible office of Superintendent of Public Records for the State of New York it pleased us mightily. He was born in Woburn 47 years ago, and the partner of his joys and sorrows, an estimable lady, whose name, by the way, was Quinn, is a native of Middlesex County. At a suitable age he went to the Woburn *Advertiser* to learn the Art of Printing and in a few months knew more about it than Mark ("the perfect man") Allen, the proprietor, did all his life. Finishing his apprenticeship Tom went to the Boston *Globe*, a good school for ambitious young men, where he learned more, and by and by, became private Secretary to Mr. Arthur A. Fowle, Managing Editor of that great metropolitan paper, in which position he remained 4 years. But New York was bigger than Boston, and Tom was fond of the biggest things. So when he went to Gotham, where Frank Munsey, the famous magazine and newspaper publisher, took him under his wing, and——well, Thomas C. Quinn has long figured as a journalistic leader and successful business man for years past. And long may he wave!

☞ While at 2 o'clock on Tuesday morning, longing and listening for sounds of a celebration of the "Glorious Fourth," and failing to hear the least thing that resembled them, and bestowing a few uncomplimentary thoughts on the originators and promoters of "a sane 4th of July," we wondered how long it would be before an order was received to have "Old Glory" tenderly wrapped up and laid away in lavender, there to remain, and thereafter never to be unfurled to the breeze except by authority of a special Act of Congress.

☞ The Poll Tax Book is out. For its freedom from errors the reader is referred to Church avenue, pages 9, 10; Nos. 13, 14, 15, 17. Court street, No. 12, Bennett street No. 10, Buchanan.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements

R. M. Adams—Citation.
A. F. Anderson—Florist.

— Burdette College of Boston is taking its annual vacation. It will reopen early in September.

— Thomas Heartz and daughter Gertrude started for Denver, Colo., last Tuesday.

— Fred H. Leathe's exhibit took the prize at the Innitou Canoe float at Horn Pond on July 4.

— At the U. S. weather station in Boston it was 104 at 2 o'clock P. M. July 4, and 10 degrees better on the ground.

— We thank Miss Mary Ellen Connolly, granddaughter of John the Janitor, for a copy of the Woburn City Reports for the year of 1910.

— It was hoped that the heavy electrical storm last night ended the hottest week that Boston and vicinity ever experienced—mercury ran from 90 to 115; but it is 80 this morning and very muggy.

— So many people consulted Arthur Whitcher's outdoor thermometer last Tuesday that the ground around the post on which it hangs looked like a Kentucky Salt Lick.

— The three people who died from the heat in this city on July 4 were: Patrick Flaherty, John T. Hill and Matthew Daly. There were several prostrations, but no more deaths.

— As a free, unbought endorsement we allow Miss Elsie Heartz to use the name of the JOURNAL in the recommendations she uses in advertising the sherbet she makes for 4th of July dinners.

— Mrs. Fannie T. Cotton, with daughters Dorothea and Gertrude, left for Scituate Saturday morning where they expect to pass two weeks with Mrs. Dr. Hartwall of Malden at her cottage.

— After reading Treasurer Shattuck's financial report of the County Fair some people may change their minds and think County Fairs pretty good things to raise money for charitable purposes

— Considering the weather at from 95 to 113; its motor breakdown; the Business Manager not very well herself; and its Foreman nearly knocked out by the heat; is it any wonder that it is tardy today.

— July came in last Saturday with nearly 100 degrees of heat to its credit at Callahan's Crossing, and 83 in the JOURNAL's Editorial operating room. As a promoter of the growth ot corn that wasn't a bad figure.

— After consulting her business Agent here, John W. Johnson, Esq., concerning the estate of her mother, Mrs. Nathaniel Simonds, of which she is executrix, Mrs. Minnie Nichols returned to her N. H. home yesterday.

— The days have lost in length since they began to shorten soon after June 21, ult., just 16 minutes. Because it is sheared off from both ends of daylight the loss is not yet so sensibly felt, or realized, as it will be later on.

— The JOURNAL Office, city streets, business houses and dwellings were in the dark last Monday on account of an accident at the Edison power plant. One icecream maker lost many hundreds of dollars on orders by his electric motor going out of business.

— Ladies and Gents, please bear in mind that the U. S. Weather Bureau in Boston is from 150 to 200 feet above the ground, and when it reports 101.06 degrees above, as it did on July 3, 1911, it means 111.06 on the ground at Thompson's Spa at Pie Alley on Washington street.

— A friend of his doing business on Main street said the next day that Mayor Murray ought not to have backed out of presenting the High School diplomas last week; for he has been dealing in leather all his life, and handing out 60 or 70 "Sheepskins" shouldn't have scared him.

— Mr' Fred H. Burdett, proprietor, with his brother Charles, of Burdett College in Boston, an institution which has done and is doing great things for the education of the young men and women of New England, thousands of whom have it to thank for their business success in life, and family are at Intervale, N. H. a delightful summer retreat which the Burdett's love.

— We have no lady in our mind's eye just at present who, we think, would be able to gather from her garden a bouquet containig so great a variety of flowers, so many oldfashioned ones such as grandmother used to pluck and gather into nosegays and carry to meeting every summer Sunday morning, and such fragrant ones, as the mammoth bunch which Mrs. C. M. Strout sent to the JOURNAL, with compliments, the other day, and which our paper was thankful for.

— The Woburn people who survived the heat of July 2, 3, 4, 5, were in a condition to realize more fully the feelings of the three Bible worthies when they were cast into a "fierey furnace" would have been had they not been protected by Divine Providence. At different hours on those days, and localities in Woburn the temperature was from 92 to 113 in the shade, and the nights were simply mortal, as Old Sol Penny of Penny's Slough used to say. At 5 P. M. July 3, it was 98 in our workroom.

— In order to convey a correct idea to the public mind of the sort of people who constitute the Cream of Woburn young Society the following partial list of their names is published as fair samples of the same. They are the names of the young ladies and gentlemen who attended a select party given by Miss Mary Grimes, daughter of the genial Editor of the *Times*, last week in honor of her friend, Miss Alice Mumminhoff of Indianapolis, in the Hoosier State through which flows the "roaring Wabash," in the High School of which city Miss Grimes is a valued teacher: The list of samples: Miss Alice Mummenhoff of Indianapolis, the Misses Louise Wyman, Grace Buck, Helen Deland, Bessie Buel, Maude Leathe, Helen Cummings, Sadie Lane, Ruth and Dora Richardson, Edith Lillian and Marguerite Smith, Charlotte and Margaret Lowell of Somerville, Mrs. Sybil Callahan, Mrs. F. Leroy Pratt, Dr. C. Guy Lane, Messrs. Percy Strout, Harry Fellows, Lester Hartshorn, George Smith and Arthur Cummings. The party was a great social success.

Edison Service Interrupted Monday Night.

COMPANY TAKING EXTENSIVE PRECAUTIONS TO PREVENT SIMILAR DIFFICULTY EVER HAPPENING AGAIN.

Had the big duplicate underground cable service of the Edison Electric Illuminating Co., which runs across Charlestown Bridge, been interrupted next Autumn instead of Monday night, the towns to the North ot Boston that use the Edison service, would have suffered practically no inconvenience. The Company, desiring always to give its patrons in every part of the territory it serves, the most complete service money will buy, has been working for months securing rights of way and extending its big cable lines around Boston, into the Northern District, so that Somerville, Arlington, Winchester, Woburn, Stoneham, Lincoln, Lexington, Bedford, Burlington and Carlisle could have a triplicate service instead of a duplicate service. Since the beginning of the Electric Lighting industry, any Company that gave its patrons a duplicate service was regarded as taking wonderful precautions for uninterrupted supply. The Boston Edison Company, has, however, not even been contented with this unusual protection, but as has been said, has been working to complete as quickly as possible a third system of distribution, which would triple the insurance of perfect service.

Just how the accident happened that interrupted service in the northern district Monday night, is not definitely known. The service was interrupted on Main street in Charlestown, where two immense feeder cables are laid in conduits several feet apart underground. The very best of insulation is used on the cables and the best type of underground insulated ducts is used, but nevertheless through some unforeseen and unpreventable circumstances, these big cables became simultaneously separated.

This accident occurred at 8.13 Monday night. More than one hundred men were summoned from their homes and from theis seasons of rest and refreshment, to locate the trouble and correct it as quickly as possible.

These men worked with might and main, but it takes time, though one has many hands, to discover just the location of an underground cable fracture, and loosen and remove heavy pavement and substitute perfect material, so that the electric current can flow on once more. The work went on all night long, until at 8.10 Tuesday morning service in the northern towns was restored.

The Edison Company during the stress and strain incident to this accident, had occasion to appreciate the remarkably considerate and kindly spirit with which its customers, whose service had been interrupted, regarded the situation. There were disappointments; there were interruptions of business, but as soon as inquiring customers found what the difficulty was, almost without exception they extended their sympathy, and expressed their desire to co-operate in any way possible. The officers of the Company are glad to find this interested and helpful spirit among their customers, and they feel it is a fine reward for the earnest, conscientious attention they have given to the interests of their patrons since the very beginning of the Company's business.

Report From County Fair.

Woburn, Mass., July 3, 1911.

The following is the report of the Treasurer of the Executive Committee,

County Fair.		
Lunch Com.	$115.55	
Flower Com.	61 58	
Popcorn Com.	12.56	
Peanut Com.	51 00	
Drinks Com.	110.94	
Doughnuts and Coffee Com.	25 00	
Ice Cream Com.	91 85	
Candy Com.	9: 85	
Total Receipts from Refreshments and Flower Com.		$578 75
Country Store	153.27	
Cigars	54.83	
Dance Com.	98 27	
Special Features Com.	24 39	
Entertainment Com.	31 31	
Cattle Show	87 71	
Gipsy Camp	38 00	
Ticket Com.	897.05	
Parade Com.	49 53	
Hospital Aid	46 94	
Total		$1,481 30
DONATIONS.		
Ladies Aid Aux. No. 5, A. O. H.	10 00	
Clan MacKinnon No. 45	10.00	
Methodist S S	5.00	
Old Lady "Shut-in"	1.00	
"Little Girls' Club"	.80	
St. John Baptist Church	5 00	
Dr. C. M. Mead	25 00	
B. G. Fowler	20 00	
Other donations	1.00	
Total		$52 80
Total Receipts of Executive Com.		$2,112 85
EXPENSES.		
Band	105.00	
Teaming	6.00	
Lumber, Cloth and Teaming	15.72	
Publicity Com.	38.40	
Chairs and Sundries	6 10	
Police Service	12 50	
Printing Signs	2 00	
Sundry Expenses	6 65	
Total Expenses		192 37
Net Proceeds		$1,920 48

Treasurer Executive Committee
County Fair,
F. W. SHATTUCK.

Solves a Deep Mystery.

"I want to thank you from the bottom of my heart," wrote C. D. Rader, of Lewisburg, W. V., "for the wonderful double benefit I got from Electric Bitters, in curing me of both a severe case of stomach trouble and of rheumatism, from which I had been an almost helpless sufferer for ten years. It suited my case as though made just for me." For dyspepsia, indigestion, jaundice and to rid the system of kidney poisons that cause rheumatism, Electric Bitters has no equal. Try them. Every bottle is guaranteed to satisfy. Only 50c at All Druggists.

Boston Theatres.

B. F. KEITH'S THEATRE.

What promises to be the biggest summer vaudeville bill ever presented in Boston is announced for B. F. Keith's Theatre next week, for beside "The Meistersingers" in "Swept by Ocean Breezes," giving a programme of "The Songs of Ireland," there is a long list of favorites in the vaudeville department. One of the most important features will be Edwin Holt & Co. in one of the greatest George Ade comedies ever written, called "The Mayor and the Manicure."

Saves Two Lives.

"Neither my sister nor myself might be living today, if it had not been for Dr. King's New Discovery" writes A. D. McDonald of Fayetteville, N. C., R. F. D. No. 8, "for we both had frightful coughs that no other remedy could help. We were told my sister had consumption. She was very weak and had night sweats but your wonderful medicine completely cured us both. Its the best I ever used or heard of." For sore lungs, coughs, colds, hemorrhage, lagrippe, asthma, hay fever, croup, whooping cough,—all bronchial troubles, its supreme. Trial bottle free. 50c, $1.00. Guaranteed by All Druggists.

Choir Outing.

Last week Thursday, June 29, the volunteer chorus choir of the Unitarian church of Woburn were entertained by Mrs. Annie S Lewis (a teacher in the Sunday School) and Mr. F. Percyval Lewis (Organist of the church) at their home in Winchester.

By courtesy of several neighbors who have canoes at the nearby Shushu-gah boathouse, the party enjoyed a cruise on upper Mystic Lake; followed by supper and a social hour.

In recognition of the best records of attendance in the choir, souvenirs were given to Ruth Bishop, Horace Trull, Earle Sylvester and Dorothy Gould.

These last three graduated from High School the night before.—X.

Methodist Church.

The young ladies of the Philathia Class of the Sunday School, desiring to make their Christianity practical recently entertained 19 girls of Boston South End at Forest Park. Misses Jennie West, Blanche Blackburn and Lillian Estes went to the Morgan Memorial in Boston to get the girls and Misses Callie Legg and Maude West returned with them.

It has been the custom for these young ladies to go on an annual outing as a class, but this year they decided to try to make others more needy than themselves happy, and in doing so they had a most pleasant day themselves. The entertaining class furnished lunches, ice cream and other refreshments for their guests.

The pastor will speak Sunday morning on "The Great Objective of the Christian Church." His evening subject will be: "The Choice of Companions."

Death in Roaring Fire

may not result from the work of firebugs, but often severe burns are caused that make a quick need for Bucklen's Arnica Salve, the quickest surest cure for burns, wounds, bruises, boils, sores. It subdues inflammation. It kills pain. It soothes and heals. Drives off skin eruptions, ulcers or piles. Only 25c at All Druggists.

Hot Notes.

Intense heat closed some of the Sunday evening religious meetings.

Campers on Concord River had to stay in the water all day to prevent suffering from heat: and many young men had to quit it.

Heat drove a great many men, women and children from Fr. Keegan's annual picnic at Pinehurst to their city homes last Tuesday.

During the heated term, beginning July 1, the mercury at times went as high as 113 in the shade. It was 100 in our workroom at 5 P. M. July 4.

George Russell Passed Away.

Mr. George Russell, 75 years of age, passed away at his home, 216 Cambridge street, Tuesday afternoon, July 4. He was born in Somerville, and had been a resident of this city for many years. He is survived by his wife, three daughters, Mrs. Charles Hartshorn of Medford, Mrs. Edward Sutherland of Woburn, Mrs. Josie Spear of Hyde Park, and two sons, George P. and William A. of this city.

Mrs. Jane E. Wright.

Mrs. Jane Eliza Wright, widow of Jacob Copeland Wright, died Wednesday at her home, 15 Beach st. Mrs. Wright was born at Washington, N H. 85 years ago, daughter of Samuel Melvine. Her mother's second husband was Rev. N. R. Wright. The late Hon. Carroll D. Wright was a half brother. Another half brother is Lucius Wright of Everett. Funeral services will held this afternoon at 2 o'clock from late home.

Electric Storm.

During the storm last evening the lightning struck the ice houses of F. C. Nichols on Beacon street to which Hose 6 was called on a still alarm. Damage small. Hose 1 went to C. H. Arnold's in Stoneham just over the Woburn line on Salem street, whose barn was struck by lightning and burnt to the ground. From there Hose 1 went to Wakefield on call for help for the burning of the Cutler Block and the State Armory.

Old Soldier Tortured.

"For years I suffered unspeakable torture from indigestion, constipation and liver trouble," wrote A. K. Smith, a war veteran at Erie, Pa., "but Dr. King's New Life Pills fixed me all right. They are simply great." Try them for any stomach, liver or kidney trouble. Only 25c at All Druggists.

An Essay on Woman.

A woman is sometimes fugitive, irrational, indeterminable, illogical and contradictory. A good deal of forbearance ought to be shown her and a good deal of prudence exercised with regard to her, for she may bring about innumerable evils without knowing it. Capable of all kinds of devotion and of all kinds of treason, "monster incomprehensible," raised to the second power, she is at once the delight and the terror of man.—Amiel.

GOVERNMENT BY EXPERTS

Seems an Unsuccessful Method In State Affairs So Far

BOSTON TRACTION MATTERS

Hard to Frame Legislation Satisfactory to All—Republican State Convention October 4—Mayor Fitzgerald's Visit to Europe With Commerce Chamber Men

The time at which the legislature usually adjourns has come and gone but the solons at Beacon Hill are still at work. The legislators this year seem to be neither especially lazy nor especially disputatious. They say they have worked slowly largely because they have realized that there was no use in their getting all their other work done and then sitting round waiting day after day for the governor and his so-called "experts" to make their final reports as to the appropriations for the various boards, commissions and departments.

The governor has the power to transmit the appropriation bills to the house on the first day of the session so that the ways and means committee can immediately begin scrutiny of all items, which has resulted in such careful and economical administration in the past, but this year the governor has seen fit to hold up some fifty of the most important appropriation bills, aggregating over $5,000,000, until the very end of the session, thus putting the ways and means committee in the awkward situation of either delaying prorogation or passing upon the various expenditures without proper investigation.

These Are Expensive Experts

The governor has had ten or twelve "experts" at work day after day for over three months now at salaries of from $25 to $50 a day, but members say that about the only important recommendation which he has made as a result of their investigation has been that no money should be appropriated for a dairy building in the Amherst Agricultural college, and farmers are so incensed at this niggardly policy in relation to one of the great industries of the state that it begins to look as if the governor would not risk vetoing the appropriation when it is passed by the senate and house.

The bills for these "experts" must be paid sometime and members say when they are paid it will be found that Governor Foss has involved the state in an unnecessary expense of some $20,000 or $30,000 and has nothing to show for it but a much belated crop of recommendations, most of which, judging from those already in, will be either unwise or impracticable.

All the members of the legislature were anxious at first to assist the governor in all possible ways in his efforts of economy, but even the Republicans, who stood by him long after he was deserted by the Boston Democrats, are now beginning to weary of seeing him pose as an economical administrator while he is wasting thousands of dollars on "experts" and delaying prorogation week after week.

The final straw for many members was when the governor sent in a message one day saying that the legislature was wasting time in considering the question of the proper salary for a certain state official and sent in another message the next day saying that he criticized the "policy" of the fish and game commissioners in setting out certain seedlings, a "policy" which it was discovered on examination was an experiment, which had cost the commissioners $16.50.

Time and again in the last two months the ways and means committee, after careful investigation, has concluded that the report of the expert who examined a department was inaccurate, or that the governor misunderstood and misinterpreted the expert's report in making his recommendations to the legislature, and time after time the house has accepted the views of the committee without a single voice being raised in favor of the governor's suggestion.

Boston Traction Matters Interest

Luckily while the legislature is still waiting for the governor to act on the appropriation bills which he is still holding up there are several important matters which it can consider, and one of the most important is that relating to street railway transportation facilities in and around Boston. There are three important questions involved: The first is whether the lease of the property and franchises shall be ratified and extended at a rental of 7 or 7½ percent, or whether the two companies should be consolidated on the basis of preferred 7, 7½ or 8 percent stock of the Boston Elevated Railway company being issued in exchange for the common stock of the West End Street Railway company.

The second question is whether the existing leases of the Tremond street and Washington street subways shall be extended and if so on what terms and conditions. The third question is whether a new east and west subway under Boylston street, a new subway to East Boston and a new subway from Park street to the South station and thence south to Andrew square shall be built, and if so on what terms and conditions the Boston Elevated Railway company shall be allowed to use them when completed.

These three important questions were referred early in the session to the committee on street railways and metropolitan affairs sitting jointly. The committee finally reported a bill. It provided for the construction of a tunnel to Dorchester, a Boylston street subway and a new tunnel to East Boston and for leases of the same, when completed, up to 1936 at 4½ percent, and for an extension of such leases of existing subways for a further period of not more than twenty-five years at a rental of 4½ percent, and for ratification and extension for a period of fifty years of the existing lease of the property and franchises of the West End Street Railway company to the Boston Elevated Street Railway company, but at a rental of 7½ percent per annum instead of 7 percent per annum.

Republican Members on the Alert

Some of the Republican members of the legislature, thinking that the provisions of this suggested bill did not sufficiently guard the interests of the public, urged that the extension of any leases of existing subways or any new leases of subways to be constructed should be limited to twenty-five years, and that instead of allowing a lease of the West End Street Railway company to the Boston Elevaed Railway company at 7½ percent the two companies should be offered an opportunity to consolidate on the basis of 7 or 7 3-10 or even 7½ percent.

The Public Franchise league and the chamber of commerce, assisted by Mr. Louis D. Brandeis, took up the question, and Governor Foss interested himself in the matter with Senators Bennett and Tinkham and Representatives Ells, Crocker, Cushing and others. Two new bills were finally drafted and introduced by Senator Tinkham, changing the original plan by providing for consolidation of the West End and the Boston Elevated on a 7 percent basis and for an indeterminate lease of subways after a period of twenty-five years after their construction. It looked at first as if the railways had come to the conclusion that it would be be wise for them to accept these alterations, but the stockholders' committee of the West End Street Railway company are claiming that the West End stockholders would not vote for consolidation on those terms, and it is doubtful if the time has yet come to force them to consolidate by a threat of revoking their street franchises, so the matter is still in doubt and it will take some days if not weeks before a satisfactory conclusion can be reached.

State Convention October 4

The Republican state convention will be held on Wednesday, Oct. 4, the first to be held under the statewide primaries act. The basis of representation for this convention has been fixed as one delegate for the first seventy-five votes cast for governor last fall in each ward of a city and in each town. For each succeeding 100 votes cast for governor in 1910 another delegate will be allowed each ward of a city, and each town shall be entitled to at least one delegate.

The Somerville Republican city committee opened the campaign last week at the Point of Pines with more than 500 enthusiastic Republicans present. It was an auspicious opening of the Republican canvass of 1911.

Mayor John F. Fitzgerald has left Boston to make a tour of Europe with the Boston chamber of commerce committee, which he proposes to meet on the other side of the water. His departure on the steamship Franconia last week was made the occasion of an improvised ovation with all the stage settings peculiar to the mayor. He had hardly got out of the sight of land, however, when Harvard college bestowed upon his mortal enemy, ex-Congressman John A. Sullivan, chairman of the Boston finance committee, which keeps a sharp eye upon Fitzgerald, one of its degrees of master of arts.

PERFUMED FRUIT.

Five Fingered Oranges Smell Sweet, but Are Not Good to Eat.

A most weird looking fruit is the five fingered orange. It grows in exactly the shape of a half open hand. Even the nails are identical, hard pointed and claw-like, tipping the orange flowers with a length equal, in some cases, to three inches.

It is no freak, but a proper kind of orange, belonging to a special variety. The tree itself is a rugged little shrub that does not average more than five or six feet in height in its native home, Japan. It does not grow straight, as the ordinary orange tree should, but is curved in all directions.

Even the branches grow in spiral or twisted forms, so that the width of the tree is often greater than the height. The fruit itself is of a pale yellow color, of a pure lemon hue, growing greenish toward the stem. The size is immense, considering the smallness of the tree, the largest ones measuring when mature fully ten inches from the wrist to the point of the middle finger, including the nail.

But the fruit is not good to eat, though what it lacks in flavor it more than makes good in perfume. Perhaps the strangest thing about this perfume is that it is the fruit and not the flower that is odorous.—Pearson's Weekly.

THE SHORTEST SPEECH.

It Was Delivered by Caesar and Consisted of a Single Word.

Julius Caesar holds the record for brevity of convincing speech.

The story is told that while Caesar was in the midst of his struggle for the mastery of the Roman empire the soldiers of his favorite Tenth legion mutinied. He appeared before them, and, uttering the one word "Quirites," paused.

That word means, of course, "citizens," but to the veterans to whom it was addressed it meant a great deal more. It was the special term used in addressing Roman voters assembled in a purely civic capacity, not as soldiers, but as civilians.

To the mutinous soldiers it meant that the great commander, whom they had followed for ten long years from the Alps to the Thames and from the Rhine to the Pyrenees and across the Rubicon, disowned them as soldiers and dismissed them from his victorious service.

Realizing its meaning, the story goes, the mutineers were appalled. Battle scarred veterans burst into tears, implored their leader to pardon them and inflicted summary punishment upon the inciters of the mutiny as a proof of their repentance.

Helping Things Along.

"The family in the next flat has three phonographs and four boys with toy express wagons," said Mr. Growcher's wife. "What on earth shall we do?"

"Send for the piano tuner and ask him how much he'll take to work by the day."—Washington Star.

Good News.

"My dear, our landlord says he's going to raise our rent."

"Glad to hear he can do it, I can't."—Baltimore American.

Though some of us are poor, let us all be genteel.—Stevenson.

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GEORGE W. MEHAFFEY, Gen. Secretary. ARTHUR S. JOHNSON, President.

WINCHESTER.

Real estate men and mechanics think there is going to be a good deal of residence building here this season. The town is growing.

The Trouble With the Meat.

Stepping into a small restaurant, a grouchy old man demanded of the waiter a certain piece of meat he had in the show window.

"Put," said the waiter, "we'—

"No buts," repiled the old man. "You bring me what I ask for or I won't get anything here at all."

Rather than lose a customer, the waiter did as he was told and, getting the piece of meat, took it back to be cooked. After a long wait the meat was brought to the customer, who, instead of thanking the waiter, said, "Look here, young man, what is the matter with this meat?"

"Nothing is the matter with it, sir, except that the paint on it has formed a few blisters from the heat."

"Why, what do you mean by that?" asked the old man.

"Simply this," replied the waiter. "Those pieces of meat you saw in the window were not made to eat. They were made for advertising purposes, but you insisted, sir, upon having one of 'em."—Philadelphia Times

Her Strong Chin.

Dawson—The facial features plainly indicate character and disposition. In selecting your wife were you governed by her chin? Snowlow—No, but I have been ever since we were married.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. B Williams, D. D.
12 M., Sunday School
At 5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the Pastor, Rev. Stephen A. Norton, D. D.
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 6 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
7 P. M. Evening Service.
Wednesday at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, Main Street Rev. F. M. Estes, Pastor.
SUNDAY SERVICES:—
Preaching, 10.30 A. M.
Sunday School, 12 M.
Preaching, 7 P. M.
Prayer Meeting, Wednesday, 7.45 P. M.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Service in Five Cents Savings Bank Building, Room 13, every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Sacrament."
Reading Room open to the public Tuesdays and Fridays from 2.30 to 4.30.

Died.

Date, name, and ages inserted free; all other notice 10 cents a line.

In this city, June 29, Ellen Moran, aged 68 years.
In this city, July 1, Bernard Scalley, aged 75 years.
In this city, July 4, Frances Harney, aged 3 years, 4 months, 12 days.
In this city, July 4, Patrick F. Flaherty, aged 39 years, 6 months, 3 days.
In this city, July 4, Matthew Daley, aged 21 years.
In this city, July 4, John T. Hill, aged 62 years, 3 months, 17 days.

A. F. ANDERSON, FLORIST

Plants, Cut Flowers, and Floral Designs for All Occasions.

14 Montvale Ave., · Woburn.

Telephones: Store 243 M, Greenhouses 112 W

KILL THE COUGH AND CURE THE LUNGS WITH DR. KING'S NEW DISCOVERY FOR COUGHS COLDS AND ALL THROAT AND LUNG TROUBLES PRICE 50¢ & $1.00 TRIAL BOTTLE FREE GUARANTEED SATISFACTORY OR MONEY REFUNDED.



PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists

BOSTON & NORTHERN ST. RY. CO. CHELSEA DIV.

TIME TABLE

[Subject to change without notice.]

ISSUED Dec. 27, 1910.

Leave WOBURN CENTRE for MALDEN SQ. at 6.45 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 8.15 A. M., then every hour 2.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 10.45, 11.15 P. M. SUNDAY at 8.15 A. M., and every hour until 1.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 10.45, †11.15 P. M. RETURN, leave MALDEN SQ. for WOBURN at 6.45, 7.15 A. M., then every hour until 5.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 10.45, †11.15, † 11.45, P. M. SUNDAY at 9.15 A. M., then every hour until 1.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 10.15, †10.45, †11.15, †11.45 P. M.

Leave STONEHAM SQ. for SAUGUS CENTRE, LYNN and SALEM at 6.30 A. M., and half hourly until 10.30 P. M. Leave corner Main and Franklin Streets, Melrose, for Saugus Centre at 5.45 A. M., then every 30 min. until 10.45 P. M. SUNDAY at 8.30 A. M. and half hourly until 10.30 P. M. Leave corner Main and Franklin Streets, Melrose for Saugus Centre at 8.45 A. M., then every 30 min until 10.45 P. M. RETURN leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Square at 6 A. M., then every 30 min. until 11 P. M. SUNDAY at 9 A. M., then every 30 min. until 11 P. M.

* Melrose Highlands Only.
† To Stoneham Square Only.

GEO. H. GRAY, Supt.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To all persons interested in the estate of Anne Connolly, otherwise known as Ann Connolly, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, Mary McGrath the administratrix of the estate of said deceased, has presented for allowance, the first account of her administration upon the estate of said deceased:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge in said County, on the tenth day of July, A. D. 1911, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.

And said administratrix is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to all persons interested in the estate fourteen days at least before said Court, or by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate seven days at least before said Court

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this nineteenth day of June in the year one thousand nine hundred and eleven.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

Middlesex ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of John F. McCarron, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Mark E. McCarron, of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on his bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-fourth day of July, A. D. 1911, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this sixth day of July, in the year one thousand nine hundred and eleven.

7-14-21 F. M. ESTY, Ass't. Register.

FOR SALE.

Two House Lots of 7,000 feet each, on Sturgis street, Woburn, adjoining homestead of Benj. Nichols. Will sell for considerable less than the assessed value. No grading necessary. Plenty of stone on premises for cellars. Inquire of J. A. STOCKWELL, 10 Tremont St., Boston. Tel. Main 2736. js30-2m

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

Middlesex, ss.

PROBATE COURT,

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of Frederick Chandler Parker, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to William Chandler Parker of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on his bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-fourth day of July, A. D. 1911, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this sixth day of July, in the year one thousand nine hundred and eleven.

7-14-21 F. M. ESTY, Ass't. Register.

For Real Estate call on Griffin Place at 349 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.,

Boston & Northern St. R'y Co. Woburn Division

TIME TABLE

Issued June 27, 1910.

Leave NORTH WOBURN for

Sullivan Square Terminal— 5.12 a. m. and every 15 mins. until 6.12 a. m., 6.42, 6.57, 7.12, a. m., and every 30 mins. until 9.12 p. m. (Also cars leaving North Woburn at 4.27, 7.27 a. m., and every 30 mins. until 9.27 a. m., then 1.57 p. m., and every 30 mins. until 7.27 p. m., then 9.27, 9.57, 10.27, and 10.57 p. m. connect at the corner of Winn and Pleasant streets, Woburn, for Sullivan Square Terminal.) SUNDAYS — 6.27, 6.57, 7.27, 9.12 a. m., and every 30 mins. until 9.12 p. m. (Also cars leaving North Woburn at 7.57 a. m., and every 30 mins. until 10.57 p. m. connect at corner of Winn and Pleasant Streets, Woburn, for Sullivan Square Terminal.)

Return—Leave **Sullivan Square Terminal**—6.17 a. m., and every 30 mins. until 9.47 p. m., then 9.47 p. m., then 10.02, 10.17, 10.32, 11.02, 11.32, p. m., 12.02 a. m. (Also passengers leaving Sullivan Square, Medford or Winchester on Lowell cars due at Woburn Centre at 7.52, a. m., and every 30 mins. until 9.52 a. m., then 2.22 p. m., and every 30 mins. until 7.52 p. m., then 9.52 and 10.22 p. m., can connect with cars for North Woburn at corner of Winn and Pleasant Streets.) SUNDAYS — 17.32, 18.02, 18.32, 19.02, 19.32, 110.02, 10.17 a. m., and every 30 mins. until 9.47 p. m., then 10.02, 10.17, 10.32, 11.02, 11.32 p. m. and 12.02 a. m. Also passengers leaving Sullivan Square Terminal, Medford or Winchester, on Lowell cars due at Woburn Centre at 8.22 a. m., and every 30 mins. until 10 22 p. m., connect with cars for North Woburn at corner of Winn and Pleasant Streets.)

Wilmington Depot and Perry's Corner, Wilmington—*6.22, 6.52 a. m., and every 60 mins. until 9.52 p. m. SUNDAYS—7.52 a. m., then same as week days. **Return**—leave **Perry's Corner, Wilmington,** 16.45, 7.18 a. m. and every 60 mins. until 10.18 p. m., SUNDAYS—8.18 a. m., and every 60 mins. until 10.18 p. m.

Wilmington Depot and Billerica Centre— 7.15 a. m., 12.15, 2.52 and 5.52 p. m. **Return** — Leave **Billerica Centre** for Wilmington Depot and North Woburn 8.15 a. m., 1.15, 3.45 and 6.45 p. m.

Leave WILMINGTON DEPOT for **Billerica Centre**—7.30 a. m., 12.30, 3.00 and 6.00 p. m. SUNDAYS—9.00, 10.30 a. m., 12.00 M., 1.30, 3.00, 4.30, 6.00, and 7.30 p. m. **Return**—Leave Billerica Centre 8.15 a. m., 1.15, 3.45 p. m. SUNDAYS—9.45, 11.15 a. m., 12.45, 2.15, 3.45, 5.15, 6.45, 7.15 p. m.

Summer Drinks!

Chelmsford Ginger Ale $2.50 case $1.00 rebate for empty case and bottles.

Moxie 20c bottle, $2.25 case. 50c doz rebate for empty bottles.

Lime Juice 10 and 25c bottle.

Grape Juice 25c bottle.

Hire's Root Beer Ext. 15c bottle
Colman's " " " 10 "

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House,
FRED. STANLEY
351 Main Street.
TELEPHONE 242-3.

OUR Store Policy

has always been to carry the standard and desirable goods in every line. That is why we chose Kodaks for our photographic department. You will never regret the purchase of a 3A Folding Pocket Kodak—$20.

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BEEF DIET
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and you won't want the services of a doctor but seldom. Long lived people are beef eaters. Get beef of us and you'll have the best at least cost.

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THE KING CAN DO NO WRONG.

Neither Can He Ever Die, According to British Law.

It is a curious point of British law that the king never dies, or, to put it in another way, it would be useless for any barrister to argue that the ruler's predecessors have really died, since the utmost the law will admit is that there may be a "demise of the crown," meaning, of course, simply that there has been a transfer of the royal authority from one person to another.

It is a maxim that "the king can do no wrong," and under the law he would not be held personally responsible for any crime or "tort" that he chose to commit at any time. At any rate, we are assured by high constitutional authorities that the law should actually and literally be so construed and that the statutes hold that any injury his majesty might inflict upon a subject must be ascribed to the king's advisers. One thing seems to be certain, and that is that his majesty can under no circumstances whatsoever be arrested. Nor, moreover, could his goods be distrained or taken in execution should he fail to meet his liabilities.

A quaint feature of British law is that in theory the king is present at the law court at every sitting, though he might in point of fact actually be on the continent or elsewhere. It follows, therefore, that it is impossible to nonsuit him as plaintiff should he not put in an appearance when his case is called, since the law specifically states that the king is there. In a similar sense the king is always constructively present in parliament, though he be in fact thousands of miles from his shores.

His majesty is under the law the nominal guardian of all infants, idiots and lunatics, and to him is granted the sole right to print the Bible, the Book of Common Prayer and all acts of parliament in the United Kingdom. It has been stated, furthermore, that should he so desire the king could forbid the printing of any or all of them anywhere within his dominions. —Harper's.

MINED THE ROAD.

The Volunteers Wiped Out the Foe, but It Was a Sad Story.

"I can tell you the saddest thing that happened during the whole war," said an old negro to a group of listeners. The story was this. One night it was reported that the town was in peril of attack from the enemy, and the fighting forces were quickly mustered. One of the volunteers conceived the idea of mining the road and touching the fuse in time to annihilate the foe. There was plenty of powder, and the scheme was adopted. The rest of the defenders stood some on one side of the road, some on the other, ready to discharge their rifles into what might be left of the assailants.

The day passed without incident, but as the night wore on the strain of the situation began to tell on the nerves of the defenders. Presently, however, there was the sound of hoofs on the highway, approaching rapidly. Such was the state of mind of the defenders that the sounds appeared to indicate the coming of a mighty cavalry force. It was a terrifying moment. A vivid flash lighting up the scene as the first horseman reached the spot told that the mine had been exploded and it had done its work. There was not a vestige of an army to be seen when the smoke cleared away excepting the scattered fragments of a big black mule.

The party laughed as the old man concluded his tale. "That's a good enough story," said one of them, "but what was there so sad about it?"

"It was my mule, sah!" was the old negro's pathetic reply.

A Battle of Languages.

Three or four languages strove for mastery in ancient Gaul, which is now France. German was spoken by the 12,000 Frank invaders. Popular Latin was spoken by 6,000,000 Gallo-Romans. Literary Latin was the language of the church and of literature. Low Latin was afterward the language of the administration. German was the first to succumb. In four centuries it ceased to be understood by the soldiers, and in seventy years more it had become an object of ridicule. But it survives in more than 900 words, expressing the things of government, law and war, and thus forms no insignificant part of the French language.

Corpse Rings.

The sailor of the old fashioned, shell back class always wears a corpse ring. This is a plain band of silver or gold, inscribed within with the sailor's name and port. Corpse rings are worn for the purpose of identification in case of death by drowning through shipwreck etc. The shellback sailor can never swim, and he looks forward calmly to dying suddenly beneath the sea. Indeed, he usually prefers such a death to a lingering one in hospital.—Buffalo Express.

How He Got Out.

"No," said Woodby, "I don't see Wiseman at all any more. He has dropped out of our social set."

"He tells a different story," remarked Sinnickson.

"Indeed!"

"Yes; he claims he has climbed out." —Catholic Standard.

The Optimist.

"You're looking blue, doc. What's the matter?"

"Well, I'll tell you. A patient I began to treat died this morning."

"Ah, cheer up. He might have died even if you hadn't been called."—Toledo Blade.

Good Scheme.

Hicks—You keep duplicates of all your old love letters? What an idea! Wicks—Yes; when I have done something particularly foolish I just read over one of those letters. It is quite encouraging to know that I'm not nearly so much of a fool as I used to be.—Exchange.

Not Easily Caught.

Wife—I see you're putting on your new coat. It makes my old hat look awfully shabby. Husband—Is that so? Well, that's soon mended. I'll put on my old coat.—Fliegende Blatter.

Worry poisons the mind just as much as a deadly drug poisons the body and just as surely.

No Exception.

Miss Young—In Turkey a woman doesn't know her husband till after she's married him. Mrs. Wedd—Why mention Turkey especially?—Boston Transcript.

YIELDED TO EDMUNDS.

Cleveland's Political Foe Won After His Friends Had Failed.

Soon after Mr. Cleveland entered the White House in 1885 Vice President Hendricks died at his home in Indianapolis, and the president made arrangements to attend the funeral. Many of his social intimates and all his official advisers united in an effort to dissuade him from making this twenty hour journey, enlarging on the manifold risks of rail travel at all times and the special opportunity this would offer some fanatic to assassinate him. But he remained immovable until within a few hours of the time set for closing up his business he received an unexpected call from Senator Edmunds of Vermont.

Mr. Edmunds was the leader of the Republican side of the senate and was understood to have in preparation several measures of opposition to the announced policies of the new administration. But he was also and above all else an American citizen and a patriot, and his visit to his political foe was made in that character. In a conversation of less than half an hour, in which he drew the curtain over all differences and disregarded all empty formalities of intercourse, he laid before the president in the clear terms and logical order in which he knew so well how to express himself the larger aspects of the situation.

As the presidential succession law then stood the speaker of the house of representatives stood next in line to the vice president, and next to him came the president pro tempore of the senate. The house not having organized since the inauguration, no speaker had been elected, and, the senate having failed at its special session to choose a president pro tempore to serve during the recess, only one life—that of the president himself—stood between the nation and administrative anarchy; hence, argued Mr. Edmunds, it was Mr. Cleveland's duty to forego every other consideration and invite no chances of throwing upon the country they both loved a strain such as it had never been subjected to before.

The writer of these lines was seated in the next room while this visit was in progress, and he will never forget the president's expression of satisfaction on coming out of his office after the senator had gone. He gave orders at once that all preparations for his journey should be suspended and declared that nothing that had occurred since he entered the White House had so touched him as the kind solicitude shown by Mr. Edmunds about his exposing himself to any peril now. The others who had reasoned with him on the subject were men who were presumptively friendly and whose chief anxiety seemed to be lest he should suffer some injury to his individual person or fortunes. But here was a man who, as far as politics was concerned, was a hostile of hostiles, yet who appealed to him in behalf of the American people and their government.

"That settled it," Mr. Cleveland concluded as he turned to go back to his office. "After what Edmunds said there can be no further question of where my highest obligation lies."—F. E. L. in New York Post.

Soft Toned Bells of China.

The natives of China use large bells of their own make in many of their temples and monasteries. I have noticed all through Japan and China that the tone of the monastery and temple bells is very soft and smooth, due to the superior quality of the material used in their manufacture and to the absence of iron clappers, the result being a marvelous softness and mellowness of tone. The bells are never swung, being always suspended in a fixed frame, and the sound is produced by striking them on the outer edge with a wooden mallet. This makes the soft tones which are so delightfully melodious.—Consular Reports.

Dr. Holmes' Wit.

One of the best repartees ever credited to a habitual maker of happy phrases was that made by the beloved "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" on a certain social occasion.

Going to dine with a Boston neighbor, Dr. Holmes was met by her with an apology:

"I could not get another man. We are four women, and you will have to take us all in."

"Forewarned is fourarmed," he said with a bow.

Flies and Filth.

The fly is born in, lives and thrives upon filth. If no filth is allowed to accumulate in a house or its neighborhood it will not be troubled by flies, for they do not ordinarily stray far from their breeding places and their sources of food. In a thoroughly clean neighborhood they cannot live in the face of screens preventing their access to food and to the absence of manure heaps and other receptacles for filth in which to deposit their eggs.—Survey.

Finally Lost It.

"I may have lost my golf ball," thought the old man as he crept on all fours round the bush into which it had rolled, "but I will not lose my temper."

So he continued to grovel and grope and to wear a persuasive, patient smile. His knees bagged, his back ached horribly, and the bush bestowed upon his hands a generous quantity of thorns. But he refused to discard his smile and kept on repeating:

"No; I will not lose my temper. I will not."

Suddenly the elusive ball caught his eye. Flopping flat, he stretched his hands toward it, grasped it among its nest of thorns and gingerly withdrew it.

"Holty-tolty!" exclaimed an old woman behind him. "You ought to be ashamed, bird nesting at your time of life!"

And then he did lose his temper.—Loudon Answers.

Diversions of Earlier Georgia.

Micajah Williamson kept a licensed tavern in the town of Washington. In front of this tavern was a large picture of George Washington hanging as a swinging sign. John Clarke (governor 1819-23) used to come to town and, like most men of his day, get drunk. They all did not "cut up," however, as he did on such occasions. He went into stores and smashed things generally, as tradition says, but he always came back and paid for them like a gentleman. Once he came into town intoxicated and galloped down Court street and fired through the picture of General Washington before the tavern door. This was brought up against him later when he was a candidate for governor, but his friends denied it.—Macon Telegraph.

FOND OF ELECTIONS.

In Switzerland They Select Even Gravediggers by Ballot.

According to Professor F. F. Roget of Geneva, the Swiss have the greatest political intelligence in the world today.

"Every citizen of a canton is a Swiss citizen," says Professor Roget. "One must become a member of some local commune to become naturalized and in order to do so must be accepted by the local communal council.

"Every male Swiss citizen is an elector from the age of twenty, there being no property qualification. Every Swiss is a soldier and every soldier an elector. The federal elector may vote wherever he may happen to be, guarantees being taken that he votes only once.

"The cantons are the political units, and no elector may exercise political rights in more than one canton. On moving from one locality to another the Swiss must wait three months before he may exercise the franchise in his new neighborhood."

Professor Roget declares that "every collective authority in Switzerland is elected.

"The foreigner," he states, "is often surprised to see in a Swiss newspaper on a Monday the results of all kinds of elections on the Sunday. If he had gone into a polling booth on the Sunday he would have found in this corner a clerk at a desk, at which the elector would vote for the local schoolmaster.

"In another corner would be a desk at which he would vote for the local judge, in another part of the same room he would vote for the local gravedigger, and so on through a whole series of officials, all of whom are popularly elected.

"The result of this training is that the political intelligence of the Swiss is extremely developed, and that he thoroughly understands what he is voting about at home in his native country, and that when he goes abroad he finds it very easy to understand and to take part in any political movements among which he may find himself."—Exchange.

A Sinecure.

General Horatio C. King, on one occasion narrating some war memories, said:

"We suffered many hardships on both sides, but the poor, brave Confederates suffered most. I remember a grizzled old colored man who at the outbreak of the Spanish war applied for a place as an army cook.

"'What experience have you had?' the old fellow was asked.

"'I was cook, sah, fo' a Confederate regiment in sixty-fo',' he answered—'that is, sah, I had the position of cook, but, to tell the truth, I didn't work at it.

"'Why not?'

"'There wasn't nothin' to cook, sah.'"

Doctors In Russia.

Dr. Ralph Thompson, in Medical Europe, states that "in Russia nobody ever asks a physician the amount of his bill. It is universally understood that a gentleman pays his doctor a fair sum—such a sum as he can afford to pay within the limits of his income and his sense of generosity. The Russian mind cannot conceive how a man engaged in the holy pursuit of saving life and alleviating suffering can put a price on his services." After this it is not surprising to learn from the same authority that Russia is the only European country of importance where the medical profession is not overcrowded.

The City of the Dove.

When mighty Amru went to conquer Egypt he camped on the east bank of the Nile opposite Memphis, that great twenty miles long capital of mud bricks whose western verge was the pyramids and whose mud brick houses have all vanished. Amru crushed the Egyptians and came back to get his camp to move over and occupy Memphis. A dove had built in the folds near the top of his tent. Blood bathed Amru, the ruthless, would not let her be disturbed. A new city started about his tents. It grew northward along the Nile. It is today Cairo. Memphis is only a name.

A Double Risk.

It was well known in Mayville that when Cyrus Fanning lent anything, from a hammer to a plow, he expected a good return for the favor. It was a matter of astonishment to Wilson Green, however, when on inquiring of Mr. Fanning how much it would cost to rent his long ladder for an afternoon Cyrus replied promptly, "One dollar fifty."

"Now, look here, Cy," remonstrated his neighbor; "you know I've got to borrow it, for mine isn't long enough to reach where I'm obliged to climb to search out that chimney leak for the Widow Sears. Can't you make it less?"

"No, I can't," and Mr. Fanning shook his small head and closed his obstinate mouth.

"Why can't you?" demanded Wilson Green.

"Because there's a weak place in it two-thirds the way up!" snapped Mr. Fanning. "It'll bear my weight all right, but you're a good thutty pounds heavier. If it gave way under you 'twould cost me a dollar to get it mended. Considering the resk, I call a dollar 'n' a half cheap."—Youth's Companion.

The Seal Ring.

The seal ring is known to be the oldest style of ring. It dates back to the days of the Old Testament, and products of the glyptic art, as gem engraving was called, were known in the most remote times. In Exodus xxviii, 17-20, mention is made of the following stones, upon which the names of the twelve children of Israel were engraved: The sardius, the topaz, the carbuncle, the emerald, the sapphire, the diamond, the ligure, the agate, the amethyst, beryl, onyx and jasper. In verse 2 of the same chapter we find mention of the engraving of signets upon the hardest stones. It is believed that the Egyptians instructed the Israelites in the art of stone engraving. The Egyptians used the lapidary's wheel and emery powder and knew the use of the diamond in engraving other hard stones. Among the Assyrian and Babylonian ruins were found fine specimens of signets on gems, many of them set in rings.

Contradicting a Proverb.

"People can't expect to get something for nothing," said the ready made philosopher.

"My landlord manages it," replied Mr. Growcher. "He makes me sign a contract to pay a full year's rent whether I live in his flat or not."—Washington Star.

ROSES AND THORNS.

An Old Eastern Legend and Its Application to Human Life.

This world we're living in
Is mighty hard to beat.
You get a thorn with every rose,
But ain't the roses sweet?

There is an eastern legend that when the beneficent Creator prepared the earth for man, causing it to bring forth herbs and trees pleasant to the eye and good for food, each bearing its seed within itself for propagating its kind, the roses had no thorns and the lilies, violets and other blossoming plants were free from thistles, brambles and noxious weeds.

But the sons and daughters of men in their greedy eagerness to gather the flowers, each one selfishly striving to secure a larger share than his fellow, seemed likely to despoil the earth of its beauty and leave not even enough blossoms to perfect their seed and perpetuate their species. So the kindly All Father provided the roses with thorns for self protection and sent a host of defenders of the more tender blossoms by causing thistles and briers to spring up around them like wardens of a castle or the bodyguard of a queen. And this is the reason for the thorns and briers—nature's protection against human greed.

The legend has a wider application. The roses typify the pleasures of life and the thorns its pains. A life of ease and pleasure was not only useless, but satiating. It would demoralize him who indulged in it. Satiety despoils the rose of its beauty and the violet of its fragrance; hence kind nature makes true pleasure the reward of virtuous effort and punishes overindulgence with penalizing suffering, to the end that greed may be restrained and self control developed with its attendant virtues of temperance, kindliness, industry and thrift.—John B. Stoll in South Bend Times.

FOES TO SUCCESS.

Don't Be a Victim of Timidity, Shyness or Self Consciousness.

Timidity, shyness and self consciousness belong to the same family. We usually find all where we find any one, and they are all enemies of peace of mind, happiness and achievement. No one has ever done a great thing while his mind was centered upon himself. We must lose ourselves before we can find ourselves. Self analysis is valuable only to learn our strength; it is fatal if it makes us dwell upon our weaknesses.

Timid, shy people are morbidly self conscious. They think too much about themselves. Their thoughts are turned inward; they are always analyzing, dissecting themselves, wondering how they appear and what people think of them. If these people could only forget themselves and think of others they would be surprised to see what freedom, ease and grace they would gain, what success in life they would achieve.

Thousands of young people are held back from undertaking what they long to do and are kept from trying to make real their great life dreams because they are afraid to jostle with the world. They shrink from exposing their sore spots and sensitive points which smart from the lightest touch. Their supersensitiveness makes cowards of them.—O. S. Marden in Success Magazine.

A Congregation of One.

In his younger days the Rev. Sir Cameron Lees, D. D., was a highland missioner in a scattered territory and passing rich on £40 a year. On one occasion on the Sabbath day the windows of heaven opened and there was a deluge on a small scale. The young minister of course was at his post, but only one member of the congregation had the courage to turn up, an old farmer. Cameron Lees suggested that in view of the terrible weather they should adjourn to his study and hold their devotions there.

"No, no," said the old highlander. "It is written, 'Where two or three are gathered together in my name there am I also.' You are one and I'm one, so there's the two, and we'll have the service as usual." And there was a service for a congregation of one.—London Globe.

Worrying Happiness.

The bishop of Manchester, speaking at a meeting at Church House, Westminster, said the secret of happiness was to have a sufficient multitude of worries.

The man who had only one worry, a blind that would not be pulled up straight by the servant or a coal scuttle the bottom of which was always coming out, found his way to the lunatic asylum, but the man who had no time to dwell upon his worries because he had to go from one to another and back again and round and round like a squirrel in a cage could be a perfectly happy man.—London Mail.

Elastic.

"An' one other thing I want you to remember when you build the house is to put one of the finest elastic steps on it that money can build.'

"An elastic step, madam?"

"Yes; I was readin' how Miss Blublud had a fine elastic step, an' I want one just like it or better."—Houston Post.

Becoming.

"Isn't my new dress becoming to me?" asked the delighted wife.

"Yes," replied the head of the establishment, "and I suppose the bill for it will soon be coming to me."

Life is a quarry out of which we are to mold and chisel and complete a character.

A Vicious Dwarf.

Bebe was the favorite dwarf of the former King Stanislas of Poland. Born in 1741 in Lorraine, at the age of five he was twenty-two inches high and at his death in 1764 thirty-three inches. He was neither physically nor mentally active. Once Count Borowlaski visited him, and he became so jealous of the former's superior manners and intellectual qualities that he attempted to throw his visitor into the fire, but was prevented by the household.

A Sure Sign.

That levity is a subject that is sometimes worth while avoiding has been learned to the sorrow of a would be undertaker.

At a recent examination of the state undertaking board among the questions asked of the many applicants was the following one:

"What do you consider as an infallible sign of death?"

"Crape on the door," answered one.—Chicago Journal.

A CURIOUS DREAM.

Warning That Came to a Granddaughter of Sir Walter Scott.

An instance in which a dream was useful in preventing an impending catastrophe is recorded of a daughter of Mrs. Rutherford at Ederton, the granddaughter of Sir Walter Scott. This lady dreamed more than once that her mother had been murdered by a black servant. She was so much upset by this that she returned home, and, to her great astonishment and not a little to her dismay, she met on entering the house the very black servant she had met in her dream. He had been engaged in her absence. She prevailed upon a gentleman to watch in an adjoining room during the following night.

About 3 o'clock in the morning the gentleman heard footsteps on the stairs, came out and met the servant carrying some coals. Being questioned as to where he was going, he answered confusedly that he was going to mend the mistress' fire, which at 3 o'clock in the morning in the middle of summer was evidently impossible. On further investigation a strong knife was found hidden in the coals. The lady escaped, but the man was subsequently hanged for murder, and before his execution he confessed that he intended to assassinate Mrs. Rutherford.—London Standard.

GRAND CANYON.

An Ideal Place In Which to Realize the Insignificance of Man.

There is one place in this country where a man can step back not by hundreds but by thousands of years, back to the time when the continent was in the making. This place is the Grand Canyon of Arizona. There the visitor sees a panorama in a million colors as the mists gather about the rugged peaks and the sunlight glistens on the metallic deposits of the cliffs. A whole chaotic world discloses itself. Rock forms of uncanny beauty stand out on those unrivaled cliffs, and far down runs the river channel.

Stand on some ledge and realize the insignificance of man when compared with the handicraft of nature, watch a party of travelers threading their way down some winding trail that clings to the great wall and see them grow smaller and smaller until they become mere specks in the great rift, then some idea is gained of this wonderful place. Yet the canyon is so symmetrical and so unlike anything else that it is with difficulty that one can acquire any notion of its immensity. Niagara poured in would hardly have the dignity of a mountain stream. —New York Sun.

Humors of "Hamlet."

William Davidge related in his "Footlight Flashes" that during his strolling days in England, when companies were small, he had on the same evening done duty for Polonius, the ghost; Ostric and the first gravedigger, and Edwin Booth remembered Thomas Ward dying in sight of the audience as the player king and being dragged from the mimic stage by the heels to enter immediately at another wing as Polonius, crying "Lights, lights, lights!" Hamlet in a one night town, swearing he loved Ophelia better than forty thousand brothers, has watched her through an open grave packing her trunk in the place beneath, while the ghost, her husband, waited to strap it up. There are more things in Hamlet's existence behind the scenes than are dreamed of in the philosophy of all his commentators and all his critics.—From the Green Book.

Corn and Water.

To those engaged in the handling of grain the natural shrinkage of shelled corn while in storage and in transit is a matter of prime importance and often a source of dispute because of shortage reported at time of receipt at warehouse and a further loss at date of final sale. In order to determine the amount of shrinkage or loss of weight occurring in corn the department of agriculture has conducted an experiment with 500 bushels of shelled corn. At the time of storage the moisture content was 18.8 per cent and at close of the test 14.7 per cent, or a loss of 4.1 per cent. The weight per bushel had decreased from 54.7 pounds to 50 pounds, and the total loss of weight was 1,970 pounds, or slightly more than 7 per cent.

Sir Roger de Coverley.

Sir Roger de Coverley was the name of a member of the imaginary club of twelve under whose direction Addison's Spectator was professedly published. He was an old school, bluff, good hearted English gentleman. The dance named after him is an English dance corresponding somewhat to the Virginia reel.

Her One Idea.

"His wife is a woman of one idea."

"That so?"

"Yes; whenever he starts to do anything she has the idea that he's doing it wrong."—Detroit Free Press.

A Good Reason.

Positive Wife—John, why do you talk in your sleep? Have you any idea? Negative Husband—So as not to forget how, I suppose. It's the only chance I get.—Exchange.

Good Reason.

"You mean to say you lived in one house for three years and cultivated no pleasant acquaintances? Why?"

"I was cultivating my voice."—Exchange.

Dare to be true. Nothing can need a lie.—George Herbert.

Looking For Them.

Major d'Arlandes, like many another French soldier, was tired of waiting for promotion and opportunities to distinguish himself. He seized an opportunity to enjoy a little excitement and at the same time remind Louis XVI of his baffled ambitions. He made a balloon ascension, which at that time was thought to be a very risky affair. The king promptly reproved him for his rashness.

"Your majesty will pardon me, I hope," said the officer, "but the fact is the minister of war has made me so many promises in the air that I went up to look for some of them."

Her Triumph.

"Maria," Mr. Dorkins said, with a note of exultation in his voice, "I turned a trade today that netted me a clean $2,000."

"H'mph," ejaculated his spouse in her loftiest you make me tired manner, "I went out today to hunt up a first class cook, and I got her, John—I got her!"—Chicago Tribune.

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She liked the diamond very much
But didn't have the Mon.

The maiden had no time to lose,
And folded up her ones and Tues.

I've got a scheme she coyly said,
I'll go and find a man and Wed.

She bundled up in clothes and furs
And lisped I'll charm the noble Thurs.

She didn't have so long to try,
For she found him at an oyster Fri.

And on her dimple finger fat,
He slipped the diamond while they Sat.

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Susannah's Independence

It Was Short Lived, but Served Its Purpose

By CLARISSA MACKIE

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That Sunday had been one of Miss Lettice Penfield's lugubrious days when the whole world was garbed in a dark dismal blue. She had looked up from her melancholy book of sermons to discover her niece, Susannah, smiling radiantly at Martin Wayne's portrait in its shrinelike frame on the bookcase. Susannah had the grace to blush rosily as her eyes met Aunt Lettice's dispirited glance.

"Isn't he handsome, Aunt Lettice?" she asked daringly.

"'Handsome is as handsome does,'" quoted Miss Penfield gloomily. "Sometimes I have qualms regarding your future happiness. Marriage is such a lottery you can never tell how one of 'em is going to turn out. Sometimes it seems as if when there's the most reason to expect happiness there comes the most misery. And it doesn't do for a girl to trust herself to a man just because he is handsome."

"Seems as if I'd heard something of that sort before," Susannah said scornfully. "Aunt Lettice, I've always noticed that you have qualms about everything on Sunday afternoons, never any other time unless it's a rainy day. I do believe it's that horrid book of sermons all about everlasting torment and so forth. Now, I'm going to prescribe a cure for your melancholia—there!"

Miss Penfield gasped as Susannah leaned forward, caught the book of sermons from her hand and tossed it page downward into the glowing grate fire. The flames flickered up, and the ancient and brittle pages curled into charred fragments. The old sheepskin binding sent a black pillar of smoke up the chimney, while it smelled horrible.

"Susannah Penfield," cried her aunt indignantly, "see what you have done! That book belonged to my grandfather. You know how I have cherished it. You are lacking in respect to me and to your forbears." Miss Penfield adjusted her gold eyeglasses on her Roman nose and sailed majestically toward the door.

Susannah was genuinely penitent and rather frightened at her own rash deed, but Aunt Lettice was always so exasperating on Sunday afternoons and there had been so many Sundays since Susannah had come to live with her an orphaned and penniless little girl.

"I am so sorry, Aunt Lettice," cried Susannah remorsefully. "I wish I could undo that mischievous deed."

"I must expect ingratitude from you, Susannah. It is ever thus when one performs an act of benevolence. I have always tried to do my duty by you ever since you came to me poor and friendless, and now you turn and bite the hand that has caressed you."

Susannah arose and stood before her aunt, her pretty cheeks pale as white roses, her gray eyes dilated until they merged into black.

"Aunt Lettice, what are you saying? You exaggerate what I have done. I have been grateful for your kindness—I have tried to be as a daughter to you, and now"—

"Merely because I suggested that your future life with Martin Wayne might not be all rose color," went on Miss Penfield in monotonous complaint. "I couldn't help thinking about it when I saw Martin paying so much attention to that rich Miss Fearing—not that he needs the money, for he has plenty of his own, but"—

Susannah anticipated Miss Penfield's departure by leaving the room hastily through the library door, thus adding insult to the injury she had imposed upon that austere lady.

Through the gloomy library and the dim hall she went, up the wide red carpeted stairs to her own room, where she locked the door and sank breathlessly into a chair before her writing desk. Her face was still white, and her eyes wore a new look of trouble. Before this Susannah had always brushed her troubles aside. Today they were heavy enough. She, too, had observed her lover with Madeline Fearing, but until Aunt Lettice's insinuation Susannah had never entertained a doubt of Martin's loyalty. Now her honest heart was aflame with jealousy and her pride was stung by Aunt Lettice's taunt.

Pen and paper were at hand, and it was the work of an instant to write a brief note to Martin, breaking off the engagement and inclosing within the envelope a tiny box containing the ring he had given her. Another note to Aunt Lettice announced that henceforth Susannah would make her own way in the world and would try to repay little by little her indebtedness to her aunt. Susannah selected her plainest last year's street suit, gathered a few other necessaries into a shabby leather bag, slipped her own especial picture of Martin on top and stole away in the dusk of that Sunday evening just at the time when she might have been expecting Martin to come. She had left the letters on her dressing table so that when Aunt Lettice came to seek her they would be found.

With a beating heart she rode down town to the railroad station and bought her ticket for New York. Her own in land town did not offer any opening for a young woman who had no talent for anything in especial unless it was to make a home for some excellent young man, and Susannah's career in that direction seemed to be closed forever.

Arrived in New York, she found lodgings at a working girls' club of which she had often heard, and the next morning she awakened to a new life of independence and work.

At the end of three days Susannah found work in the basement of a large department store, where she sold all sorts of kitchen ware to busy housewives. Because Susannah was a born housewife herself she found genuine pleasure in recommending the various utensils that composed her stock. Her knowledge of music and languages was not sufficient to offer her a means of livelihood; here was her own proper sphere among the household gods and their satellites.

Her wages were small enough, but there was a great satisfaction in the thought that she was earning her own way after all. She knew how horrified Aunt Lettice would be if she could see her cherished niece behind the counter. As for Martin—she shrugged her pretty shoulders with assumed indifference.

She had been there a week when a very sharp eyed, thin faced man edged his way toward her and appeared to study her appearance closely. Later she saw him talking to the floor manager, and after awhile he disappeared. Susannah thought little of the incident, for shortly afterward it was eliminated from her memory by the appearance of Martin Wayne.

Susannah shrank back among the blue enameled saucepans and pots and hoped some other clerk would wait upon him, but it was a busy morning, and there was no way of escape, for Martin came directly toward her and, without the slightest sign of recognition, spoke to her:

"Will you show me some teakettles, please?" he asked, referring to a paper in his hand.

Without a word poor Susannah set forth on the counter a row of teakettles of every size and shape—tin, copper, nickel and enameled ware of every color.

Martin looked at them critically. "What would you choose?" he asked, looking her directly in the eyes with his clear, searching glance. "What would you choose for a family of two, I'm going to be married," he added in explanation.

Susannah's color came back in a swift rush, and her daintily poised head went up proudly. All at once she was the model saleswoman, brisk and attentive. If Martin Wayne in his chagrin was to flaunt his marriage to Miss Fearing, Susannah would not flinch. It did not occur to her to think it strange that Martin should be buying his kitchen ware alone. Had not he and Susannah planned every detail of their future home down to the very toasting forks?"

"What would you choose?" he repeated, and Susannah picked out a green enameled kettle because in the house that they had built in fancy there was to be nothing but white enamel ware.

"Green?" he repeated in a puzzled tone.

"It wears well," said Susannah in a businesslike tone. "Now, here are other kettles to match in the same color—pots and saucepans and"—

"I must ask your advice," he said soberly and laid his list before Susannah—the very list they had compiled together in the red glow of the fire lit library. "My wife—that is, the lady who is to be my wife—has expressed a wish for white enameled ware—pure white. Don't you think I had better choose what she wants? You see, she made out this list herself." He gave it to her, and before her blurring eyes the letters danced up and down, but it was her own writing.

All at once Susannah found speech. "Martin!" she said in a very small voice.

He turned instantly. "Susannah, dearest, what is it?" he asked in a low tone.

"Oh!" said Susannah sharply. "Then you got my note?"

"Yes—and tore it up," said Mr. Wayne promptly. "Your Aunt Lettice is weeping over hers yet. Dear, she sent you a message by me: 'Tell my little girl that I don't regret the book of sermons; I have learned a sermon by heart now.'"

"Oh, dear!" half sobbed Susannah. "I'm afraid I'm going to cry, Martin. I've been so horrid to you both! Did Aunt Lettice tell you all about it?"

"Every word, even unto how she incited your jealousy of Madeline Fearing. Susannah, as they say in the melodramas, all is forgiven; come home." He covered her little hand with his own while the floor manager turned his back.

"I must wait until the whistle blows," smiled Susannah through her happy tears.

"And I will wait outside—just as if I was your 'steady company.' Shall I, Susannah?"

"Yes," said Susannah softly.

"Tomorrow we will come back and select white enamel—eh, dear?"

"Yes," said Susannah again, her face radiant with blushes. "Martin, how did you know I was here?"

"My detective—didn't you see him prowling around awhile ago? I was waiting outside for his report."

"I see. And, Martin, just as I was beginning to enjoy my independence it is ended," she sighed, a little regretfully.

"Isn't there something sweeter than that—dependence upon me?" whispered Martin as he slipped the ring back into its accustomed place.

"Yes, indeed!" And this time there was no regret in Susannah's voice.

Hagenbeck's Narrowest Escape.

I am often asked what is my narrowest escape. Perhaps the following is the closest shave I have had. I was superintending the dispatch of some animals at the railway station in Hamburg, when a half grown elephant which was standing in one of the trucks with its legs chained suddenly turned round and tried to pin me to the wall. I was at that moment examining a cage containing monkeys. When I entered the car I knew the elephant was cross and should have kept my face toward him. Instead of doing so I turned round to look at something, and at that moment the brute went for me. He tried to pin me to the wall, but fortunately for me his tusks were too wide apart for him to properly grip me. The tusks just grazed my skin on each side of my back. One of my men rushed to the rescue and pulled me down between the animal's head and the wall. They then stood me on my feet to see if my back was broken. With the exception of torn clothing and a grazed skin I was all right.—Wide World.

Stonewall Jackson's Death.

Nothing in the war perhaps, excepting the surrender, ever struck Richmond with such stunning force as the announcement of "Stonewall" Jackson's fall, of the amputation of his arm and finally of his death, following the battle of Chancellorsville. Even the brilliant victory of our arms was placed in total eclipse by this irreparable loss. From the first, when the shy Puritan professor of the Virginia Military institute had startled the armies by his extraordinary daring and military skill, Jackson had taken hold of the popular mind as a supreme favorite. "Old Stonewall," "Old Jack" or "Old Blue Light" was by the soldiers held in the reverence bestowed by Napoleon's grenadiers upon the person of their sacred emperor. With Lee and Jackson to the fore quiet people sitting in their homes felt themselves as behind two massive towers of strength, facing and meeting every adverse wind.—Mrs. Buxton Harrison in Scribner's.

MURDER INDICTMENTS.

A Sample of the Idiotic Style in Which They Are Written.

Murder has been written of as a fine art, but it remained for the United States to treat it as a sport. In many of the states an indictment for murder contains nearly enough words to fill a column and sounds like the conversation of an idiot. Here is a sample:

"That the said J. F. G., a certain pistol then and there charged with gunpowder and leaden bullets, which said pistol he, the said J. F. G., then and there in his right hand had and held, then and there unlawfully, purposely and of deliberate and premeditated malice, did discharge and shoot off to, against and upon the said F. M., with the intent aforesaid, and that the said J. F. G., with the leaden bullets aforesaid, out of the pistol aforesaid, by the force of the gunpowder aforesaid, by the said J. F. G., then and there discharged and shot off as aforesaid, him, the said F. M., in and upon the upper right side of the back of him, the said F. M., then and there"—

This isn't as idiotic as it looks, however. It is part of our sporting theory of justice, which makes a murder trial a game of skill and finesse between opposing counsel. By the slightest deviation from statutory form one side may lose the game. Convictions for the most abhorrent crimes have repeatedly been set aside because of trivial verbal omissions in the indictment.

Had the murder referred to in the above quotation occurred in Canada the indictment would have read simply: "The jurors of our lord the king present that J. F. G. on the 6th day of August, one thousand nine hundred and eight, at the city of Winnipeg, in the province of Manitoba, murdered F. M." Canadian procedure concerns itself with the murder. Ours in many jurisdictions concerns itself with the legal sport, whether the murderer is punished or not being a secondary consideration.—Saturday Evening Post.

PEPYS, THE DIARIST.

Pronouncing the Name of the Garrulous Old Gossip.

Lovers of Pepys often dispute over the correct pronunciation of his name. The form Peeps is the one that has chief authority on its side, and it is according to analogy in other like spellings, such as Wemyss, pronounced Weems. Peeps still holds good at Cambridge and dates from its bearer's own time. It is also retained by the representatives of Samuel's sister, the Pepys Cockerell family, who are heirs to his fame and some of his property. The late Rev. J. W. Ebsworth, an indefatigable collector and editor of ballads, adopts this pronunciation in his pleasing stanzas on "A Gossip at Deptford."

For instance:

The state has no servant of all whom she keeps
Like my squab little friend, who no labor does shirk,
The pattern of quill driving clerks, Sam Pepys.

A disturbing element in the discussion is that the branch of the family represented by the Earl of Cottenham pronounce the name Peppis.

No bearer of the name has ever been known as Peps, though Ashby Sterry, a respected member of the Pepys club, follows this common but erroneous pronunciation in this excellent epigram, published in the London Graphic November, 1891:

There are people, I'm told—some say there are heaps—
Who speak of the talkative Samuel as Peeps,
And some, so precise and pedantic their step is,
Who call the delightful old diarist Pepys,
But those I think right, and I follow their steps,
Ever mention the garrulous gossip as Peps!

Woes of Translators.

The way of translators is hard, especially where African native languages are concerned. Favorite English hymns, translated for the benefit of the natives, sometimes contain renderings not altogether faultless. "Go labor on, spend and be spent," was given as "Go blunder on," etc. The most extravagant instance, however, was the hymn, "Lord, Dismiss Us With Thy Blessing," which the natives were exhorted to join fervently in singing. Months later the missionaries discovered that what they really had been singing was, "Lord, kick us out, softly, softly."—Glasgow Herald.

To Meet an Emergency.

"Madam, have you any old clothes to give away?"

"I have a suit belonging to my husband, but I fear it is too big for you."

"Oh, that will be all right. You just set me out a square meal and watch me eat enough so that I can fill it."—Washington Times.

A Protection.

"Any man looks stupid when he wears a monocle," said the critical girl.

"That's why so many of us fellows wear 'em," replied the candid youth. "If we happen to look stupid we blame the monocle."—Washington Star.

No Wedding Day Bargain.

The Husband (during the quarrel)—You're always making bargains. Was there ever a time when you didn't? The Wife—Yes, sir; on my wedding day.—Variety Life.

The Cynic.

"Married yet, old man?"

"No, but I'm engaged, and that's as good as married."

"It's better, if you only knew it."

Suffering is part of the divine idea.—Beecher.

Progressing.

"I think Arthur would have proposed to me last night if you hadn't come in the room just when you did."

"What reason have you for believing that?"

"He had just taken both of my hands in his. He had never held more than one of them at a time before."

Tit For Tat.

"Jims thought he was going to bag the heiress."

"Well?"

"She gave him the sack."—Baltimore American.

Cruel.

Clara—He says he thinks I'm the nicest girl in town. Shall I ask him to call? Sarah—No, dear; let him keep on thinking so.—Town Topics.

Weather Note.

Mistress—Well, Cooper, what is the weather to be like? Gardener—Well, mum, I dunno, but the paper do say "forecast."—London Punch.

A JACK OF ALL TRADES.

Monotony Will Never Kill England's Postmaster General.

The British postmaster general is what Londoners call a universal provider, a regular department store of public functions.

He will insure your life, give you a little bank to hoard your pennies in, take care of your savings, sell you an annuity, a postal order or a foreign draft, invest your spare capital in a nice little government bond and pay a weekly pension to your aged mother or aunt.

He carries letters and other mail matter, transmits telegrams, cablegrams and wireless messages, maintains an enormous staff of messenger boys and conducts an express company business for every sort of parcel, from a halfpenny packet up to shipments of eggs, dressed poultry and fresh fish.

He collects all the worn copper coins for the British treasury. He has factories for making his supplies and an electric central station of his own in London for lighting his offices, sending the current through his cable ducts. He will sell you a license for a dog, a carriage, a motorcar or a family coat of arms, or he will put in your telephone and take care of your hellos.

At a dinner the other night the postmaster general confessed that he sometimes doubted whether he had any human personality at all. When he thought of his own functions, he said, he was appalled by them. In his official capacity he is responsible for more property than anybody else in the United Kingdom, employs far more people than any individual or corporation, prosecutes more malefactors every day than the public prosecutor and sends out every week more apologies for himself and explanations of his actions than all the rest of the British population combined.—Telephone Review.

LITTLE SORREL.

The Favorite Battle Charger of Stonewall Jackson.

Among the many battle steeds ridden during the war between the states by the celebrated Confederate Corps Commander Stonewall Jackson of Lee's army his favorite was a charger affectionately named Little Sorrel by the Second corps of the Army of Virginia. He was about fifteen hands and, as General Longstreet said to the writer, strongly resembled, except in color, President Zachary Taylor's Old Whitey of the Mexican war. Jackson rode him at Bull Run, Winchester, Cedar Mountain, Manassas, Antietam, Harpers Ferry, Fredericksburg and on many other battlefields. He mounted Little Sorrel for the last time at Chancellorsville May 2, 1863, and in the battle was mortally wounded by his own men and died a week later.

General Bradley T. Johnson of Maryland in a letter to the present writer remarks: "Jackson was an ungainly horseman, and when he rode by the troops Little Sorrel would strike off on a run. The general would pull off his cap and ride bareheaded at full speed past miles of shouting Confederates. The saying was when you heard that yell before or behind you on the march, 'There goes old Jack on a rabbit.' When the soldiers started a rabbit they'd scare him to death with yelling."

Little Sorrel died at the Soldiers' home near Richmond at the age of thirty-six years and is now to be seen, like Sheridan's Winchester, carefully preserved in a glass case after being prepared by a skillful taxidermist at Lexington, Va.—James Grant Wilson in S. P. C. A. Bulletin.

Sensitive Meredith.

The house at 17 Red Lion square, W. C., London, was once occupied by William Morris, Burne-Jones and Dante Gabriel Rossetti. George Meredith in the days of his extremest penury joined with those other three young men in their bachelor establishment. The state of his boots, we are told by one of the biographers, at length aroused the solicitude of his fellow tenants, who one night stealthily replaced them by a new pair. But Meredith was so much piqued by what was meant in all kindness that he withdrew from the fellowship the next day.—London News.

A Political Placard.

John B. Thompson of Kentucky, who served in both houses of congress, was a master of the art of ridicule. Here is his characterization of the contempt in which party platforms are held after elections:

"The two or three last platform presidents we have had when they got in the car of state and safely seated all around everywhere you could see, 'Do not stand on the platform when the cars are in motion.'"—McClure's Magazine.

Others Like Her.

Business Man (explaining)—When they say "money is easy" they mean simply that supply is greater than the demand. His Wife—Goodness! I shouldn't think such a thing possible.—Boston Transcript.

Better In an Argument.

Blobbs—A woman can generally hit the nail on the head. Slobbs—Yes, but generally more successfully with an argument than with a hammer.—Philadelphia Record.

Quiet Resting Place.

Bertie—Do you know, Gertie, I'm regular run down. Where's the best place to go for a good long rest? Gertie—The cemetery.

The Strength of Infants.

The myth of the infant Hercules who strangled two serpents in his cradle may not be a myth at all, but a fact. Modern science has proved that it is a possible feat. The newborn babe is relatively much stronger than a full grown man, according to the result of medical tests. The muscles of the forearm are surprisingly strong. A few hours after birth a baby suspended by its finger to a stick or to the finger of a person can hold itself in the air for ten seconds and in the case of particularly strong infants for as long as half a minute. At four days old the child's strength has increased, and the time is two and a half minutes for 98 per cent of babies. The maximum is attained at a fortnight. Few infants can hang on for more than one and a half minutes, though one exceptionally young Hercules remained suspended for two minutes and thirty-eight seconds by his right hand. After that he hung on with his left for fifteen seconds longer

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson II.—Third Quarter, For July 9, 1911.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, Isa. liii, 13 to liii, 12—Memory Verses, liii, 4-6—Golden Text, Isa. liii, 6—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

Behold my servant, my righteous servant (lii, 13; liii, 11). This is what we must ever and always do in this blessed holy week, which is all written by the Holy Spirit and is forever settled in heaven (II Tim. iii, 16; II Pet. i, 21; Ps. cxix 89). Compare Isa. xlii 1; Matt. xii, 18; Zech. iii, 8. Hear John the Baptist's cry, "Behold the Lamb of God!" and see Him in this lesson described as if Isaiah had been a real witness of His sufferings. I am grateful to some one for calling my attention to the fact that these last twenty-seven chapters of Isaiah are divided into three nines, the first two ending with the statement that there is no peace to the wicked (xlviii, 22; lvii, 21).

The lesson today is the middle portion of the second nine, and if we take the fifteen verses of our lesson as one portion, as we have a right to do, then chapter liii, 5, is the middle verse. What a great fact this is for us to ponder, that the middle verse of the middle chapter of the middle section of the last twenty-seven chapters of this great prophecy tells of His being wounded for our transgressions and that with His stripes we are healed. Here is the heart of the whole Bible and of all history, the one topic of conversation on the part of Moses and Elijah on the mount of transfiguration and the constant refrain of the songs of the redeemed in glory (Luke ix, 31; Rev. v, 9). In I Pet. i, 11, we read that the Spirit of Christ in the prophets testified beforehand the sufferings of Christ and the glory that should follow, and it was this very topic that He Himself opened up in that walk to Emmaus on the afternoon of the resurrection day (Luke xxiv, 25-27).

At least ten of our lesson verses tell of His sufferings (liii, 14; liii, 2-10); the others and parts of these tell of His glory. As we read of His marred visage and form we see Him before Caiaphas and Pilate in the hands of His enemies. Other verses tell of His lonely life all those thirty years at Nazareth, the ill treatment during the three years of His public ministry and the sufferings of Gethsemane and Golgotha.

This fifty-third chapter may prove to be largely Israel's national confession after they shall have looked upon Him coming in His glory and shall have received Him as their Messiah; but it is also for our individual appropriation now. We can each truthfully say if we are now His redeemed ones. Time was when by me He was despised and rejected, and I esteemed Him not, yet He bore my griefs and carried my sorrows; He was wounded for my transgressions, bruised for my iniquities, and with His stripes I am healed. Like a lost sheep I went astray, seeking only my own way, but the Lord laid on Him all my iniquity.

We are not expected to understand the mystery of His sufferings, but we are expected to believe it all and, pleading guilty, receive Him as our personal Saviour. Only thus can the arm of the Lord be revealed to us, for we cannot know His power on our behalf except in Christ Jesus by virtue of His great sacrifice.

In verse 9 note the prediction that His body would be laid in a rich man's tomb, although His enemies would prepare Him a grave as a malefactor, and we know how it all came to pass. Not only did He His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree, but He also left us an example that we might follow His steps, bearing reproach and suffering as meekly as He did (I Pet. ii, 20-24). This we cannot do till we are redeemed by His precious blood; but then we are taught that it is a great privilege granted unto us to suffer for His sake and to fill up the afflictions which are behind for His body's sake (Phil. i, 29; Col. i, 24).

To be silent before our enemies when falsely accused, when cruelly wronged and ill treated is a great victory and glorifying to God. He suffered shamefully for our sakes and bore it so meekly and patiently. We never can be called upon to suffer as He did, and yet we are so apt to complain when we have the least thing to bear that is disagreeable. We certainly have need of patience (Heb. x, 36; Col. i, 11). See in liii, 10, His resurrection from the dead, for in what other way could one who died prolong his days. See also His future glory in lii, 13-15; liii, 10-12, when He shall be exalted and extolled and shall startle many nations (R. V., margin). He shall see the result of all His sufferings and shall be satisfied. Some one has said that while we wait for that time we should remember that He longs to see of the travail of His soul in us now.

Since the pleasure of the Lord will always prosper in His hand, what can be more desired than to be in His hand for His pleasure (Jer. xviii, 6; Rev. iv, 11), content to be treated as He was if only we may glorify Him? Note the sayings, "His soul an offering for sin" and "poured out His soul unto death" (liii, 10-12), and may His love so constrain us that we shall be willing to be poured out or cut off or suffer in any way for His sake.

His Flag Was Up.

When the crowd assembled for their game of ball Johnnie, the pitcher, was missing. Jimmie was sent to investigate.

"Is Johnnie at home?" asked Jimmie of the sister who answered his knock.

"Course," answered the sister. "Don't you see his shirt on the line?"—Success Magazine.

Getting Back.

"Gee, no!" exclaimed the pretty cash girl. "I don't want nothin' to do with you. I wouldn't marry you if you was the last man on earth. Is that plain enough English for you?"

"It is certainly plain enough," said the mortified bookkeeper, "but it isn't English."—Chicago Tribune.

The Dear Girls.

Milly—You know, dear, we've been engaged for two years, and I think it's time we were getting married. Tilley—Oh, I don't know, dear. If you really love him you'll let him be happy for a little longer yet.

A Fit of the Blues.

It is a hard saying, but "the blues" may generally be traced to one or both of two horrid qualities—greed and laziness. Nine times out of ten the low spirited person is suffering from autotoxication—from too much food taken into the body and too little attention paid to elimination or to proper exercise. The human mechanism can take care of only a certain amount of food. After that point has been passed it seems to turn sullen in its efforts to ignore what it cannot help, and, although it is a wonderfully conducted chemical laboratory up to the limit of its own needs, it is not at all amiable about working overtime. The result is that all superfluous products sent to it are permitted to lie round and become poisonous. This poison is promptly taken up by the blood and carried to all parts of the body, including the brain. The brain, which needs a plentiful supply of clean blood to enable it to do its thinking, is naturally indignant at finding poor and impure blood supplied to it, and, although not actually going on strike, it refuses to be either pleasant or reasonable.—Youth's Companion.

How They Did Hate Wagner.

Wagner's music was at one time violently opposed in England, and Ford Madox Hueffer, whose father was musical critic of the London Times, gives in his "Ancient Lights" some curious instances of the lengths to which the campaign was carried. "The compositions of Wagner were denounced as being atheistic, sexually immoral and tending to further socialism and the throwing of bombs. Wagnerites were threatened with assassination, and assaults between critics of the rival schools were things not unknown in the foyer of the opera. I have in my possession three letters from three different members of the public addressed to my father. The writers stated that unless Dr. Hueffer abstained from upholding the blasphemous music of the future—and in each case the writer used the word blasphemous—he would be respectively stabbed, ducked in a horsepond and beaten to death by hired roughs."

Wonder What Tennyson Said.

In his volume of reminiscences Professor E. B. Poulton writes of a visit to Boston, where he met several notables.

Holmes spoke of Emerson stamping his foot with rage when he could not remember a name. He mentioned the Corbett-Mitchell prizefight, which had just taken place, and said, "I own to a lurking sympathy with prizefighting, perhaps because I am so unfitted for the ring myself." He told Professor Poulton he would never repeat to any one what Tennyson said to him when he entered his house. William James pressed him to do so with the assurance, "There are no reporters here." But Dr. Holmes replied with emphasis: "I have said that I will never tell any one. It was not a thing that I should have supposed any man would say to a guest he had invited to his house."

Faithful to Its Meat Pies.

In England one county still resists the encroachments of the sandwich. Cornwall will have none of it. There the pasty reigns supreme—that delectable compound of meat, onion and potato inclosed in a semicircle of rich brown crust. Pilots, fishermen, farm laborers and school children one and all carry their pasties. These range in size from a comparatively minute semicircle priced in confectioners' shops at twopence to gigantic combinations of meat and crust that no ordinary dish can hold. Even the tramp in Cornwall scorns "travelers' diet" of bread and cheese. He, too, seated by the roadside on a heap of stone, will be observed to draw from some recess in his tattered coat a substantial pasty.—London Globe.

First Masked Ball.

France is the universal parent of the ball as we understand it today. The first noted affair of this character was given at Amiens in 1385 to celebrate the marriage of Charles VI. to Isabella of Bavaria. In 1715 le bal de l'opera was organized by the French government to popularize balls, and gradually they entered into the amusement of the general public. The first masked ball was given by the formidable Catherine de' Medici.

Keeping Cool.

Mrs. Peck—Henry, what would you do if burglars should break into our house some night?

Mr. Peck (valiantly)—Humph! I should keep perfectly cool, my dear.

And when, a few nights later, burglars did break in, Henry kept his promise—he hid in the icebox.—Lippincott's.

Versatile.

"They tell me your boy Josh is very versatile."

"He is," replied Farmer Corntossel patiently. "I never saw anybody who could do so many fool things without repeatin' hisself."—Washington Star.

The Man Eaters.

It seems strange that bears, so fond of all sorts of flesh, running the risks of guns and fires and poison, should never attack men except in defense of their young. Only wolves and tigers seem to have learned to hunt man for food, and perhaps sharks and crocodiles. Mosquitoes and other insects would, I suppose, devour a helpless man in some parts of the world, and so might lions, leopards, wolves, hyenas and panthers at times if pressed by hunger, but under ordinary circumstances perhaps only the tiger among land animals may be said to be a man eater unless we add man himself.—John Muir in Atlantic.

A Blow at Science.

"And the voltaic current," continued the lecturer, "was the discovery of Volta, and its development is a comparatively recent achievement of science."

A still, small individual hoisted himself to a chair in the rear of the hall.

"Hold on there, professor! What about the earlier discoveries of Noah?"

"I don't understand you, sir."

"Then brush up! Didn't Noah make the arc light on Mount Ararat?"—Baltimore News.

Odd Churchyard Inscription.

The following quaint inscription is taken from a monument in a London churchyard:

To the memory of Emma and Mary Littleboy, the twin children of George and Emma Littleboy, who died July 16th, 1783.
Two Littleboys lie here,
Yet, strange to say,
These Littleboys are girls.

Boston & Northern St. Railway Co.

IMPORTANT CHANGE.

Beginning Monday, September 14, 1908, cars will leave North Woburn for Wilmington and Perry's Corner at 6.22, 6.52 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 9.52 p. m. SUNDAYS at 7.52 a. m., then same as week days.

Leave Wilmington Square for Perry's Corner at 7.07 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 10.07 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.07 a. m., then same as week days.

Leave Perry's Corner for Wilmington Square and North Woburn at 7.22 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 10.22 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.22 a. m., then as week days.

Leave Wilmington Square for North Woburn at 6.45, 7.37 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 10.37 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.37 a. m., then same as week days.

At North Woburn cars due at 8 minutes past the hour connect with the 37 minutes past for Sullivan Square. On return, take car leaving Sullivan Sq. at 47 mins. past each hour, due at North Woburn at 52 minutes past, and connect with car leaving there at 52 minutes past the hour for Wilmington Square and Perry's Corner.

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Woburn Sept. 10, 1908.

Boston & Nothern Street Railway Company.

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Cars will leave Merrimack Sq. Lowell

FOR BOSTON—5.25 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 9.25 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 1.25 p m until 9.55 p m) 10.25 p m to Woburn only. SUNDAYS—6.55 a m and every 30 minutes until 9.55 p m., 10.25 p m to Woburn only. RETURN—Leave Sullivan Square at 6.32 a m and every 60 minutes until 9.32 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 12.32 p m until 9.32 p m SUNDAYS—7.32 a m and every 30 minutes until 9.32 p m.

Leave Billerica Centre

FOR WOBURN—6.02 and every 60 minutes until 11.02 p m., then 11.32 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 2.02 p m until 11.32 p. m.) SUNDAYS—7.32 a m and every 30 minutes until 11.02 p m RETURN—Leave Woburn at 8.32 a m and every 60 minutes until 10.32 p m., then 11.00 p m. (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 1.32 p m until 10.32 p m., then 11.00 p m) SUNDAYS—6.32 a m and every 30 minutes until 10.32 p m

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On Condition.

Customer—See here! I thought you said these things would grow in any climate. Dealer—They will. But if you want to grow them in this climate you've got to have a hothouse for them, of course.—Puck.

Reasonable Inquiry.

Business Manager (to applicant for vacant situation)—I shall want you to be partly indoors and partly outdoors. Simpleton—Yes, sir. But what will happen to me if the door slams?—London Telegraph.

Hint That Failed.

Visitor (waiting an invitation to lunch)—Two o'clock! I fear I'm keeping you from your dinner. Hostess—No, but I fear we are keeping you from yours.—Meggendorf Blatter.

People seldom improve when they have no model but themselves to copy after.—Goldsmith.

Pandemonium.

"Nature knew what she was doing when she deprived fishes of a voice."

"How do you make that out?"

"What if a fish had to cackle over every egg it laid?"—Exchange.

Fame can never make us lie down contentedly on a deathbed.—Pope.

It is not every man that can afford to wear a shabby coat.—Colton.

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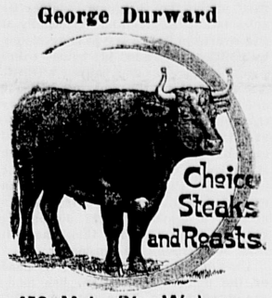
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Boston & Northern St. Ry. Co

Change Of Time. Reading & Arlington Route.

WEEK DAYS.

Beginning Monday, June 3, 1907, cars will leave Reading Square for Stoneham, Winchester and Arlington as follows: 5.00, 5.30, 5.45, 6.00, 6.30, 6.45, 7.00, 7.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 5.20, 5.50, 6.05, 6.20, 6.50, 7.05, 7.20, 7.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.50 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 5.40, 6.10, 6.25, 6.40, 7.10, 7.25, 7.40, 8.10 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.10 P. M.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham and Reading 6.00, 6.30, 6.45, 7.00, 7.30, 7.45, 8.00, 8.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading 6.20, 6.50, 7.05, 7.20, 7.50, 8.05, 8.20, 8.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 6.40, 7.10, 7.25, 7.40, 8.10, 8.25, 8.40, 9.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.40 P. M., then 12.10 A. M.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading Square for Stoneham Winchester and Arlington 6.30, 7.30, 8.00 8.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 6.50, 7.50, 8.20, 8.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.50 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 7.10, 8.10, 8.40, 9.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.10 P. M.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham and Reading 7.30, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.30, P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading 7.50, 8.50, 9.20, 9.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 8.10, 9.10, 9.40, 10.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.40 P. M., then 12.10 A. M.

JAS. O. ELLIS, Div. Supt.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1904.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE.

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.00, 3.45, 6.35, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.00, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.00 a. m. 5.30 p. m.

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.00 a. m., 12.30, 2.30, 3.30, 5.20, 6.40, 8 p. m. Saturday 3.30 p. m.
For North, direct, 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.00 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.00 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.30 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.30, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

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Married In Haste

But There Is No Record of Repenting at Leisure

By F. A. MITCHEL

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"I wish you to be my bridesmaid," wrote my friend Clara Wightman, "and you are to be matched with George's best man. Of all men John Bucklin is the best, except George, who, you know, is the best in the world to me just now. And I have a feeling down in my heart, dear, that you and John will make a match. He is everything you could wish for, except means. But he is self reliant, ambitious, full of energy and hope, and, after all, a marriage with that kind of man brings more happiness than wealth. At any rate, it brings more zest to life."

I don't know anything that will more interest a girl than to have some one say, "I have a man picked out for you to marry." A pleasing curiosity is aroused at once. True, these partners picked out by a third person are usually just what the girl doesn't want, or he doesn't want her, or they are repellent to each other. Nevertheless till they meet they—at least the girl—lives in a world of romance. She wonders what he is like in appearance, in intellect, in disposition, forming an ideal picture of him which when she sees him brings a great disappointment. Perhaps this is the reason such intended matches seldom materialize.

Instead of being disappointed in John Bucklin I was greatly pleased with him. His serious looks indicated that the world was to him an important problem. I had feared he would turn out one of those so called fascinating society men that I did not admire. He was very deferential to me, but if he had been told that I had been picked out for him he showed no consciousness of the fact. Altogether our meeting was satisfactory in all respects but one. Mr. Bucklin showed no sign whatever that he took more interest in me than was warranted by the fact that I was matched with him at a wedding ceremony.

However, the acquaintance made on that occasion was continued, and Mr. Bucklin became a regular caller at our house. He was usually very busy, but found time to show me some attention. Yet it seemed to me that he was doing it to please Clara, with whom he was on very friendly terms. Occasionally I would twit her with the failure of her plan for me, whereupon she would say: "I don't think John considers himself able to marry just now. Besides, it seems to me that you treat him with marked indifference." As to her excuses for Mr. Bucklin, I did not consider them of any moment whatever. I was surprised at her saying that I treated him with indifference, for I was not conscious of doing so. And yet Clara was doubtless right. If a match is designed by a mutual friend and the man in the case does not make a move in a matrimonial direction the girl is very likely to treat him with either indifference or something more pronounced.

There was good reason why I should marry. The family purse was not plethoric, and father was growing too old to remain much longer in business harness. About that time we discharged our housemaid, giving out that we couldn't get a servant, but really because we couldn't afford to keep one. I did the work that the housemaid had done. When I swept and dusted I pinned my dress back and wore a towel over my head. Father encouraged me by saying that I looked prettier in that costume than when dressed for a ball.

One morning I was sweeping the parlor. It was separated from the dining room by folding doors as well as a portiere. At this particular time the folding doors and the portieres were both closed. I heard the doorbell ring. I couldn't go to the door in sweeping costume, but father had not yet gone out, and I knew he would do so. I was about to run upstairs when I heard father's step in the hall and knew I was too late. Fearing he might bring some one into the parlor, I stepped between the folding doors and the portiere.

I had scarcely got into concealment when father entered the room and with him another person. I couldn't see who this person was, but all doubt on the subject was soon removed by hearing the deep sounding voice of John Bucklin. Naturally I was very much astonished.

"I must go into an explanation," he said to father, "for making a call at this unusual hour before I state the object of my visit. I sail this afternoon for South America, and so far as I can judge I see no prospect of my getting back here possibly for years."

I surely thought I should faint.

"I shall enter into some particulars," continued the man who had been picked out for me, "the reason for which will appear as I proceed. I have been admitted to a partnership with the firm by whom I have been employed and am going to South America to open a branch house there. I confess that I dislike going from home, breaking ties that have been forming ever since I was born, to dwell among strangers."

What in the world could the man be driving at?

"Now, it has occurred to me that—I'm a practical sort of fellow, you know—I have thought that the most sensible thing I can do—of course there isn't much time for such an important move— What I am trying to get out"—

For heaven's sake, get it out!

"The matter I am driving at is that I'd like to take your daughter with me as my wife."

Well, I declare! He wants to take some one down into that barbarous country simply for company to help him through with his spare time. He won't take me!

There was a brief silence, at the end of which I heard father ask, "Have you spoken to my daughter?"

"I have not. In any event I would have asked your permission to do so, and this very unusual haste renders it essential."

"So far as I am concerned," said father, "I have no objection. I will call Sadie, and if you think you can induce her to consent to such a hasty marriage you are quite welcome to try. But if you will be guided by an older man, a married man, you will not word your proposition to her as you have to me. I would advise you to tell her that this move is the result of love, not an expedient. It doesn't matter that expediency is your principal reason. We must give women a little taffy, you know."

Oh, these men!

But a matter of far greater importance arrested my attention—at least it seemed more important at the time. Father went to the door and called me. Of course there was no answer. He went out into the hall and called again. Then I heard him go upstairs. "Where's Sadie?" "She's below." "No, she isn't." "She surely isn't up here." "Find her."

Imagine my feelings, standing bolt upright in the narrow space between the doors and the portiere, the man who had proposed for me so near that I was afraid he would hear me breathe, angry with him at his outrageous proposition to take me away to amuse him, sure to be discovered in this unfortunate, disgraceful position and, worse than all, in sweeping costume. I surely thought I should suffocate.

Well, I must do something. They all knew that I was in the house and would hunt till they found me. I could better endure to face my lover. My lover—just think of it! Better call him my buyer—I a pet dog for his amusement! Better that I should come out of hiding and face him than be caught eavesdropping. I tried three times to make a move before I succeeded. The third time, my heart beating like a kettledrum, my face red as a beet, I bolted for the door leading into the hall, called to father, "Never mind; I'm here in the parlor," then slammed it to impress it upon every one without the room that I was shut up with my proposer and was to be let alone. Then I turned and faced him.

And he faced me. I don't know which was the more ludicrous, the gape on his face or the mortification mingled with wounded pride on mine. It seemed that we two rather than take up love and marriage were about to spring at each other like two wild animals.

The proper thing for me to have done under the circumstances was to wait for him to speak. But consider the situation. If it was not enough to rattle any girl, had she even the heart of a fish, then I am no judge of situations. Instead of appearing sensible of the compliment he had paid me in asking me to be his wife, instead of explaining that I had been an enforced eavesdropper, instead of saying a lot of things I should have said, I did what I should not, pouring upon him a torrent of abuse for proposing to make a convenience of me.

He stood listening to me deferentially, attentively and, I must add, admiringly. When I came to a pause he spoke:

"I've seen you in a number of costumes, but I never saw you look so pretty as in this one."

Then for the first time it occurred to me that I was doing the wrong thing, and I became conscious of my costume.

I suppose it was the sudden change of expression on my face. At any rate, my proposer smiled. Then the absurdity of it all occurred to me, and I repressed a smile. I was in no mood for trifling.

"Let me explain," he said. "In talking to your father I was talking as man to man, not as man to woman. I assure you I have no such talk for you." He came up to me and, taking me by the hand, led me to a seat and sat down beside me. What he said is not to be repeated, but it certainly was not what he said to father. It put an entirely different complexion on the matter and not only mollified me, but thrilled me.

He didn't speak long—there was no time. As soon as he had my answer he took up the practical part of the matter, explaining to me how much loneliness it would save him if I would go with him to South America, for he had a work before him that he could not leave for a long while. I consented, agreed to meet him at the parsonage at 5 o'clock and go with him from there to the steamer, which was to sail at 7.

How I got ready in a quarter of a day to be married and go into a country lying on the other side of the equator, how without a trousseau I was joined in wedlock to a man who had never spoken to me of love before that morning, how the telephone summoned Clara and her husband to be present at the church and how we were waved away to our foreign home were and are the wonder of my life.

Shooting Stars.

Astronomers estimate that about 150,000,000,000 of shooting stars reach this earth in the form of meteorites or dust every year. Of course shooting stars in reality are not stars at all; they are little cosmic particles, often weighing much less than one ounce and composed mostly of iron and carbon. Most of them travel around the sun in the same fashion that comets do, following very flattened elliptical trajectories. Sometimes it happens that the trajectory of some of these bodies cross the trajectory of our own earth. If the little meteorite and the earth get to that point at the same time they naturally collide. These planetoids are not luminous in themselves. So long as they fly through ether (which is utter nothingness) there is no friction; therefore no heat and no light. But as soon as they enter the atmosphere with which our globe is surrounded their speed is so great that the friction against the air immediately lights and volatilizes them.—New York World.

Train Your Breathing.

"If one learns to breathe properly when young he finds the benefit of it in middle and old age," said a physician.

"You will notice that when a middle aged man gets into a train he holds his breath and then grunts loudly as he sits down. This is a stupid practice. It throws a terrific strain on the heart and may even burst a blood vessel in the lungs or the brain. Many of those sudden deaths we hear of are due to holding the breath while making a violent effort. Only the trained athlete is usually free from this fault. Athlete or not, every one should practice easy and regular breathing. If it cannot be managed with closed mouth then the mouth should be opened when performing such operations as lifting a weight, running upstairs, stepping into a railway carriage, and the like. You may add years to your life by this little precaution.—London Globe.

A Heartless Father.

"I need some help with my household duties," announced a Malden woman when her husband came home the other night.

"What's the matter with our daughter?" the husband wanted to know.

"Our daughter? The idea! Why, Jim, you know she's awfully delicate, and she would die if she had to do any household work. She has her school, and"—

"And what? Her teacher's report shows that she isn't doing a bit of school work."

"But she is the star member of her basketball team, and you know she is eager to take the prize at the gymnasium contest. But that's just like a man—wanting a delicate girl to engage in rough, hard labor. Be ashamed of yourself, Jim Jenkins! You have no feeling."—Boston Traveler.

Modern "Dew Ponds."

The ancient "dew ponds" of England have their modern counterparts on the rock of Gibraltar, where drinking water is obtained by the condensation of the abundant dew in especially prepared basins. The primitive process consists in making a hollow in the ground and filling the bottom with dry straw, over which is placed a layer of clay. On a clear night the clay cools very rapidly, and the dew is condensed into water in the basin. The pond is improved by putting a layer of asphalt or portland cement under the straw. At Gibraltar the present practice is to use wood instead of straw and sheet iron instead of clay.

Electric Centipedes.

Least attractive among the insects which give light are the so called "electric centipedes," black crawlers with many legs which have been likened to serpents' skeletons in miniature. They move in a snakelike fashion, forward or backward, leaving behind them a bright track of phosphoric light. However, they are most accustomed to appear in the daytime, when the illumination they afford is not visible.—London Times.

A DUEL IN THE DARK.

The Unexpected Happened When the Englishman Fired.

Among the less known writers of the nineteenth century was Samuel Rogers. He kept open house and frequently entertained Dickens, Macaulay, Carlyle and other celebrities of the time. Rogers was a notable wit, but unfortunately his thrusts were not always tempered with kindness. Irving in a letter says: "I dined tete-a-tete with him some time since, and he served up his friends as he served up his fish—with a squeeze of lemon over each. It was very piquant, but it set my teeth on edge."

This same caustic flavor of his wit is shown in a story he was fond of telling to the discredit of French valor.

An Englishman and a Frenchman had got into a wordy squabble, which led to mutual insults and a challenge. Nothing could save the honor of either of them but a duel.

But duels were not fought to kill. Even serious wounds were unpleasant, and a mere scratch would answer the purpose much better. So that the antagonists might have a better chance of missing one another they repaired to a dark room.

All was in readiness. The signal was given. The Englishman, no less eager to preserve his foe than himself, groped to the open fireplace. He pointed his pistol up the chimney and fired.

"And, by Jove," Rogers was wont to exclaim, "he brought down the Frenchman!"—Youth's Companion.

Made the Cannon Balls Fit.

The first battle of the war of 1812 was fought at Sacketts Harbor, July 3, 1812, and consisted of an attack made upon the village. The inhabitants had but one gun of sufficient size and strength to inflict damage, a thirty-two pounder, for which they had no shot. This difficulty was overcome by the patriotism of the housewives, who tore up carpets from the floors and with strips wound the small balls to fit the cannon.

The Retort Caustic.

Artist's Friend (patronizingly)—I think those thistles in your foreground are superbly realistic, old chap! 'Pon my word, they actually seem to be nodding in the breeze, don't you know!" Ungrateful Artist—Yes. I have had one or two people tell me they would almost deceive an ass!"

The Greatest Social Force.

The middle classes are the preponderant social force of today in republics as well as in monarchies, in Europe as in America. Everything is everywhere subordinated to the necessity of satisfying them as speedily and as thoroughly as possible.—Ferrero in Paris Figaro.

Two of a Kind.

Polite Neighbor—Everybody says your husband is such a wide awake man, Mrs. Jobbles. Mrs. Jobbles (with a sigh)—Yes, and the baby takes after him!

There is no utter failure in trying to do what is good.

Remember the Baker.

At the court of assizes in Venice when sentence of death is about to be passed a man clothed in a long black robe enters the court and, advancing to the bench, bows profoundly to the judges, saying, "Remember the baker!" Then he bows again and retires. Here is the explanation of the custom: Three centuries ago a baker was executed at Venice for a crime of which he was not guilty. When his innocence was fully proved the judges who condemned him invested a sum of money, the interest on which serves to keep a lamp perpetually lighted in the palace of the doges, this being called the "lamp of expiation." In addition, their fatal mistake has for 300 years been held up as a warning to their successors on the bench when they are about to inflict the extreme penalty of the law.

The Box Tortoise.

Though the tortoise is slow of foot, it is quick to make the best of all its available modes of defense. The box tortoise possesses a singular defensive apparatus. The plastron or shell covering the under part of the body is so formed that its front segment can be drawn upward to protect the animal's head, the head meanwhile being drawn back under the carapace or shell on the back of the tortoise. The upper and under shells then meet in front, forming a kind of box in which the creature is unassailable. When the danger is passed the reptile relaxes a muscle and the raised part of the plastron falls, allowing the head and fore feet to come forth. This movable plate is fastened to the plastron by a strong hinge of elastic ligament.

Circumstances Alter Cases.

When Israel Zangwill was an obscure youth teaching in a Jewish school in London he sent a short poem to a leading American monthly. It came back by an early post. He kept it, and after he had achieved fame as a writer he sent the same poem to the same magazine. This time he received a cable from the editor offering to buy the "world rights" for a large sum. The poem was the same, word for word.

Different.

"Why, a year ago you told me this place was easily worth $15,000. Now you estimate its value at less than $10,000."

"You must remember that I was trying to sell it to you then. Now you want me to sell it for you."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Adam Was Grouchy.

The Serpent—What's Adam so grouchy about today? The Ape—Oh, he says that the arrival of woman means that all his plans for universal peace have been knocked in the head for good.—Puck.

Whatever demands the deepest courage and endurance of soul of course must unveil most perfectly its hidden strength.—George W. Briggs

FLOOR PRIVILEGE

Congress Guards It Jealously In Both Houses.

RARELY USED IN THE SENATE

Former Members of That Body, While Free to Attend Its Sessions, Prefer to Shun the Scene of Their Solonic Efforts—A Story of Evarts.

What is known as "the privilege of the floor" in congress is the right to go upon the floor of the senate or house when either body is in session.

Although the right to go upon the floor of a legislative body is not so exclusive a privilege in some of the state legislatures, it is a great privilege and an exclusive one in congress. The doors are carefully guarded while congress is in session, and it is sometimes exceedingly difficult to have access to senators or representatives when public business is being done.

Senators and representatives have no regular or rigid rule on the subject, but it is known in Washington that the statesmen feel that their constituents or others who desire to see them privately should endeavor to do so in their offices, their committee rooms or at their residences.

To former members of the senate and house "the privilege of the floor" is given, but they do not often avail themselves of that right. This, however, is in strong contrast to the customs of twenty years ago and longer, when it was not uncommon to see former members moving about on the floor of the house when it was notoriously known that they were lobbying for some private claim or public graft.

Speaker Reed found this condition so obnoxious that he issued orders that no ex-members should be permitted to pass the doorkeepers without written authority from the speaker. Subsequent speakers have not found it necessary to draw the lines so rigidly, because the abuse has almost entirely ceased.

There is an unwritten law, however, governing the privilege of the floor of the senate, and it is the unwritten law of good breeding, good manners and common sense. Every ex-senator has the privilege of the floor, but it is so seldom exercised that its abuse has never occurred, nor is it ever likely to occur.

Former members of the senate are never seen there unless it is well known that they have proper business calling them to Washington, such as appearing before the supreme court as attorneys for clients in great cases, and even then it seldom happens that an ex-senator thus engaged ever enters upon the senate floor, although in going to and from the room of the supreme court they are obliged to pass by its doors.

After James G. Blaine ceased to be a senator he avoided the senate chamber forever. After resigning from that body Senator Roscoe Conkling of New York never entered the senate chamber, although he was often in the capitol on business before the supreme court. There was an exception, however, in one instance. By invitation he was one of the pallbearers of Senator Logan of Illinois, who was buried with obsequies from the senate chamber, and on that occasion Senator Conkling was present. Senator Benjamin Harrison upon leaving the senate never crossed its threshold until he went there to be inaugurated as president. Senator Dawes of Massachusetts, Senator Blair of New Hampshire, Senator Don Cameron of Pennsylvania, Senator Thurman of Ohio and Senator McDonald of Indiana are examples of distinguished senators who remained away from the senate after their terms expired. During the period of four years when he was in retirement Senator Gorman of Maryland never availed himself of the privilege of the floor, and during the two years he was without election Senator Quay of Pennsylvania absented himself from the senate chamber.

From a veteran employee of the senate there is gleaned an unusually interesting story concerning the late Senator Evarts of New York. This senator was one of the greatest intellects in public life for many years, but he was absentminded in small things. On one occasion he overlooked the rule about the privilege of the floor. He was entertaining Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes at his Washington home and invited his guest to accompany him to the capitol. Together they walked along the capitol corridor, and when they came to the door of the senate they entered together.

There was a copy of the senate rules on each side of the doors, but Senator Evarts did not look at them, nor, of course, did his guest. The doorkeepers did not interfere or ask any questions.

Well, Senator Evarts gave Dr. Holmes a seat in the rear of the desks of the members and proceeded to bring Senators Hoar, Quay, Hawley and others to introduce to him. Quite a levee was held there, and Dr. Holmes was gratified with his reception.

After awhile Senator Hoar went to Senator Evarts and, calling his attention to the rule concerning the privilege of the floor, asked, "How did you get him in?"

"He is my private secretary," said Senator Evarts quickly, with a boyish twinkle in his serious eyes. At that time private secretaries of members were allowed the floor privilege.—Smith D. Fry in Washington Star.

A Novel Revenge.

Cook—Yes; my mistress is a prima donna and a horrible creature. She treats me like the dirt beneath her feet, but I revenge myself by opening the drawing room window when she is not at home and by howling with all my might so that the neighbors may think her voice is cracked.—Fliegende Blatter.

The Woburn Journal

Telephone 55.
Residence 280.

FRIDAY, JULY 14, 1911

HAYING AND "SWITCHEL."

It is not likely that a single reader of the JOURNAL ever heard of "Switchell" much less quenched his or her thirst with it. As a drink it long ago went out of date.

"Switchel" was a homemade summer beverage, found generally on the farm, and in hayingtime. A few farmers furnished New England Rum to their haymakers; a larger number of them furnished "old hard cider;" but much the greater part of them prepared and ladled out "Switchel" to their thirsty mowers, spreaders, rakers, and pitchers, in the mowing fields, and the men preferred it.

"Switchel" is made in this way, and the wives of the farmers could tell exactly how much vinegar, molasses and ginger should be put into the 10 quarts of cold water to produce a perfect drink for hot weather or work.

RECEIPT FOR MAKING "SWITCHEL."

A 10-quart tinpail of water from "the Old Oaken Bucket that hung in the well."
2. Pure cider vinegar ad lib.
3. N. O. Molasses do do.
4. Ginger do do.

The amount of vinegar, molasses and ginger is not remembered by the writer, but can be easily determined by individual taste, and purity of additions to the cool wellwater.

Doubtless our readers know all about the Nectar which the gods of fables are said to have washed down the Ambrosia on which they made their dinner—an agreeable and harmless tipple, perhaps, but how did it compare with "Switchel," the favorite drink of New England haymakers?

Nectar? Nothing!

The breakfast, smoke and scythe grinding over, the men return to the meadow to lay low more grass. The pail of "Switchel" they take along is carefully deposited on the shady side of the great elm that dominates the surrounding landscape, and covered with the new mown grass, from which the morning dew is still dripping.

To this Mecca long frequent pilgrimages are made all day.

LET HER GO GALAGHER.

Last Monday morning Washington newspaper correspondents announced that President Taft's boom for a second election was about ready to be launched. Last Sunday he took a delightful cruise on the Mayflower along shore with 7 U. S. Reciprocity Senators, and after their return the forth coming boom was announced.

The reporters affirm that the President is to rely almost wholly on the managers and advocates of his brilliant Reciprocity scheme with Canada, with Senator Henry Cabot Lodge to tug at the wheel when needed.

The Canucks favorable to Reciprocity with Uncle Sam are working like beavers and believe they will beat the Conservaties "to a frazzle."

To a man up a tree it would seem that what is good for Canada wouldn't be likely to benefit the United States to any alarming extent, to use the words of the late Artemus Ward.

☞ On Tuesday, July 18, The Boston *Journal* is to hold its third annual Flower Day for the poor children of Boston and vicinity. Last year over 100,000 bouquets found their way into tenement homes, into little hands which had never clutched a posy before, into hospitals and into the wretched abode of the little shut-in. There were fifty automobile loads in all, and when the day was done a fragrance pervaded those squalid localities that had never been known before. Already the express companies have co-operated. So have the railroads, the merchants and the florists. The people of this locality have an opportunity to do their share. Every blossom counts. On the morning of July 18, between the hours of 8 and 11 o'clock A. M., flowers may be left at American Express Office near depot, the receiving station.

☞ An old Boston weather record hunter discovered a few days ago that that city and all this part of the country experienced just such a "spell of weather," as he puts it, in the summer of 1811, or just 100 years ago, as prevailed here from June 30 to July 2, inclusive, this year of grace. In the interest of humanity, we hope and pray that another 100 years will clapse before the last spell will be repeated in these parts.

☞ July 2 was the hottest Sunday in Boston for 31 years, and the hottest day for 10 years. Last Sunday was the hottest July 9 in the history of Boston. The heat was terrific and had been for a week.

☞ Rev. James J. Keegan, pastor of St. Charles church, and sisters Anna and Mary Keegan are making an auto tour through New York State.

☞ One of the largest and most attractive exhibits at the Fifth National Shoe and Leather Market-Fair now in full feather in the Mechanics Building, Boston, to close on Wednesday evening, July 19, is that of the Woburn Machine Company (space 209) of this city, to an inspection of which the public are cordially invited. The Woburn Machine Company from a modest beginning only a few years ago have advanced to a firstclass position among the manufacturers of shoe and leather machinery in this country, and are growing in business and wealth every year. They are particularly strong with the shoe and leather makers in the Middle and extreme West. Marrinan & O'Brien are the proprietors.

☞ Judging from the spirit manifested at a meetiug of the B. P. W. it is not improbable that the new pump at the Water Works will be turned back to the makers, Platt & Co. for not coming up to their contract with the city of Woburn. It has been nn eyesore from start to finish, and something should be done that will insure safety to our people.

☞ The Massachusetts Civil Service Commission are to hold an examination for District Police, Detective Division, of applicants for Detective and Fire Inspector at the State House on July 28, 1911.

☞ Russell A. Wood of Cambridge asks the JOURNAL to endorse his candidacy for Secretary of State, and in two long dry columns of biography tell the people why they ought to vote for him. Couldn't think of it.

☞ The speech delivered in the House last April by Speaker J. G. Cannon on Reciprocity has the clear ring of genuine metal. In it Representative Cannon favors a high protective tariff for this Nation every time.

☞ In its issue of July 12 the *American Grocer* says the consumption of malt liquors, spiritous liquors, and wines cost the people of this country in 1910 the enormous sum of $1,598,921, 416.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements

— Miss Fanny Craig of Taunton, Mass. is visiting relatives in this city.

— Mrs. Bert Stokes of Mishawum Road is visiting friends in Lowell this week.

— George H. Taylor stays at York Beach Saturday nights and Sundays with his wife.

— Work is progressing rapidly on the residence of Thomas Beggs on Mishawum Road.

— Mrs William Dexter of Mishawum Road is spending a week in camp near North Abington.

— Mr. and Mrs. Percy Linscott arrived home Wednesday evening after an enjoyable European trip.

— The Baraca Class of the M. E. church are planning for a trolley trip to Revere Beach Monday evening.

— The Boston & Maine R. R. Co. have begun operations on their immense Railroad repair shops in Billerica.

— Harry Grothe is at home enjoying his vacation here. He is employed by the American Tobacco Company of Indiana.

— They tell us that the woods on the shores of the Concord and Shawsheen Rivers are full of campers and temporary trampers.

— On account of the extreme heat—100 in the shade—workmen in the Water and Highway Depts. had to quit work last Tuesday.

— We are to have more baseball here in Woburn. A League composed of 3 Woburn teams has been organized and a plenty of sport is promised.

— Misses Elizabeth Richardson, Marion Cooke, Evelyn Snow, Mildred Holdridge and Hester Baker spent Wednesday at Nantasket Beach.

— Mr. James H. Linnell, Manager of Linnell's Market in this city, and wife are at their summer cottage on the South Shore for the vacation season.

— Miss Beatrice Grant, teacher in the Woburn High School, is enjoying a portion of her vacation at Harpswell, a popular seaside resort on the coast of Maine.

— Mr. J. Leo Maguire, son of Judge John G. Maguire of this city, who occupies a clerkship in the Boston Post Office, has been taking his annual vacation.

— If corn hasn't done some tall growing in the last fortnight, then it never did. Possibly it has been too dry and hot for it to grow, but we guess not.

— Despite the oppressiveness of the weather, the midweek prayer service at the Methodist church was well attended. The pastor gave a very helpful talk on "The Third Person of the Trinity."

— An esteemed contemporary said Wednesday evening that the temperature fell to 70 degrees that forenoon. All hands of us would have been happy to visit that spot of low temperature.

— Police Officers Fountain and O'Neil are away on their annual vacation. Chief McDermott is always the last of the Department to go. Lt. Tom Mulkeen takes his on the European plan.

— Lawyer Raymond M. Adams, son of the late Hon. Charles Day Adams of this city, is employed as an Attorney to settle the estate of F Chandler Parker of Arlington Road, recently deceased.

— Last Saturday was just as delightful as a day could possibly be.

— Mrs. S. E. Kendrick of Olean, N. Y., is visiting friends here this week.

— The alarm from Box 39 at 5 35 P. M. last Monday evening was for a chimney fire on Thompson street.

— Mr. A. F. Anderson, who is a leading Woburn florist, tells an interesting story in the columns of the JOURNAL. Please read it and then visit his fine plant.

— Mrs. Jane Greenleaf of North Berwick, after a fortnight's pleasant visit with her cousin, Mrs. Hortense Taylor of this city, returned to her home a week ago today.

— How much truth there is in the story that one of Postmaster General Hitchcock's Postal Savings Banks is to be opened in this city within a month from now, we cannot say, but presume it is correct.

— Miss Eleanor Johnson, daughter of Judge Edward F. Johnson of the District Court, is rusticating and enjoying her vacation at Intervale, a favorite summer resort in the White Mountains.

— Before leaving your packages of flowers at the express offices for the poor Boston children attach labels to them marked: "Boston JOURNAL Flower Editor," and the expressman will do the rest.

— In scattering its superabundance of electricity the other night the shower did not forget to give Mr. Frank C. Nichols's icehouses on Horn Pond a neighborly call, but no damage of any account was done by it.

— Mrs. Dr. George H. Hutchings of Main street and her Sunday School class of the First Baptist Church had a fine time in camp at Thompson's Grove in Wilmington one day last week. The class were entertained by Mrs. Hutchings.

— When thermometers register from 90 to 110 degrees of heat in the shade about the most dangerous thing a person can do is to load up on 40 rod corn juice, tangleleg, or "kill-round-the-corner" whiskey, for to do so will be pretty sure to kill him.

— Miss Addie B Godkin, clerk in the City Collector's Office, considered one of the smartest and most correct accountants in this part of the State, is taking her vacation rest and comfort at Hampton Beach, where Ernest Lamprey owns a farm, but lost a house by lightning the other day.

— Mr. G. Arthur Davis, brother of ex-Mayor W. F. Davis of this city, who died at his home in Boston last week, aged nearly 60 years, learned the Art of Printing at the Woburn JOURNAL office a long time ago. He was a respected resident of Boston, and at one time a member of its School Board.

— We are gratified to be informed from reliable sources that the mechanics are making perfectly satisfactory progress towards the finishing of the United States building on Federal street, this city, and that it will be completed on contract date. It is to be occupied for several years, at least, by Capt. E. F. Wyer, P. M.

— The following Woburn ladies and gentlemen are attending the Convention of Elks at Atlantic City, N. J., this week: William E. Beggs, Dr. Peter A. Caulfield, John E. Burke, Edward H. Callahan, Dr. John P. Carroll, Charles M. Flanders and Mr. and Mrs. James F. McGrath and daughters. Dr. Caulfield is the delegate of the Woburn order of Elks.

— Chief Swain of the Wilmington police don't tote around in his pocket, with the handle sticking out, a 32 (?) caliber revolver just to show off, or merely for ornament. He uses his "weapon" to wing lawbreakers with and bring night burglars to terms—Chief Swain does—as he did one night last week when some of the latter broke into J. W. Murray's store at Perry's corner. The 6-shooter brought 'em.

— The June and July "hot spell," the length and severity of which were never before equalled in good old Woburn, or Burlington, had such an effect on the "summer drinks" at Stanley's Boston Branch that it required the united efforts of three of the most active men and 2 boys to meet the constant, unceasing, and peremptory demands of the customers for "another bottle," and a smart girl to make change."

— Mr. Henry W. Plummer, the well known extract and essence dealer, died at his home on Salem street, Reading, last Wednesday morning. The funeral was held from his late residence this morning at 11 o'clock and the body will be taken to Maine for burial. Mr. Plummer had done business in and around Reading and Woburn for many years and his genial presence and cheery voice will be greatly missed by many housekeepers.

— Mr. Leon L. Dorr of Copeland & Bowser's popular and prosperous dry goods store, whose permanent absence from there would be at once noted and regretted by the women of Woburn, and family are taking their vacation outing down in Maine, where Mr. Dorr's father and mother, natives of the Pine Tree State, are forcing the rich, fat soil of the Androscoggin Valley to yield them an abundant living. It is a pleasant country down there.

— Miss Grace Heartz of Bennett street, daughter of Mr. and Mrs Thomas Heartz, sailed for Halifax, N S., last Wednesday, July 12, where she intended to pass the remainder of the vacation season with relatives and friends Miss Heartz is Assistant Principal of Brewster Free Academy at Wolfboro, N. H., at which institution she is held in high esteem as an instructor. She will resume work there on her return from the Maritime Provinces. While Down East she may visit and tour beautiful Acadie, the scene of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow's grand poem "Evangeline," which peaceful valley was the home of happy and contented French peasants for many years before being driven from it by their English conquorers and banished to Louisana. The quiet, fruitful "Land of Evangeline" is visited by hosts of Americans every year.

— Miss Effie Sweetser of Mishawum Road is enjoying the cool ocean breezes at Popham Beach, Maine.

— Last Saturday, July 8, the Past High Priests Association, Royal Arch Masons of the 8th Capitular District held their annual outing at Nantasket Beach and took dinner at the famous Palm Garden, the most magnificent openair dining hall on the Atlantic coast, a veritable bower of rare trees, shrubbery and flowers, where the diner enjoys a bountiful dinner of choice viands with his cool seabreezes, orchestra music, and vaudeville entertainment, as he can at no other seaside pleasure resort in this country. Those who attended from the Woburn Chapter, R A. were: Frederick A. Flint, John M. Wallace, Arthur G. Doming, Benj. T. Morgan, Charles W. Fitz, J. W. Richardson.

— Miss Nellie G. McCarthy, who has been Assistant Postmaster in the Woburn office all of a dozen years, if not more, and who is one of the most competent and best in the business, Capt. Wyer thinks, has gone to Montreal, the Queen City of Canada, seated on the St. Lawrence River, a great waterway made famous by "The Canadian Boatsong," written, set to music, and sung by Tom Moore, Old Ireland's beloved Bard, where she is to pass her annual vacation. It would not surprise us a bit to pick from our morning mail any day this week a postalcard containing a picture of "Nellie McCarthy Shooting the Lachine Rapids," with Nellie, American Flag in hand, at the bow of the bounding steamer gay and happy as only an American girl away from home on a vacation romp can be. Nellie will come back in season for the quarterly reports.

Saves Two Lives.

'Neither my sister nor myself might be living today, if it had not been for Dr. King's New Discovery" writes A. D. McDonald of Fayetteville, N. C., R. F. D. No. 8, "for we both had frightful coughs that no other remedy could help. We were told my sister had consumption. She was very weak and had night sweats but your wonderful medicine completely cured us both. Its the best I ever used or heard of." For sore lungs, coughs, colds, hemorrhage, lagrippe, asthma, hay fever, croup, whooping cough,—all bronchial troubles, its supreme. Trial bottle free. 50c, $1.00. Guaranteed by All Druggists.

(Written for the WOBURN JOURNAL.)

A California Garden.

BY SAMUEL W. MENDUM, ESQ.

San Diego, California,
July 2, 1911.

Mr. Hobbs:

Right glad am I that you sent me a "JOURNAL" speaking of Maj. O. J. Stough and expressing the hope that I might call on him.

I made it one of my first pleasures to visit his home, with my boy, and I found him a most delightful gentleman whose ninety-four years rest so lightly upon him that I can unhesitatingly declare that I have never seen a man of anywhere near his years so spry.

He received us most cordially and, as soon as greetings were over, bounded out into his garden (we following as fast as we could but finding it difficult to keep up with him) and showed us a bewildering wealth of brilliant flowers and rare trees. I have never been in so interesting a garden. A camphor tree, a Japanese fibre plant, rubber trees, twenty varieties of the eucalyptus tree, which sheds its bark but not its leaves, banana trees, cactus plants, besides other rare varieties and innumerable kinds of most brilliant flowers make his place a veritable wonderland.

He has developed all this himself and has taken great comfort and a just pride in doing it. Originally it was a hollow, the land sloping steeply off toward the most beautiful land locked San Diego Bay of twenty-two square miles area.

He selected this site because after he filled up the hollow no neighboring structures could be built which would shut off his magnificent view of the Bay, which is not the least attraction of his home.—S. W. M.

EDITORIAL NOTE: A native modesty, thoroughly cultivated, forbids our repeating here the good things Mr. Mendum said of us in the closing of the above letter.

Solves a Deep Mystery.

"I want to thank you from the bottom of my heart," wrote C. D. Rader, of Lewisburg, W. V., "for the wonderful double benefit I got from Electric Bitters, in curing me of both a severe case of stomach trouble and of rheumatism, from which I had been an almost helpless sufferer for ten years. It suited my case as though made just for me." For dyspepsia, indigestion, jaundice and to rid the system of kidney poisons that cause rheumatism, Electric Bitters has no equal. Try them. Every bottle is guaranteed to satisfy. Only 50c at All Druggists.

B. & M. Timetable.

Failing to get an order from President Mellin to do so and charge it to his Company, we, pro bono publico, publish the present timetable of the B & M. Railroad free of cost to Mr. Mellen.

Trains leave Woburn—h5.55, 6.14, 6.45, 7.13, 7.36, 8.06, 8.10, 8,55, 10 28, 11 38 a. m.; 12 55, h1 54, 3 01, 4.22, 5.20, h5 47, 6.59, 8 26, 9 26, 10.26 p. m. Sunday—8 21, 9 23, 10.23, a. m.; 12.05, 2.00, 3.12, 5 46, 9.05 p. m.

Leave Boston—3 00, h6.25, h6.53, 7 25, 8.04, 9.18, 10 45, z11 44 a. m.; h: 05, z2.00, 3 05, z3 40, 4 14, z4 44, h5 02, 5 14, 5.44, h5 45, 6.14, 7.00, 7.49, 9.07, 10 30, 11.17 p. m Sunday—9 00, 11.00 a. m.; 12.40, 2 00, 4.15, 5.00, 7 35, 9.00, 10.29 p. m.

z, connect at Wedgemere. h, will not run July 4 or September 4.

Old Soldier Tortured.

"For years I suffered unspeakable torture from indigestion, constipation and liver trouble," wrote A. K. Smith, a war veteran at Erie, Pa., "but Dr. King's New Life Pills fixed me all right. They are simply great." Try them for any stomach, liver or kidney trouble. Only 25c at All Druggists.

North Woburn.

If nothing happens to prevent it, the Y. P. S. C. E. of the North Congregational church will give another entertainment in the church vestry on Friday evening, July 21. The Society are the smartest of the kind in this city, and are always doing something practical for the church. Rev. Mr. Tilton is progressive.

People who would "keep kool" should come to this pretty villiage.

LEGISLATIVE PROGRESS

Gov. Foss Says State Printing Costs Too Much Money

CONGRESS DISTRICTS ARE UP

Governor's Experts Charged With Gross Inaccuracies — Democratic State Convention For October 5

Governor Foss is still endeavoring to create a system of government by experts. His reports from these gentlemen on various state departments are still coming in, although the time is long past when the legislature should have completed its work, and the individual members thereof gone home. Late last week he sent in a report declaring that the state printing was costing too much money. These experts claim that if smaller volumes were printed the cost of printing and binding would be less. Also that the work cost more than it should. It is doubtful if any one will deny the first statement; however, the various departments believe they are condensing their reports as much as possible and still make them intelligible and that the expense of this work cannot very well be lessened. The experts recommend that some person familiar with printing be employed by the state to co-operate with the authors of the reports, point out reasonable economies and supervise the state publications.

It is one of the functions of the office of the secretary of state to prepare and have printed the acts and resolves of the legislature and also the Blue Book, which contains, in addition to the acts and resolves, the messages of the governor. As Governor Foss has already sent in at least seventy special messages he might have cut the cost of printing by a considerable sum if he had curtailed his work in that direction.

Congressional Redistricting Is On

An order is before the legislature for the appointment by the presiding officers of the two branches of a joint special committee of eight senators and fourteen members of the house to sit through the summer recess and redistrict the state into congressional districts.

Next year is congressional year and before the present members of congress can make plans for renomination they will have to know the bounds of their district. If a special committee should sit during the summer it could report early in the next year, and the bill reported could be acted upon very early in the session.

The Democrats have selected Thursday, Oct. 5, as the date of their state convention, which is to be held in Boston. The date was set by the state committee last week, when some of the members endeavored to have the committee name a state ticket to be supported at the primaries. This endeavor was unsuccessful and unless such action is taken by the committee at some future date, the Democrats of the state will be free to nominate their own ticket in their own way.

Experts Seem Not to Be Expert

The committee on ways and means showed up the character of the reports of the governor's experts at a hearing last week in a spectacular manner. The experts were J. P. Byers of New Jersey and Frederick H. Mills of New York. The report in question was one criticising the state board of charities for its conduct of the charitable institutions of the state. Hon. Leontine Lincoln of Fall River, chairman of the state board of charity, stated that the report of the experts was full of inaccuracies and that in one instance they had made a mistake of $70,000 in their figures. The message of the governor on the report of these experts cut down appropriations of the state board from $887,000 to $844,119.

The charge was made that the report of these experts was grossly inaccurate in the case of the adult poor, where they gave an expenditure of $330,000, when the actual amount was $259,265. Dr. F. J. Lewis corroborated the statement of Mr. Lincoln. It was also brought out that the governor himself signed the warrants for the expenditure of money for state charities, notwithstanding his statement in the message that there is no safeguard against the expenditure of money for these purposes.

Standing of Democratis Progressives

The Democrats who form the Democratic Progressives are anxious to have that party ruled out of existence. The Democratic Progressive party was formed last fall to help the Democratic candidate for governor, Eugene N. Foss. As a matter of fact, it did not cut a very wide swath in the campaign. However, it might have served as a life raft for the Democratic party if the breach between Foss, Hamlin and Vahey had not been sufficiently patched up for Mr Foss to run as the regular Democratic candidate.

Now, however, unless it can be killed it may prove to be an element of danger to the Democratic party. Consequently, energetic efforts have been made to prove that while the Progressive Democratic party cast enough votes last fall to become a legitimate political party, the effort is being made now to prove that there is no such party. Secretary of the Commonwealth Albert P. Langtry rules that the Democratic Progressive party is still in existence and he proposes to issue nomination papers to the adherents of that party who may wish to use them. The Democratic Progressive party leaders say they will ask for an injunction to prevent the secretary from issuing such papers, notwithstanding the fact that the Democratic party has for many years denounced government by injunction from every stump in this fair land.

Boston's Fireworks Exhibit

For many years the city of Boston mhas treated its citizens to a display of fireworks on the evening of July 4. This year it advertised to do the same as on previous occasions. The display was given on the Boston side of the Charles river basin and it was so bad and there have been so many complaints from citizens regarding it that Acting Mayor Collins and the mayor's secretary have investigated the matter and concluded that the city was not given full value. Therefore, it has decided that the bill will not be paid, at least until the return of Mayor Fitzgerald from Europe. The display of fireworks last year was extremely poor, and as a matter of fact these exhibitions have not been what they should be for several years. The arrangements with the company which gave the exhibit seem to have been made by Mayor Fitzgerald, as were those of last year.

There some people in Boston who are worried for fear that an effort is about to be made to recall Mayor Fitzgerald. The matter which leads to this belief was a communication sent out by Acting Mayor Collins saying that the practice of paying overtime must be minimized. It was pointed out that this communication came shortly after Mayor Fitzgerald's departure for Europe and after a conference between Acting Mayor Collins and Chairman John A. Sullivan of the finance commission. The friends of the mayor are reported to be much concerned regarding this action. Why they should be, however, plain citizens fail to understand, especially if the overtime dodge for passing money to political friends is being overworked as is generally alleged. At any rate, the mayor's friends are expecting trouble and say they are ready at any moment to cable him that he must return at once and look out for his political fences. The significance of the move is said to lie in the fact that it is the first time an acting mayor has ever attempted to change a mayor's policy during his absence, and that for this reason it may bode trouble to the mayor.

Ex-Congressman Sullivan, as head of the finance committee, has made many efforts to have the municipal administration of Boston conducted in an honest, economical and broad-minded manner. The mayor has never taken kindly to the appointment of Mr. Sullivan to this post nor to his efforts in behalf of civic decency; consequently he has taken occasion many times to try to prejudice the public against Mr. Sullivan.

WINCHESTER.

The Winchester ball fiends said of the North Woburn team that played against the Winchester team last Saturday, July 8: "The Woburn team is one of the strongest in this section.

The report of no accidents here on the "Glorious Fourth" was a happy and encouraging one. Nobody killed, nobody hurt, only a few drunks, and the lion and lamb laid down together—Tuck and Carter.

Our population is thinning out rapidly. The "torrid wave" last week set the people to seeking a more comfortable and congenial atmosphere, and hastening to oceanside, northern lakes, and shady forests.

Our venerable and highly esteemed town libertypole, 180 feet tall, was struck by lightning during the powerful and splendid electric storm on Thursday evening, July 6, and shattered into splinters. It was a land mark and its destruction is greatly lamented.

From June 30 to July 6 this community sizzled, fried, roasted, stewed Our oldest people said they never heard read, or experienced such continuous intense heat in all their lives as during the period named. Farmers had to leave their fields, mechanics their building, the highwaymen their shovels and picks and seek shade, cool places, and cold water, to obtain the least joy from living. It was the hottest wave that ever struck this locality.

The following are the new officers of the Methodist Sunday School: Superintendent, F. G H. Finnemore; First Assistant, H. G. McMillan; Second Assistant, F. E Crawford; Supt. of Cradle Roll, Mrs. F. E. Crawford; Supt. of Beginners, Mrs. J. N. Mason; Assistant, Miss Margaret Mason; Home Department, Rev. J. H. Mansfield, Miss G. Snow, Mrs. Poole; Secretary, Fred O. Snow, Jr.; Treasurer, Miss Edna Johnson; Librarian, Leroy Mason; Chorister, J. Alfred Dover.

Boston Theatres.

B. F. KEITH'S THEATRE.

Unquestionably the biggest event in vaudeville in recent years is announced for B. F. Keith's Theatre next week in "The Meistersinger All-Star Minstrels," which will be put on in the style for which Mr. Keith has become famous, with the greatest organization of soloists, minstrel endmen and musicians, that has ever been brought together. In "The Meistersingers," who have been for four weeks the leading feature at B F. Keith's, there is the greatest combination of male voices that has ever been in a minstrel circle, and the end men will number four, whose names are known the width and breadth of the land.

The Weather.

It is always in order to discuss the weather in newspapers. The U. S Government hires agents to do it and pays out a great deal of money for their services, which some people think are invaluable.

After the longest period of the hottest weather Boston and neigborhood ever before experienced a slight letup was cordially welcomed at 5 o'clock Wednesday P. M., July 12.

At that hour there came slowly creeping up from the low west what promised to be a record breaking thunder storm. It was a black dangerous looking visitor; but it didn't amount to shucks. There was no rain, lightning or thunder in it—it was a shame.

But it broke the backbone of the awful hot wave that had been trying grease from suffering humanity here just a fortnight. A cool wind sprang up and lasted through the evening, and a comfortable night followed. It was not a complete break, but a serious bend, of the heated spell, during which the mercury ran from 82 at 6 every morning, and to over 100 on every afternoon of the 15 days.

The intense heat killed hundreds of people in New England.

THE BRYANT & STRATTON COMMERCIAL SCHOOL BOSTON

Will Reopen Sept. 5th

Persons desirous of becoming competent and successful Accountants, Book-keepers, Stenographers, Secretaries, or Commercial Teachers, with assurance of employment, will find in the

BRYANT & STRATTON
COMMERCIAL SCHOOL
BOSTON

Now Located in its New School Building, 334 Boylston Street

A most desirable opportunity for study and practice under the direction and supervision of a large corps of Well Known and Experienced Teachers

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Every possible requisite is afforded for personal safety, rapid progress, with cheerful and healthful surroundings.

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Persons who cannot call for personal interview may have printed information of terms and conditions by mail.

H. E. HIBBARD, Principal, 334 Boylston St., Boston.

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EYEGLASSES AND SPECTACLES

KRYPTOK BIFOCAL GLASSES
Far and Near Glasses in a Single Pair.

Kryptoks are handsome, young-looking, and seamless. Two-piece bifocals are nowhere near as good.
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POLYTECNIC SCHOOL

Complete Courses in Mechanical, Chemical, Structural and Concrete Engineering. Art, Architecture, Drafting, Interior Decoration and Design. Automobile care and construction, and Electrical School. Small classes, college instructors, athletics, gymnasium and every modern feature. Moderate rates. The schools are in session day and evening.

Address Frank Palmer Speare, Educational Director, Y. M. C. A., 10 Ashburton Place, Boston, Mass. Telephone, Haymarket 145.

GEORGE W. MEHAFFEY, Gen. Secretary. ARTHUR S. JOHNSON, President.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. B Williams, D. D.
12 M., Sunday School
At 5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the Pastor, Rev. Stephen A. Norton, D. D.
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 6 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
7 P. M. Evening Service.
Wednesday at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH. Main Street
Rev. F. M. Estes, Pastor.
SUNDAY SERVICES.—
Preaching, 10.30 A. M.
Sunday School, 12 M.
Preaching, 7 P. M.
Prayer Meeting, Wednesday, 7.45 P. M.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Service in Five Cents Savings Bank Building, Room 13, every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Life."
Reading Room open to the public Tuesdays and Fridays from 2.30 to 4.30.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notice 10 cents a line.

In this city, July 4, George Russell aged 75 years.
In this city, July 5, Margaret McConologue, aged 90 years.
In this city, July 5, Jane E. Wright, aged 84 years, 11 months, 1 day.
In this city, July 5, Roger Flaherty, aged 72 years.

A. F. ANDERSON,
FLORIST
Plants, Cut Flowers, and Floral Designs for All Occasions.
14 Montvale Ave., - Woburn.
Telephones: { Store 243 M / Greenhouses 112 W

FOR SALE.

Two House Lots of 7,000 feet each, on Sturgis street, Woburn, adjoining homestead of Benj. Nichols. Will sell for considerable less than the assessed value. No grading necessary. Plenty of stone on premises for cellars. Inquirs of J. A. STOCKWELL, 10 Tremont St., Boston. Tel. Main 2736. jn30 2m

KILL THE COUGH AND CURE THE LUNGS
WITH DR. KING'S NEW DISCOVERY
FOR COUGHS COLDS PRICE 50¢ & $1.00 TRIAL BOTTLE FREE
AND ALL THROAT AND LUNG TROUBLES
GUARANTEED SATISFACTORY OR MONEY REFUNDED.


PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists

BOSTON & NORTHERN ST. RY. CO.
CHELSEA DIV.

TIME TABLE
In effect June 25, 1911.
[Subject to change without notice.]

Leave WOBURN CENRTE for MALDEN SQ. at 5.45 A.M., then every 30 minutes until 8.15 A. M., then every hour 2.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 10.45, 11.15 P. M. SUNDAY at 8.15 A. M., and every hour until 1.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 10.45, *11.15 P. M. RETURN, leave MALDEN SQ. for WOBURN at 6.45, 7.15 A. M., then every hour until 3.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes until †10.45, †11.15, †11.45, P. M. SUNDAY at 9.15 A. M., then every hour until 1.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 10.15, †10.45, †11.15, †11.45 P. M.

Leave STONEHAM SQ. for SAUGUS CENTRE, LYNN and SALEM at 6.30 A. M., and half hourly until 10.30 P. M. Leave corner Main and Franklin Streets, Melrose, for Saugus Centre at 5.45 A. M., then every 30 min. until 10.45 P. M. SUNDAY at 8.30 A. M. and half hourly until 10.30 P. M. Leave corner Main and Franklin Streets, Melrose for Saugus Centre at 8.45 A. M., then every 30 min until 10.45 P. M. RETURN leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Square at 6 A. M., then every 30 min. until 11 P. M. SUNDAY at 9 A. M., then every 30 min. until 11 P. M.

* Melrose Highlands Only.
† To Stoneham Square Only.

GEO. H. GRAY, Supt.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

Middlesex ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of John F. McCarron, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Mark E. McCarron, of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on his bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex on the twentieth day of July, A. D. 1911, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-seventh day of June in the year one thousand nine hundred and eleven.

30-7-14 F. M. ESTY, Asst. Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of Frederick Chandler Parker, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to William Chandler Parker of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on his bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-fourth day of July, A. D., 1911, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation, once in each week, for three successive weeks in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this sixth day of July, in the year one thousand nine hundred and eleven.

7-14-21 F. M. ESTY, Ass't. Register.

For Real Estate call on Griffin Place at 349 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.,

Boston & Northern St. R'y Co.
Woburn Division

TIME TABLE
Issued June 27, 1910.

Leave NORTH WOBURN for **Sullivan Square Terminal**— 5.12 a. m. and every 15 mins. until 6.12 a. m., 6.42, 6.57, 7.12, a. m., and every 30 mins. until 9.12 p. m. [Also cars leaving North Woburn at 6.27, 7.27 a. m., and every 30 mins. until 9.27 a. m., then 1.57 p. m., and every 30 mins.. until 7.27 p. m., then 9.27, 9.57, 10.27, and 10.57 p. m. connect at the corner of Winn and Pleasant streets, Woburn, for Sullivan Square Terminal.] SUNDAYS — 6.27, 6.57, 7.27, 9.12 a. m., and every 30 mins. until 9.12 p. m. (Also cars leaving North Woburn at 7.57 a. m., and every 30 mins. until 10.57 p. m. connect at corner of Winn and Pleasant Streets, Woburn, for Sullivan Square Terminal.]

Return—Leave **Sullivan Square Terminal**—6.17 a. m., and every 30 mins. until 9.47 p. m., then 9.47 p. m., then 10.02, 10.17, 10.32, 11.02, 11.32, p. m., 12.02 a. m. (Also passengers leaving Sullivan Square, Medford or Winchester on Lowell cars due at Woburn Centre at 7.52, a. m., and every 30 mins. until 9.52 a. m., then 2.22 p. m., and every 30 mins. until 7.52 p. m., then 9.52 and 10.22 p. m., can connect with cars for North Woburn at corner of Winn and Pleasant Streets.) SUNDAYS — 17.32, 18.02, 18.32, 19.02, 19.32, 110.02, 10.17 a. m., and every 30 mins. until 9.47 p. m., then 10 02, 10.17, 10.32, 11.02, 11.32 p. m. and 12.02 a. m. Also passengers leaving Sullivan Square Terminal, Medford or Winchester, on Lowell cars due at Woburn Centre at 8.22 a. m., and every 30 mins. until 10 22 p. m., connect with cars for North Woburn at corner of Winn and Pleasant Streets.)

Wilmington Depot and Perry's Corner, Wilmington—*6.22, 6.52 a. m., and every 60 mins. until 9.52 p. m. SUNDAYS—7.52 a. m., then same as week days. **Return**—leave **Perry's Corner, Wilmington**, 6.45, 7.18 a. m. and every 60 mins. until 10.18 p. m., SUNDAYS—8.18 a. m., and every 60 mins. until 10.18 p. m.

Wilmington Depot and Billerica Centre—7.15 a. m., 12.15, 2.52 and 5.52 p. m. **Return** — Leave **Billerica Centre** for Wilmington Depot and North Woburn 8.15 a. m., 1.15, 3.45 and 6.45 p. m.

Leave WILMINGTON DEPOT for **Billerica Centre**—7.30 a. m., 12.30, 3.00 and 6.00 p. m. SUNDAYS—9.00, 10.30 a. m., 12.00 M., 1 30, 3.00. 4.30, 6.00, and 7.30 p. m. **Return**—Leave Billerica Centre 8.15 a. m., 1.15, 3.45 p. m. SUNDAYS—9.45, 11.15 a. m., 12.45, 2.15, 3.45, 5.15, 6.45, 7.15 p. m.

Summer Drinks!

Chelmsford Ginger Ale $2.50 case
$1.00 rebate for empty case and bottles.

Moxie 20c bottle, $2.25 case.
50c doz rebate for empty bottles.

Lime Juice 10 and 25c bottle.

Grape Juice 25c bottle.

Hire's Root Beer Ext. 15c bottle
Colman's " " " 10 "

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House,
FRED. STANLEY
351 Main Street.
TELEPHONE 242-3.

OUR
Store Policy

has always been to carry the standard and desirable goods in every line. That is why we chose Kodaks for our photographic department. You will never regret the purchase of a 3A Folding Pocket Kodak—$20.

Whitcher's
PILL BOX
LET US SHOW YOU.



BEEF DIET
is always allowable. Prime roast steaks, and beef stews never g out of fashion,
BUY BEEF
and you won't want the services of a doctor but seldom. Long lived people are beef eaters. Get beef of us and you'll have the best at least cost.

Linnell's Market,
1406 Main Street, Woburn.
Telephone, 314-1

EAMES & CARTER,
— DEALERS IN —
Coal, Coke and Wood
335 Main Street.
Elevator on Prospect Street.
Telephone connection

SUBMARINE SHIPS

Life Aboard These War Craft Is a Sequence of Discomforts.

TORTURE FOR THE NOVICE.

Between Choking For Air and Suffocating From the Fumes of Gasoline the Agony Is Excruciating—Added Terrors When Caught In a Storm.

Submarine boats have been developed to the point where they can cover on their own power a radius of 800 miles in effective fighting trim. In storm and calm the submarines are capable of navigating the seas with credit to their inventors and constructors. With a fleet of these vessels stationed in the vicinity of any of our large coast cities it would be difficult for battleships to get within effective striking distance.

The first impressions received on descending into the hold of a submarine are those of discomfort and suffocation. The accommodations for a crew of thirteen seem about right for half a dozen. One is in too close proximity to whirring machinery, too, to enjoy the sensation.

On all sides are arranged electrical devices and machinery to operate the craft and the torpedoes. A thin shell of steel separates the visitor from the torpedoes, and the outside water is so close that one can almost feel its moisture.

When under way on the surface the submarine hums and trembles. The fumes of gasoline are almost suffocating. There is no escaping from them. Some of the men contract what is called "gasoline heart." If under water too long the fumes make one sick and dizzy.

A novice cannot remain in a submarine under water for any great length of time without suffering excruciating torture. In time, however, one gets used to it, and a trip may be one of enjoyment.

But it is when the submarine dives that the most unpleasant symptoms come. There are ten compressed air tanks supplied, and these furnish sufficient air to keep the crew alive a good many hours.

But did you ever live on compressed air? If not it will be a new sensation, especially if you are fifty feet below the surface of the water. There is a tingling sensation all over the body, a pounding of the eardrums and possibly a sense of nausea.

As the air is automatically regulated from the compressed air tanks one gets his share of the oxygen, but sometimes the supply may vary. It certainly does in different parts of the ship. One may be choking for lack of good air in one part and be exhilarated by a too abundant supply in another.

Sometimes when the engines are running to charge the batteries the fumes of the gasoline become so strong that men are rendered unconscious. They must be taken up on deck then to get a whiff of fresh air.

For this reason the batteries are only charged when above the water. But in time of war it might be necessary to charge them while running below. Then, indeed, the man aboard the submarine might envy the aerial navigator flying above the sea with his abundance of fresh air to breathe.

Cooking under water is a pretty uncertain and disagreeable work. The only appliance for this purpose is a small electric heater. This is just about big enough to heat water to make a cup of coffee and nothing else. The crew have their food cooked aboard the tender.

The submarine is built on the principle of economizing space in everything. There is no room for anything except the actual necessities. Every inch of space is given over to machinery. This is everywhere compact and efficient, but multiplied so often that one wonders what it is all for.

There is machinery for running the boat, for guiding it under water, for controlling it when it dives, for compressing the air tanks, for operating the torpedoes and even for regulating the power of vision above and below water.

When caught in a storm in a submarine life is really not worth living. It consists of a series of intense struggles to prevent death by being battered against steel walls or to keep from becoming involved in whirring wheels and dynamos. If you survive the ordeal you conclude that it is not necessary to wait for war to find hades. It is with you all the time.—Harper's Weekly.

Quicker.

"How are you makin' out?" asked one Pullman porter.

"Well, I used to think I was doin' pretty good," replied the other, "but after seein' a train held up by a road agent the other day I feel a good deal like throwin' this old whiskbroom away and gettin' a revolver."—Washington Star.

Modern Children.

"How old are you, Elsie?"

"Nine years."

"And you, Erna?"

"I am twelve."

"Really twelve? You are wonderfully well preserved!"—Fliegende Blatter

Glad He Left.

Actor—There was a thunder of applause when I left the stage. Bored Friend—Serves you right! You shouldn't stay on so long!

What the stars are to the firmament kind deeds are to the earth.

A Turkish Riddle.

Here is an old Turkish riddle which has been handed down for many centuries and yet has never been answered: "There was once a beggar who always dreamed he was a pasha and there was a pasha who always dreamed he was a beggar. Which was the happier?"

All Have Troubles.

"Everybody worries about money."

"Oh, I don't know. Some men are so rich"—

"That's just it. Poor men worry because they can't get money, and the rich man worries for fear that it will get away from him."—Philadelphia Ledger

Death in Roaring Fire
may not result from the work of firebugs, but often severe burns are caused that make a quick need for Bucklen's Arnica Salve, the quickest surest cure for burns, wounds, bruises, boils, sores. It subdues inflammation. It kills pain. It soothes and heals. Drives off skin eruptions, ulcers or piles. Only 25c at All Druggists.

SEEING A JOKE.

It Depends on the Brand of Humor to Which One Is Accustomed.

Foreigners, as a rule, do not understand our wit and humor. Sir Alfred Harmsworth once remarked to me, says a writer in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, that American humor was coarse and sometimes brutal. Mark Twain and Finley Peter Dunne are the only American humorists who are accepted by Englishmen. On the other hand, we do not appreciate the humor of Punch, the Englishman's delight.

I have seen an Englishman laugh heartily over a joke in Punch that I couldn't see any point to until it was explained to me, and no doubt that gentleman considered me as dense as we consider them when we tell them a funny story and get a sort of pained look, rather mystifying to be sure, instead of the laugh which was expected.

It is the local application of the joke that counts the world over. The funniest thing I ever saw was the charge a yearling Hereford bull made at a barbed wire fence in the Texas Panhandle. He struck the fence full tilt, and the rebound caused him to turn a complete back somersault. He landed on his hoofs all right, and there he stood all straddled out with a look of astonishment on his face that was almost human. It was so ludicrous that I lay down in the mesquite grass and rolled over in spasms of mirth. Then he began to bawl like a whipped child, turned tail and ran as from a banshee.

I was at dinner in a Bradford club and told about it, expecting to get a laugh, but all I got was this from Hon. Smith Feather, mayor of that Yorkshire city:

"By Jove, I didn't know those wire fences were so strong. It's a jolly good thing the poor brute wasn't injured."

WATERSPOUTS.

Old Time Mariners Fought Them With Noise and Cannon.

In the waterspout the medieval mariner saw a malevolent living monster—a sea dragon. There were various means of combating them. Once all sailors carried black handled knives, which the monster was believed to hold in special abhorrence.

When a spout made its appearance these knives were produced and pointed in its direction, waved in the air so as to make the sign of the cross or, according to the recommendation of certain contemporary authorities, driven several times into the side of the ship. Certain passages from the gospel of St. John were recited as charms against waterspouts.

A loud noise of any kind was also believed to be efficacious against them—shouts, the clash of swords, the beating of drums and gongs, etc. The custom of firing cannon against waterspouts, says the Scientific American, dates back at least as far as the sixteenth century. The original idea appears to have been to frighten them away by the noise of the report, but in the later times it was believed that the watery column could be cut in twain by the cannon ball and the spout thus dissipated. It would be interesting to know whether the cannonading of waterspouts is still sometimes practiced. It was certainly common much less than a century ago. It is hardly necessary to say that it is entirely futile.

The Bawbee.

Englishmen are familiar with the name "bawbee," applied to the Scotch halfpenny, but to few does it bring the association of a baby queen and a loyal people. It appears that the first attempt at the portraiture of the unfortunate Mary, queen of Scots, was made in her infancy, and her small face was engraved upon the Scottish halfpennies at the time of her coronation in 1543, when she was but nine months old. A number of these small coins are still preserved, and it will be easily understood how the name "bawbee," or baby, came to be given to the coin bearing the effigy of the baby. The halfpenny of Scotland is still commonly called the bawbee, although the baby face no longer appears on it.—Pearson's.

The Wise Bride.

"Yes, the girls gave the bride a commiseration shower."

"What in the world is that?"

"Why, they all told her how sorry they were she was going to marry such a man as the coming bridegroom."

"That must have hurt her feelings."

"No, it didn't. She knew there wasn't a girl there who wouldn't have given her eyes to get him!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Mixed Metaphors.

A well known bishop, speaking in the upper house of Canterbury convocation on prayer book revision, rather startled some of his Episcopal brethren by declaring, according to the Church Family Newspaper, "We are not writing on a clean slate; there is a good deal of grit under the door."

No Wonder.

"My husband has never spoken a cross word to me."

"You lucky woman! How long have you been married?"

"Nearly two weeks."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Gallantry.

She—It seems to me as though we had met somewhere before. He—Impossible, fraulein, else I should have fallen in love with you before!—Fliegende Blatter.

Do not accustom yourself to consider debt only an inconvenience. You will find it a calamity.—Johnson.

Chattel Mortgages.

A man who gives a chattel mortgage should always examine it carefully to make sure it is not "on demand." Sharp money lenders who loan funds on chattel mortgages often try to have this clause inserted, and when it is the borrower may expect to part with his chattels at almost any moment. It is a trick by which advantage is often taken of the unwary.

On the Fence.

"Are you an optimist or a pessimist?"

"Both. I hope for the best, but I don't bet on it as a sure thing."—Exchange.

To live long it is necessary to live slowly.—Cicero.

Got His Fill.

"Did you like the party, Rufus?"

"Yes, mother."

"Then why didn't you stay till it was over?"

"What was the use? I couldn't eat any more."

RAILWAYS IN JAPAN.

Filthy Cars and Dirty Stations In a Land of Cleanliness.

"The railway journey from Kioto to Yokohama, despite the fact that most beautiful country is traversed, is not the pleasantest of experiences," declares a writer in the Wide World. "One buys a railway ticket in Japan in installments.

"The ordinary ticket only enables one to go by a train covering the minimum distance in the maximum time, so an extra express ticket is purchased, which means that the engine moves a little more quickly toward its appointed goal.

"Next a platform ticket must be procured to enable one to board the train, and finally one has to fight one's way into a first class carriage. Why do all the passengers in Japan take their luggage into the already painfully small carriage instead of leaving it in the van? And why, again, does a nation that is a password for cleanliness the world over possess a train service so shockingly dirty in every detail?

"We once in a weak moment looked into a station master's room at a large station, and for pure dirt it could have given points to a dust heap. In the train carriages the floors are covered with the dirt of ages, cigarette ends, orange peel, sandwich papers. At intervals a porter saunters in with a brush and leisurely sweeps all the refuse into a corner, having first carefully closed every window, so that no atom of discomfort or infection shall be lost.

"Finally he departs, leaving behind him the rubbish and an atmosphere charged with germs and angry words. Truly a Japanese porter's definition of clearing up is removing rubbish from one place to another."

A TURKEY FEAST.

General Lee Showed His Officers the Way to Enjoy It.

General Lee in the drawing room was a dignified and quiet gentleman, very kindly and gentle, especially with women and children. "On the field," says Major Ranson in Harper's Magazine, "he was the general, the commander in all essential points. But in other points he could be as sympathetic and considerate as he was at home.

"In the latter part of December a barrel was delivered at our camp marked 'General Lee and Staff.' We opened it and found it was packed full of turkeys. We sent word to General Lee, and he rode over to our camp. There was snow on the ground, and we had laid the turkeys out on a board on the snow, the biggest in the middle and the others tapering off to the smallest at each end. There were about a dozen of them.

"General Lee dismounted and joined the group gathered round the present, carrying his unsling and undrawn sword in his hand. He was told that the big turkey in the middle was his. He stood looking down at the turkeys for a moment and then said, touching the big turkey with the scabbard of his sword:

"'This, then, is my turkey? I don't know, gentlemen, what you are going to do with your turkeys, but I wish mine sent to the hospital in Petersburg so that some of the convalescents may have a good dinner.'

"He then turned on his heel and, walking to his horse, mounted and rode away. We looked at one another for a moment and then, without a word, replaced the turkeys in the barrel and sent them to the hospital."

Gilbert's Witty Comment.

Sir W. S. Gilbert's wit and humor were always ready. He was a fine raconteur and a good after dinner speaker. Rutland Barrington, the old Savoyard, said that "staying in Gilbert's house was like living in a literary fireworks factory."

Barrington played the Captain in "Pinafore." At rehearsal one day Gilbert, who was an autocratic and magnificent stage manager, told him to cross the stage, which represented the deck of H. M. S. Pinafore, and sit on a skylight "in a pensive attitude." Barrington obeyed orders, but unfortunately the skylight had only been rigged up temporarily, and the portly Barrington crashed through it.

"That's an expensive attitude," said Gilbert in a flash.

Wanted to Convert Utopia.

When the "Utopia" was first published it occasioned unpleasant mistirke. This political romance represents a perfect but visionary republic in an island supposed to have been somewhere in the Atlantic, near these western shores.

"As this was the age of discovery," says Granger, "the learned Budaeus and others took it for genuine history and deemed it expedient to send missionaries thither to convert the people."—"Book of Queer Things."

Morse and the Telegraph Operator.

Immediately after the successful completion of the first transatlantic cable and the consequent celebrations, in which, of course, Cyrus W. Field bore a prominent part, Professor Morse had occasion to send a telegram from a small town in Ohio to his home in New York. He wrote out his message and presented it to the operator, who rapidly checked it off with his pencil and curtly demanded a dollar.

"But," said the venerable inventor, "I never pay for messages," and, seeing an inquiring look in the operator's eyes, added, "I am, in fact, the father of the telegraph."

"Then," said the operator, firmly convinced that he was being imposed upon, "why don't you sign your own name, Cyrus W. Field?"

Professor Morse when telling the story used to say that he was too humiliated to answer.

Armchair Etiquette.

The question of an armchair was once a matter of high state in the fortunes of Prussia. This was in the year 1696, when the Elector Frederick on visiting at The Hague that Prince of Orange whom his father and he had been instrumental in raising to the dignity of king as William III. of England was informed that during the interview the king would be seated on an armchair of state, while he (the elector) would be accommodated with an ordinary settle or stool. In great dudgeon (as Mr. Brayley Hodgetts recalls in "The House of Hohenzollern") the elector rejoined that if he was not worthy of an armchair his troops had at least been thought good enough to assist the Prince of Orange to mount the royal throne of England. Finally a compromise was effected, and the two sovereigns conversed with one another standing.

TREE TRUNK CANNON.

Wonderful Wooden Hide Wound Guns of the Antilles.

The mention of wooden guns suggests a company of boy soldiers commanded by a captain who wears a tin sword. The revolutionary soldiers of Cuba, Haiti and the Dominican Republic, however, have from time to time made cannon from trees and applied them to practical purposes. In the Antilles there grows a peculiar tree with a winding grain, so tenacious of fiber that to split it by ordinary means is almost an impossibility.

When wanted for artillery purposes the tree is felled, a section some five feet in length and one foot in diameter is selected and cut, the bark is removed, and uneven places on the surface are dressed down.

The embryo cannon is then placed on rude trusses and a bore burned in it, a process that serves further still to harden the wood. While the bore is being burned green ox hides are cut into long strips by beginning in the center and working toward the outer edge as one would peel an apple.

When all is in readiness one end of this rawhide band, which is about three inches in width, is spiked to the wooden cannon near the breech. A lever or bar is attached to the butt. Two or three negroes grasp the arms of the bar and slowly turn the hollowed log on its supports. The band of green hide is kept under a strain, and in this way the core of the cannon is wound with one of the toughest materials, wire excepted, in the world.

The first layer of hide is tightly wound to the muzzle of the growing gun and back toward the breech again until a number of layers have thus been wound on and the promising piece of artillery has grown several inches in diameter.

It is then placed in a draft of dry, hot air and allowed to harden. When the hardening and curing process is complete the persevering inhabitants have a really serviceable weapon.

One of these homemade wood and rawhide cannon used during the last Cuban insurrection is said to have withstood 104 charges of powder before becoming useless. The projectiles for it were made of scrap iron, broken stone and fire hardened clay balls.—St. Louis Republic.

REAL JAVA COFFEE.

You May Get a Cup Almost Any Place Except In Java.

It seems strange that in the far east, where tea and coffee come from, it is very difficult for the traveler in nearly all places in India, the Straits Settlements and elsewhere in the orient to procure a cup of really good tea or coffee. This, says Sir Frederic S. Isham, the novelist, although seemingly paradoxical, is only on a par with conditions in so many of our little American hamlets and villages where good butter, rich cream and good chickens for the residents are practically nonobtainable, all of them having been "sent to town."

In Calcutta I heard an American in the best hotel there say to the waiter: "If this," indicating the contents of a cup before him, "is tea, bring me coffee. If it is coffee, bring me tea." And the waiter (an Eurasian), who had no sense of humor, took away the drink and phlegmatically brought something else—equally bad, no doubt.

So after India, Burma and the Malay peninsula we waited with bated breath for the coffee of Java. "Java coffee!" The excellence of it was a childhood tradition. The coffee "mother used to make" was compounded of real Java. In Java surely we should find a nectar of the gods. What did we discover? An extract of coffee served in little casters! It would have made the gods ill. Another illusion gone!

Don't go to Java for real Java coffee. You may find it in Ypsilanti, Mich., or Paris, O., but you won't unearth it in Java—not for money.

Too Much For Him.

Voltaire could not speak much English. The reason why he refused to study the language is this: It was drilled into him that "plague" was pronounced "plaig," which he thought very pretty and acceptable. But right on top of it he was introduced to "ague," which his teacher said must be called "a-gue." Finding it impossible to reconcile the difference, he went off into a philosophical tantrum and dropped the study.

A Bit of a Brag.

Lawyer—Are you acquainted with any of the men on the jury? Witness—Yes, sir; more than half of them. Lawyer—Are you willing to swear that you know more than half of them? Witness—Say, if it comes to that, I'm willing to swear that I know more than all of them put together.—Milwaukee Journal.

Deserving of Pity.

"There goes Roxham. Every time I think of that man's financial embarrassment it makes me yearn to help him."

"Financial embarrassment?"

"Yes. He's got so much money he doesn't know what to do with it."—Catholic Standard and Times.

The Main Thing.

Political Leader—How does Bump stand? Henchman—All right, I guess. He belongs to the same political party as we do. Political Leader—Confound it! That's no sign. Is he with us or against us?—Puck.

About the Same Thing.

Scribbler—Can you suggest a simile for giving advice? Scrawler—How would pouring water on a duck's back do?—Philadelphia Record.

Friendly Candor.

"Is he a friend of yours?"

"Well, he seems to think he is. He never meets me without feeling that it is his duty to tell me something that will leave me unhappy for the rest of the day."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Loyal.

"I have no patience with Dubbins. He sneers at Velasquez."

"Well, I don't care much for foreigners myself, but if Velasquez is a friend of yours I don't blame you for getting sore."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Too Willing.

Tramp—Mister, would you give me a nickel for a meal? Pedestrian—For a glass of beer, more likely. Tramp—Wotever you says, boss; you're payin' for it.—Exchange.

Mislaid.

"I mislaid $50 last night."

"Hard lines! Can't you think where you put it?"

"Yes. I put it on the wrong card."—

HEALTH AND FOOD.

A Doctor's Idea of a Perfectly Balanced All Year Round Diet.

That every one is more or less susceptible to tubercular trouble is a matter on which all old fashioned medical authorities are agreed. They tell us that we may pass through a phase and out again without knowing it. According to Dr. T. Y. Hull in the Dietetic Gazette, there is only one thing very certain, and that is that if we keep in good health or adapt ourselves to a perfectly balanced diet the danger is slight.

He advocates a reduction of vegetable food, relying more upon butter, meat and nuts. Here, of course, one has to face the increased danger of tubercular meat, itself probably a large contributory cause of consumption.

This is Dr. Hull's idea of a perfectly balanced diet, calculated to keep the average individual in perfect health all the year round: The basis for the diet is found in meat, eggs, milk, butter, bread, potatoes and fruit. It consists daily of two quarts of milk, five eggs, four ounces of beef, one and one-half ounces of butter, two ounces of nuts (pecan), four ounces of bread, three and one-half ounces of rice, three ounces each of potatoes, peas and oatmeal, one ounce sugar, one ounce raisins, one apple and one orange.

FOLLIES OF SCIENCE.

Seven Problems That Have So Far Baffled Man's Mighty Brain.

The history of science has seven problems that men in all ages more or less have tried to solve, but which have finally been given up by all. Today they are called follies.

The usual list comprises the following: First, squaring the circle; second, duplication of the cube; third, trisection of an angle; fourth, perpetual motion; fifth, transmutation of metals; sixth, fixation of mercury; seventh, elixir of life. Some lists put the philosopher's stone for the last three and then add astrology and magic to make the seven.

To the unlearned it would seem possible to draw a square which shall be exactly equal in area to a given circle, which is the first problem in the list, but we are told by the highest authorities that it is impossible.

Since the discovery of radium it is claimed that the cnange of one metal into another has been accomplished, but it is yet too early to dogmatize about the matter.—Chicago Journal.

Learn to Think on Your Feet.

It does not matter whether one wants to be a public speaker or not, a person should have such complete control of himself, should be so self reliant and self poised, that he can get up in any audience, no matter how large or formidable, and express his thoughts clearly and distinctly. In all ages oratory has been regarded as the highest expression of human achievement. Young people, no matter what they intend to be, whether blacksmith or farmer, merchant or physician, should make it a study. Nothing else will call out what is in a man more quickly and more effectively than the constant effort to do his best in speaking before an audience. When one undertakes to think on one's feet and speak extemporaneously before the public the power and the skill of the entire man are put to the severest test.—Success Magazine.

At Sea on Land.

A clergyman who had neglected all knowledge of nautical affairs was asked to deliver an address before an audience of sailors. He was discoursing on the stormy passages of life. Thinking he could make his remarks more pertinent to his hearers by metaphorically using sea expressions, he said:

"Now, friends, you know that when you are at sea in a storm the thing you do is anchor."

A half concealed snicker spread over the room, and the clergyman knew that he had made a mistake.

After the services one of his listeners came to him and said, "Mr. ——, have you ever been at sea?"

The minister replied:

"No, unless it was while I was delivering that address."

Rivulets and the Rivers.

All are to be men of genius in their degree—rivulets or rivers, it does not matter, so that the souls be clear and pure, not dead walls, encompassing dead heaps of things known and numbered, but running waters in the sweet wilderness of things unnumbered and unknown, conscious only of the living banks, on which they partly refresh and partly reflect the flowers, and so pass on.—Ruskin's "The Stones of Venice."

Abrupt.

Judge Stevens had a slight hesitation in his speech, but that affliction did not prevent his using long words. One morning his dog Snip got into a fight with another dog. Tapping him with his cane, Judge Stevens exclaimed, "D-d-dis-con-t-t-tin-ue."—Success Magazine.

Amended.

"James is a physical wreck."

"Why, he used to have a strong constitution."

"Yes, but the doctors have amended it several times."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Nothing raises the price of a blessing like its removal, whereas it was its continuance which should have cost us its value.—Hannah More.

Setting an Example.

"Whether the hotel proprietor I lunched with the other day is a hero publicly maintaining his sincere convictions as an encouragement to others or a slave in his own domain I cannot determine," said the gray headed man. "I met him in the street not far from his hotel, and at his suggestion we lunched together. We ate in his own dining room. He tipped the waiter. We had checked our hats, and he tipped the boy in attendance.

"'Do you tip in your own hotel?' I gasped.

"'Always,' said he. 'It is as much trouble to wait on me as anybody else.'"—New York Sun.

Our Country.

Let our object be our country, our whole country and nothing but our country. And by the blessing of God may that country itself become a vast and splendid monument, not of oppression and terror, but of wisdom, of peace and of liberty upon which the world may gaze with admiration forever.—Daniel Webster.

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WOBURN NATIONAL BANK
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The beginning of successful operation of UNITED STATES POSTAL SAVINGS BANKS, and the possibility of legislation, by Congress, looking to the establishment of NATIONAL SAVINGS BANKS, as outlined by Senator Aldrich, in his tentative plan for a new banking law, seems to indicate a popular demand for places of savings under the control and supervision of the UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT.

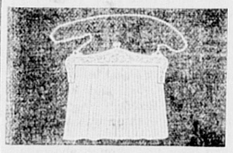
To meet this legitimate demand and to extend increased banking facilities to the people of Woburn and vicinity, the WOBURN NATIONAL BANK has opened a new department to be known as its SAVINGS DEPARTMENT, and will receive deposits of money to bear interest FROM DATE OFDEPOSIT at the rate of three per centum per annum on sums not less than $100. These deposits however will not be subject to check.

All deposits in this bank are GUARANTEED by its capital stock of $100,000, its surplus and undivided profits December 31, 1910, of $68,860.34, and by the personal liability of its responsible stockholders to the extent of an additional $100,000.

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William E. Blodgett, Treasurer of R.Guastavino Co.
John C. Buck, Cashier.
Robert Chalmers, Physician.
Everett P. Fox of W. P. Fox & Sons, leather manufacturers.
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DIRECTORS.

Woburn, January 30, 1911.



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Vindicated

The Sea Gave Up a Secret That Made Several Persons Happy

By E. KINGLAND WILLIAMS

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Up to a certain date I had always been skeptical of remarkable happenings. I was converted by an occurrence which if told me by my most trusted friend I would not have believed. And my conversion was the more complete since the marvelous episode turned the current of my whole life and made a husband and father of a bachelor. At any rate, I don't care to hear people sneer at improbabilities or at persons who vouch for them.

I was thirty years old and a confirmed bachelor. In fact, I considered myself especially fitted for single life. Whether or no I was fitted to be married never occurred to me. Doubtless if I had thought of that side of the proposition I should have considered that if I had chosen to marry I would make a model husband. But no marriage for me! Why should a man give up his freedom to suffer the annoyances of matrimony?

But it doesn't make any difference what a man's opinion is of matrimony. If he happens to be struck by matrimonial lightning he succumbs like any one else. It was at the seashore that the bolt fell upon me, and I forgot all about my prenuptial prejudices. Indeed, I began to worry and fret and fume for fear that matrimony would be denied me, for there was just one woman in the world I wished to marry, and if I didn't get her life would no more be worth living.

I was standing on the beach one bright morning where the blue waves were rolling in merrily looking at the bathers. A lady, young, rather pretty and whose superb figure was shown to advantage by a becoming bathing suit, walked leisurely down to the water's edge and stood looking out upon the scene before her. Each wave that came up sent a line of white froth to clasp her ankles. A breeze played with her skirt. Then she walked out to a greater depth, dived under an incoming wave and appeared beyond it swimming like a dolphin.

I watched for the lady when she came out of the ocean and saw her go into a little cottage built up against the dunes. The door closed behind her, but her image had been left with me. I saw her again the same evening supporting an old lady, doubtless her mother, on the board walk. This time I had a good view of her face, and a melancholy resting upon it only added to my suddenly awakened interest. Possibly any other expression would have served the same purpose, for when a man's imagination has been kindled by the spark of love any trait the fair one possesses is either thrilling or delightful and usually both.

I secured an introduction to Miss Henrietta Chamberlin and was graciously accorded permission to call at the cottage, where she lived with her mother and a younger brother. Every member of the family seemed to be under a melancholy induced by some misfortune. The natural disposition common to them all I judged to be genial and happy. But if at any time any or all became exhilarated some closet skeleton would thrust itself in upon their merriment and hush it.

Thinking to learn something about them, I questioned persons with whom they were acquainted. But no one knew them any better than I. When the Chamberlins were asked where they hailed from they gave evasive answers, stating usually that at present they were unsettled. Of all the persons with whom they became intimate during their sojourn at the seashore not one could give any account of them.

For a time this mystery put a damper on my enthusiasm with regard to Miss Chamberlin. But it was taking one step forward to two backward. I was becoming rapidly enthralled and soon got beyond any question of expediency. Then, too, the seashore is a dangerous place for those who wish to keep out of love's whirlpool. Though the waters look cool and tempting, there are sea pussies that are liable to whirl one beyond one's depth.

Miss Chamberlin and I were standing one moonlight night just above the highest line of foam when one of these pussies came up and carried up into a boundless ocean of torture—or was it a water fay that did the damage? At all events while we were looking at the moon's shimmer on the water, changing with the light clouds that floated lazily over her face, something took away all my caution, and I poured forth an unpremeditated story of love.

Instead of exciting pleasure I saw under the moonlight shining full in her face the melancholy she usually wore intensified.

"I have been weak," she said. "No woman can fail to see love before it is expressed. I should have repelled you."

"Why?" I asked, overwhelmed by a grievous disappointment.

"It's a secret."

"Tell me."

"There's a stain on our family name. Ask me no more."

I learned nothing further from Henrietta Chamberlin. I did afterward learn the secret and in the strangest of all ways. But not then. Several years passed when it was given to me—by what?—the boundless ocean.

I could not move her, and beyond being allowed to call myself her friend I was permitted to come no nearer to her. I learned that the family were very proud and sensitive and that whenever they met any one to reveal their identity they left the place where they were immediately.

Miss Chamberlin and I parted as friends, but we were really lovers.

One summer I was yachting off the New Jersey coast when Joe Shedd, one of the crew, came to me with a bottle he had taken out of the water.

"I don't want it," I said. "This coast is covered with bottles that young people have thrown out with fake accounts of shipwreck in them."

The man went away, but presently returned with a paper, which he said might mean something real. It read:

Whoever finds this take up floor N. E. corner of sawmill one mile west of D., Conn.

"It's one of these children's messages," I said to the man, "to fool persons." Then I handed it back to him.

During the next autumn Shedd came into my office. He said that he couldn't get it out of his head that the message he had picked up at sea was a bona fide one. He would like to go to D. and look into the matter, but he had no money for the purpose. I tried to persuade him to dismiss the subject from his mind, but when I was satisfied that he wouldn't do so till he had proved the truth of my position I advanced him the price of a ticket to D. with something to spare.

"Whatever I find," he said, "I'll bring to you."

"You'll not find anything to bring. But don't worry about repaying the amount I have advanced. It's not a loan; it's a gift."

He made no reply to this, but left me, and that's the last I thought of the matter for a week, when he paid me another visit. I saw in a moment by his expression that he had found something.

"Well," I said jocularly, "did you get a big diamond?"

We were alone, and he closed the door before replying. Then he said:

"No, but I got a hundred $1,000 bonds."

I wondered if the man had gone daft.

"I consider the find yours, sir," he continued, "so I didn't disturb anything I found, putting back the flooring. Nobody knew about my being there."

"Do you mean to tell me you found a lot of bonds placed where that paper you picked up indicated?"

"I do."

"What else?" I asked after drawing several long breaths.

"This."

He handed me a paper, on which was scrawled in lead pencil:

Cashier didn't do this. The man as did is where he can't be reached.

Notwithstanding that this paper had a genuine look, some time was required for Shedd to convince me that it would be worth while to go with him and have a look at his find.

"You see, sir," he said, "the bonds must have been stolen property, and I'm afraid to touch 'em for fear of getting myself into trouble."

"Very well," I said at last. "I'll go with you, and if you've found some missing securities and there is a reward offered for their recovery I'll see that you get it."

We reached D. in the afternoon, and, Shedd having provided himself with tools and a lantern, after supper we walked out to a deserted sawmill. It was some distance from the road and stood alone. Going to a corner of the mill, Shedd removed some rubbish and took up a plank of flooring. Between two joists lay a bundle, the wrapper being a newspaper. Shedd handed it to me, and, unrolling it, there sure enough were a hundred $1,000 bonds of a railway company. I saw at a glance that they were not negotiable by the thieves. The date on the newspaper indicated that it had been printed nine years before. Shedd had taken the only thing besides the bonds—the scrap of paper—that had been left in the place of concealment.

Having replaced the flooring, we returned by an early train the next morning, and, going to police headquarters, I reported the find.

I was informed that nine years before a certain bank had missed the bonds, and the cashier whose accounts were short had been convicted of making way with them. And here came the surprise of my life and an explanation of a mystery that had kept me from the woman I loved.

The name of the cashier was Vincent Chamberlin.

There had been just enough shortage in his accounts and circumstantial evidence against him to convict him of having taken the bonds, doubtless for the purpose of speculation. Their finding, with the note accompanying them, was a vindication for the cashier, and he was released from prison.

The happiest day in my life was when, having gone to my Henrietta with her brother's vindication in my hands, I saw the look of mingled wonder and delight in her eyes as she read the words that were to take away the great stain and make him a free man. She stood for awhile looking at nothing, as if wrapped in a happy dream. I refrained from interrupting this joyous sense of relief as long as I could contain myself, then took her in my arms. I said nothing, nor did she. Her head fell upon my shoulder, and this was the only sign I asked for to know that my season of disappointment had ended.

A Steady Watch.

"Henry," said Mrs. Gloonip at dinner, looking down at her watch, but speaking to Mr. Gloonip on the other side of the table, "my watch hasn't varied a second in a week."

"Remarkable!" said Mr. Gloonip. "How did you get it to vary so little?"

"I broke the mainspring."

Politeness.

True politeness is that which when a man is lying to you and you know he is lying impels you to listen to him as though you believed him and impels him to go on lying as though he believes you believe him.—Chicago Post.

A Left Handed One.

He—A handsome woman smiled at me yesterday. She—Well, it is possible for even a handsome woman to have a sense of the ridiculous.—Scranton Tribune-Republican.

A beautiful eye makes silence eloquent; a kind eye makes contradiction an assent; an enraged eye makes beauty deformed.—Addison.

A Trade Secret.

"What did your firm dismiss Grigg for?" asked the first traveler.

"He gave away a trade secret," replied the other.

"You don't say so?"

"Yes. He told a customer that our chief was an old scoundrel, and the chief overheard him."

All In.

Friend—I was just in the art gallery admiring your "Napoleon After Waterloo." The fidelity of expression on Bonaparte's face is positively wonderful. Where did you get it? Mr. Dobber—From life. I got my wife to pose for me the morning after she gave her first reception.—Puck.

Greatness.

Greatness lies not in being strong, but in the right use of strength, and strength is not used rightly when it serves only to carry a man above his fellows for his solitary glory.

Power when employed to relieve the oppressed and to punish the oppressor becomes a great blessing.—Swift.

TESTING AN OCTOPUS.

The Power of This Repulsive Creature Much Overrated.

There have been made abroad experiments with an octopus, in a specially devised tank of sea water, in order to test the truth of the many stories told of monster cephalopods dragging human victims to the sea bottom, says Harper's Weekly.

In the tank with the octopus there was placed a "dummy" of the same specific gravity as a man, and this was baited with a crab. Attracted by this tempting morsel, the octopus made for the figure, seized it in its powerful arms and tried to drag it under water without success. It then urged its body toward the edge of the tank, and, holding the glass with some of its arms, it dragged its prey beneath the surface and crushed the crab shell with its powerful jaws.

It is believed that these experiments afford proof that the octopus can only drag its victims far below the water near rocks to which it can attach its suckers. There is one spot in the bay of Naples where these creatures attain a large size, and now and then a fisherman is reported missing. It is thought that such disappearances are due to the unfortunate man being caught by the leg by a concealed octopus and dragged under water. In the case of such a repulsive and powerful creature as the octopus it is difficult to separate fact from fiction.

A VACATION IN BED.

Twenty-four Hours' Sleep Versus a Week's Holiday.

If you want to obtain complete rest and recuperation equal to a week's vacation in minimum time sleep the clock around twice is the advice of a physician who holds a high place in medical circles in England.

"To spend twenty-four hours in bed," he said to a friend, "instead of rushing away for a few hours' change of scene when you are run down physically and mentally, is worth a week's holiday. The night before, having gone to a theater to take the mind off worries and having supped wisely and well, instructions should be given that the morning calling shall be omitted.

"Then sleep. On waking turn over and sleep again. On waking again ring for some hot milk. Drink it and sleep again and keep on sleeping. Have nothing in the intervals more substantial than soup. Do not read. Keep the eyes shut constantly. Have a warm bath in the evening and sleep again.

"When you are tired of sleeping sleep again for the night. Nothing calms the nerves more than resting the eyes."—New York Herald.

A SOLEMN MOMENT.

When the Great Mail Steamer Was Stopped In Midocean.

The great steamship wavered; the screw revolved more slowly and gradually ceased to turn. There is something uncannily disquieting about an unmoving ship in the middle of the ocean, and for a few moments there were fearsome rumors among the second and third cabin passengers. The steerage, being nearer to the heart of things, understood what was going on.

The deck stewards went about explaining, and as they explained the passengers moved to points of vantage. Then all was very quiet—quiet even for the sea.

A man whom the first cabin passengers knew to be a famous bishop stepped down from among them. A heavy, clumsy, grewsome bundle was brought up. Over it the bishop, with bared and reverent head, intoned the service for those who are buried at sea. As the bishop spoke the words of committal, "We therefore commit his body to the deep, to be turned into corruption, looking for the resurrection of the body, when the sea shall give up its dead," a door in the bulwarks was lifted for the bundle and let down again, the ship began to move, sluggishly at first, then smoothly as was its wont, and the passengers went back to their games, their books and their lovemaking.

The greatest event in the dead stoker's career was over. He had stopped his majesty's mail.—Exchange.

The Eskimos and the Bible.

Frank Cross, a missionary among the Eskimos, has found considerable difficulty in using the illustration of the Bible in arctic regions. He gives two amusing anecdotes to bear out his statements. First, how his Eskimo interpreter translated a well known text into the following: "Every log that bringeth not up good 'appik' is cut up and used for firewood," "appik" being the Eskimo for dried apples and the nearest thing to fruit that they know. Again, of law, justice and government they have not the remotest notion. Mr. Cross' nearest neighbor had hundreds of dollars' worth of furs deposited in a cache. Wishing to preach on "Where Thieves Break Through and Steal," the interpreter gave up his attempt at translation, for he said such a thing was impossible among them.—T. P.'s London Weekly.

Disqualified.

One west side woman who thought herself an ardent suffragist was surprised to learn that other members of the sisterhood did not share her opinion.

"Why do you doubt my devotion to the cause?" she asked. "What have I done to make you think me less earnest than the rest of you women?"

Their answer was a letter which she had written to headquarters the day before.

"You wrote on your husband's stationery," they said. "No suffragist who is worth her salt will write a personal letter under her husband's letterheads."—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Catastrophe.

"Did you hear about the catastrophe down at the Browns' last night?"

"No. What happened?"

"Why, Mrs. Brown gave the baby a bottle to play with, and while she was in the kitchen it fell out of the crib and broke its neck."

"What, the baby?"

"No; the bottle."

Not Just What She Meant.

A little community of colored people had raised the money to build a new church, and the dedication was to take place the next day. "Where are you going tomorrow?" the schoolteacher asked one young girl. Smiling radiantly, she answered, "I's going to the degradation of our church!"

Mamma's Joke.

"Oh, mamma, the hen is sitting on the vacuum cleaner!"

"Perhaps she's only trying to lay the dust, dear."—Yonkers Statesman.

POWER OF AN AUDIENCE.

Influence It Exerts Over an Actor or a Speaker.

No orator living was ever great enough to give out the same power and force and magnetism to an empty hall, to empty seats, that he could give to an audience capable of being fired by his theme.

In the presence of the audience lies a fascination, an indefinable magnetism, that stimulates all the mental faculties and acts as a tonic and vitalizer. An orator can say before an audience what he could not possibly have said previous to going on the platform, just as we can often say to a friend in animated conversation things which we could not possibly say when alone. As when two chemicals are united a new substance is formed from the combination which did not exist in either alone, the speaker feels surging through his brain the combined force of his audience, which he calls inspiration, a mighty power which did not exist in his own personality before he rose to his feet. No public speaker ever forgets that first surprising feeling of confidence.

Actors tell us that there is an indescribable inspiration which comes from the orchestra, the footlights, the audience, which it is impossible to feel at a cold mechanical rehearsal. There is something in a great sea of expectant faces which awakens the ambition and arouses the reserve of power which can never be felt except before an audience. The power was there just the same before, but it was not aroused.—Success Magazine.

GERMAN LATCHKEYS.

Big Enough to Be Used as Weapons of Attack or Defense.

Locksmithing in Germany is today as important a trade as plumbing, blacksmithing or the vocation of the barber, says our consul at Hanover in a recent report. The first lock and key were introduced into Prussia in the fourteenth century and caused a considerable sensation at the palace of the elector of Brandenburg. He found that by these devices he could do away with the guard at his private doors and thus materially reduce his household expenses. Since that day the schlosser, or locksmith, has been an essential factor in German life.

The present German house key could be used as a weapon of attack and defense, besides serving its original purpose. It weighs on an average about one-eighth of a pound, and as each person entitled to carry a house and corridor key has nearly a quarter of a pound of soft iron in his pocket it is conservatively estimated that the amount of iron in circulation in Germany in the pockets of the men and in the hand bags of women amounts to 2,695 tons, besides an additional 2,500 tons for the keys to the interior of German homes. Thus something over 5,000 tons of iron are put into keys of a size to be found nowhere in America. However large the house or numerous the apartments, the outer door is locked promptly at 10 o'clock, and as the German spends many of his evenings out every person carries at least one of these massive keys to effect an entrance.

ANSWERED THE SIGNAL.

The King Sent the Reply, and the Captain Kicked Himself.

Rear Admiral Sir Colin Keppel was given the command of the royal yacht Victoria and Albert by King Edward, and on one occasion when the late king was on board his majesty thought he would like to steer the yacht for a little way.

Admiral Keppel took him to the wheel, and, having ascertained the proper course to steer, his majesty tried to keep the yacht in it, with rather poor success.

The vessel was being escorted by a squadron of cruisers, and the captain of one of these vessels, noticing the wabbly course of the Victoria and Albert, thought he would "rag" Admiral Keppel on his bad steering.

He signaled a sarcastic inquiry as to the erratic course of the yacht, and King Edward, seeing the string of flags go up, inquired their meaning.

Admiral Keppel went all the colors of the rainbow and tried to escape the question, but the king insisted. When at last he understood the meaning of the signal his majesty went off into peals of laughter, and after he had recovered a little he ordered a reply to be signaled.

A few minutes later the captain of the cruiser read this message: "Pray accept apologies, but am a bit out of practice.—Edward."

Then the captain retired to his cabin and kicked himself.—Pearson's Weekly.

Canes and Swords In Porto Rico.

Of all people perhaps none are more fond of canes or more skilled in their use than our fellow citizens of Porto Rico. The walking stick in that island would seem to mark social distinctions among men as fans do among women. Every Spaniard has a cane, the well to do own several, and the gilded youth often have a small arsenal of walking sticks. The term "arsenal" is used advisedly, as the Porto Ricans, like the Spaniards, have quite a fondness for sword canes and dagger canes, and they make these with remarkable skill. The blades of the finer specimens come from famous smiths in Toledo and other Spanish cities and are forged from the finest steel. Some are damascened, and others are inlaid with silver and gold; some have worked upon them the name of the owner and others the name of a patron saint.—Philadelphia Record.

All In Good Time.

Champ Clark at a dinner in Washington pleaded indulgence for a somewhat rambling speaker.

"He'll arrive," he said, "if you'll give him time. He is like Dr. Thirdly.

"Dr. Thirdly was dividing up his sermon into appropriate heads one Sunday morning when a member of the congregation shouted irascibly:

"'Meat, man! Give us meat!'

"'Well,' said Dr. Thirdly promptly, 'hold on, then, till I'm done carving.'"—Pittsburg Gazette-Times.

The Greater Blessing.

Jawkins—Ah, my boy, it's a fine thing to have a friend whom you can trust. Pawkins—It's a jolly sight better to have one who will trust you, old man.

Strenuous.

"He used to be a straight enough young chap. What made him get crooked?" "Trying to make both ends meet, I believe."—Exchange.

It requires very little trouble to find fault. That is why there are so many critics.—Holmes.

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson III.—Third Quarter, For July 16, 1911.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, II Chron. xxxiii, 1-13—Memory Verses, 12, 13—Golden Text, Isa. i, 16, 17—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

That Hezekiah, who was such a good king, should have had such a bad father as Ahaz and such a bad son as Manasseh is one of the—to us—seemingly strange things. In the case of David's sons and Eli's sons the trouble seems to have been lack of home discipline, for it is written of the former concerning one of his sons that his father never displeased him and never said to him as much as "Why hast thou done this?" (I Kings i, 6.) Of Eli it is written that "his sons made themselves vile and he restrained them not" (I Sam. iii, 13). As Manasseh was twelve years old when he began to reign in the stead of his father he must have been born three years after his father's recovery from his illness of which he would have died had not the Lord added fifteen years to his life.

His words were very humble after his recovery from that sickness, but later there was much pride and self assertion, especially when the ambassadors came with gifts from Babylon (Isa. xxxviii and xxxix). Would it have been better for Hezekiah to have died at what seemed to be his appointed time rather than to become the father of such a son? Let those tell who know, but let us in all things be wholly subject to God.

Verses 9 and 10 of our lesson summarize his iniquity in these words: "So Manasseh made Judah and the inhabitants of Jerusalem to err and to do worse than the heathen, whom the Lord had destroyed before the children of Israel. And the Lord spake to Manasseh and to his people, but they would not hearken." Note the love and compassion of Jehovah in His speaking to him to warn him and turn him from his evil ways; note the worst phase of his sin in his refusing to listen to God. The special phases of his sin are mentioned in the previous verses as manifold idolatry, building idol altars even in the house of the Lord, using witchcraft, dealing with familiar spirits, etc. It was a foreshadowing of the still greater wickedness which led to the captivity of Judah when they mocked the messengers of God, despised His words and misused His prophets till there was no remedy.

Although God is so long suffering, there is sometimes a limit, and the time came when God allowed Manasseh to be taken prisoner, bound in chains and carried to Babylon (verse 11). It was a grand thing for him to be thus afflicted, for in prison he became truly penitent and humble and prayed earnestly to God, and the Lord heard him and saved him and brought him again to Jerusalem into his kingdom (verses 12, 13). The Lord is not willing that any should perish, and He does everything to prevent people from going down to the pit (Job xxxiii, 29, 30). Even the judgments of the great tribulation period, after the church shall have been removed, will have as their object the repentance of the ungodly (Rev. ix, 20, 21; xvi, 9). Who can tell how much his mother's prayers had to do with his turning to God? Her name was Hephzibah, and she seems to have been a godly woman. If she was on earth when he was carried to Babylon she might have said, as Jacob did, "All these things are against me," but in her case, as in his, Rom. viii, 28, was true.

After he turned to the Lord and was restored to his kingdom he seems to have done what he could to undo the evil he had done before by removing the altars and the strange gods, by repairing the altar of the Lord and offering sacrifice thereon and by commanding Judah to serve the Lord God of Israel (verses 14-16), but there was no lasting result in the kingdom from his reformation, and his son Amon walked in the wicked ways of his father (verses 21-23). It seems more easy to lead people away from God than to lead them to Him, to do evil than to undo it, but there is nothing too hard or wonderful for the Lord.

The salvation of the thief on the cross, Saul of Tarsus and the jailer at Philippi are notable Bible illustrations of the grace of God. Our lesson chapter refers to the prayer of Manasseh and the words of the Lord's servants to him, but we have no record of them. In the Apocrypha just preceding the first book of Maccabees there is a portion entitled "The prayer of Manasseh when he was holden captive in Babylon," in which he confesses, among other things, that he had sinned above the number of the sands of the sea, and he says that if God will save him he will praise Him forever all the days of his life. But even if this be a correct record, which is doubted, it is neither his prayer nor his promises that we should consider, but the great mercy of God toward one who had been so great a sinner.

All mercy to all sinners can only be because of the great sufferings of Him of whom we read in last week's lesson who was set apart before the foundation of the world, the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world (I Pet. i, 20; Rev. xiii, 8). His was the only sacrifice that could take away sin, foreshadowed in Gen. iii, 21, and in all true sacrifices ordained of God and fulfilled on Golgotha (Acts iv, 12).

Pa's Hard Job.

"Johnny," said the visitor at the door, "is your father at home?"

"He's trying to be, sir," said Johnny, "but you know, Mr. Squiggs, ma's mother's here."—Harper's Weekly.

The Real Sorrow.

"Did your operation cost you much pain?"

"Yes, but I didn't mind that so much as the dollars it cost." — Baltimore American.

Able and Willing.

The Rector—Freddy, do you know where little boys go who go fishing on the Sabbath day? Freddy—Yes, sir. Follow me and I'll show you the place.

Her Sacrifice.

Madge—What is Dolly's ambition in life? Marjorie—She hopes to marry a millionaire and save him from the disgrace of dying rich.—Life.

There is genius as well in virtue as in intellect. 'Tis the doctrine of faith over works.—Emerson.

THE SILVER BOWL.

It Was Full of Water, and It Puzzled the Week End Guest.

A rising young politician in New York tells this story on himself. He was invited recently to spend a week end at a country house where things were done a notch or two more elaborately than he was accustomed to, and he stood in not a little awe of the solemn person who was assigned to act as temporary valet to him. The climax came when this functionary tapped at his door on Sunday morning and told him it was 8 o'clock.

"All right, I'll get up," said the visitor, and the solemn man disappeared into the bathroom, from which presently the noise of water running into the bathtub was audible. In half a minute more the solemn person emerged, holding a large silver bowl full of water, with which he approached the bed.

"He must have seen the astonishment in my face," said the New Yorker. "I couldn't conceal it. It was a wholly new game to me, and I didn't know whether I was expected to dip my head in it or to drink it. It was an awful moment, but that man was a diplomat. He realized my embarrassment, and he just let drop in a cold and aloof tone, as if he had outsiders to deal with every day, the simple explanation:

"'The temperature of your bawth, sir.'"—New York Sun.

THEATER SEATS.

Very Annoying Indeed It Was Before They Were Numbered.

People who nowadays book their seats beforehand for the play cannot conceive of the discomfort of other days, an instance of which is given by John Fyvie in "Comedy Queens of the Georgian Era."

"One of Charles Matthews' newspaper cuttings," he says, "contains a letter from a disgusted playgoer dated January, 1776, protesting against this custom of 'permitting a footman to sit for an act or two of a play next to a woman of the first quality by way of securing a place for his absent master.'

"The indecency of the practice is said to be aggravated by the usual choice of the dirtiest servant of the family for this duty, 'for the men of parade and figure are to prance before the lady's chair with lighted flambeaux or hang like a rope of onions behind her coach.'

"As a remedy for this nuisance the writer of this letter made the revolutionary suggestion that the sittings in the boxes should be numbered, a plan which does not seem to have occurred to any one previously and which was not adopted till long afterward."—London Gentlewoman.

Women In Tibet.

Concerning the manners of Tibetans a traveler writes: "The male part of the Amdo population is fond of meeting together for frivolous conversation on all suitable and unsuitable occasions. The most the men do is to go hunting and robbing. The domestic work, such as tending the cattle, collecting fuel, drawing water and, in short, everything, falls on the women. While the wife is working incessantly all day long the husband grows weary with idleness and does not go to her assistance unless she is physically incapable of doing any work at all. On horseback the women are as dexterous as the men. To catch any horse she likes out of the troop, lay her hand on its mane and quickly spring on to the back of the barebacked steed and ride off in any direction she wishes is an ordinary feat for any young Amdo woman."—Chicago News.

The Oil Bird.

One of the animal curiosities of South America is the "oil bird," or guacharo. It breeds in rocky caves, and one of its favorite haunts is the island of Trinidad. It lays its eggs in a nest made of mud, and the young birds are prodigiously fat. The natives melt the fat down in clay pots and produce from it a kind of butter. The caves inhabited by the birds are usually accessible only from the sea, and the hunting of them is sometimes an exciting sport.

A Word of Wrath.

The word "rabbits" on board a Cornish fishing smack arouses the ire of the crew. Should the hated word be uttered as the boat is leaving the harbor on a pilchard expedition the speaker would stand a fair chance of being hurled overboard. The mere mention of "rabbits" destroys all chances of a "catch."—London Chronicle.

DEAD SEA WATER.

Its Density Is More Than Double That of the Red Sea.

The Dead sea contains 23 per cent of solid matter and is bulk for bulk heavier than the human body.

Many believe that it is impossible to swim in this sea, and even in Jerusalem ridiculous fables are told as to the impossibility of bathing there and that no animals or vegetation can exist near its shores.

So far as swimming is concerned, the excessive buoyancy of the water simply renders it difficult to make much headway, but a swim is both feasible and enjoyable. Care should be taken, however, not to let the water get into the eyes.

Indeed, did Palestine belong to any power but Turkey probably the northern shore of the Dead sea would be a popular bathing station. No doubt the chloride of magnesia which enters so largely into the composition of the water would be found to have medicinal and curative properties.

Perhaps a better idea of the density of the water of this inland sea may be realized from the following statistics: In a ton of water from the Caspian sea there are eleven pounds of salt; in the Baltic, eighteen pounds; in the Black sea, twenty-six pounds; in the Atlantic, thirty-one pounds; in the English channel, seventy-two pounds; in the Mediterranean, eighty-five pounds; in the Red sea, ninety-three pounds; in the Dead sea, 187 pounds.—World's Work.

A Primitive View of the Bullfrog.

The frogs in America, it must here be observed, make a most singular noise, some of them being absolutely whistling, while others croak so loudly that it is difficult at times to tell whether the sound proceeds from a calf or a frog. I have more than once been deceived by the noise when walking in a meadow. These last frogs are called bullfrogs. They mostly keep in pairs and are never found but where there is good water. Their bodies are from four to seven inches long, and their legs are in proportion. They are extremely active and take prodigious leaps.—From an Old Book of Travels.

Boston & Northern St. Railway Co.

IMPORTANT CHANGE.

Beginning Monday, September 14, 1908, cars will leave North Woburn for Wilmington and Perry's Corner at *6.22, 6.52 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 9.52 p. m. SUNDAYS at 7.52 a. m., then same as week days.

Leave Wilmington Square for Perry's Corner at 7.07 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 10.07 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.07 a.m., then same as week days.

Leave Perry's Corner for Wilmington Square and North Woburn at 7.22 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 10.22 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.22 a. m., then as week days.

Leave Wilmington Square for North Woburn at 6.45, 7.37 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 10.37 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.37 a. m., then same as week days.

At North Woburn cars due at 5 minutes past the hour connect with the 37 minutes past for Sullivan Square. On return, take car leaving Sullivan Sq. at 47 mins. past each hour, due at North Woburn at 52 minutes past, and connect with car leaving there at 52 minutes past the hour for Wilmington Square and Perry's Corner.

*To Wilmington Depot only.

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THOMAS LEES, Supt.
Woburn Sept. 10, 1908.

Boston & Nothern Street Railway Company.

Important change of time on Lowell and Boston Route, via Billerica, Burlington, Woburn, Winchester and Medford. In effect September 14, 1908.

Cars will leave Merrimack Sq. Lowell

FOR BOSTON—5.25 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 9.25 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 1.25 p m until 9.55 p m) 10.25 p m to Woburn only. SUNDAYS—6.55 a m and every 30 minutes until 9.55 p m., 10.25 p m to Woburn only. RETURN—Leave Sullivan Square at 6.32 a m and every 60 minutes until 9.32 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 12.32 p m until 9.32 p m SUNDAYS—7.32 a m and every 30 minutes until 9.32 p m.

Leave Billerica Centre

FOR WOBURN—6.02 and every 60 minutes until 11.02 p m., then 11.32 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 2.02 p m until 11.32 p. m.) SUNDAYS—7.32 a m and every 30 minutes until 11.02 p m RETURN—Leave Woburn at 5.22 a m and every 60 minutes until 10.22 p m., then 11.00 p m. (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 1.22 p m until 10.22 p m., then 11.00 p m) SUNDAYS—6.52 a m and every 30 minutes until 10.22 p m

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Insects That Use Rubber.

When para trees are tapped after the gum has run into receptacles and stiffened a species of large black ant is accustomed to cut out pieces of the rubber and carry them away. Bees also find uses for india rubber, and some species in South America actually cut the bark of trees that produce resinous substances in order to cause a flow of the sap. The gum is employed by the bees as a ready made wax for their nests.—Harper's Weekly.

The Gilded Man.

At the headquarters of the Orinoco Spanish traditions located the land of El Dorado, "the gilded man," a potentate whose country was so rich in gold dust that he had his body anointed with oil and sprinkled with gold every morning, so that he shone in the sun as though gilded.

An Old Story.

"She tells me that there is a platonic love. What does that mean, hubby?"

"Means that we'll have to dig up for a wedding present in about two months."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

That Would Do.

"If you want to find out who is boss here start something."

"All right. I see your clock isn't going."—New York Press.

Corrupted freemen are the worst of slaves.—Garrick.

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27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
2b	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
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36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
3b	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Mishawum Road and Washington St.
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43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
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46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
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WEEK DAYS.

Beginning Monday, June 3, 1907, cars will leave Reading Square for Stoneham, Winchester and Arlington as follows: 5.00, 5.30, 5.45, 6.00, 6.30, 6.45, 7.00, 7.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 5.20, 5.50, 6.05, 6.20, 6.50, 7.05, 7.20, 7.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.50 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 5.40, 6.10, 6.25, 6.40, 7.10, 7.25, 7.40, 8.10 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.10 P. M.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham and Reading 6.00, 6.30, 6.45, 7.00, 7.30, 7.45, 8.00, 8.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading 6.20, 6.50, 7.05, 7.20, 7.50, 8.05, 8.20, 8.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 6.40, 7.10, 7.25, 7.40, 8.10, 8.25, 8.40, 9.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.40 P. M., then 12.10 A. M.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading Square for Stoneham Winchester and Arlington 6.30, 7.30, 8.00 8.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 6.50, 7.50, 8.20, 8.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.50 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 7.10, 8.10, 8.40, 9.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.10 P. M.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham and Reading 7.30, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.30, P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading 7.50, 8.50, 9.20, 9.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 8.10, 9.10, 9.40, 10.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.40 P. M., then 12.10 A. M.

JAS. O. ELLIS, Div. Supt.

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On and after July 1, 1908.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

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Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.05 a. m., 12.20, 2.30, 3.50, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct, 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
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A Broken Contract

Being a Romance of Northern Italy Half a Century Ago

By LUIGI CAPRONI

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This is a true story. It occurred in northern Italy during the spring of 1861, when in America the southern states, one after another, were leaving the Union and wheeling into Confederate line; when northern men were drilling for a great war and hurrying forward to occupy those states that were part loyal to the north and part ready to join the southern side.

In the land where the story was enacted a crisis that was to result in the formation of a nation was taking place. Victor Emmanuel, Cavour, Garibaldi, were endeavoring to draw together the different parts of Italy and unite them in a nation. Garibaldi had brought in the islands of Sicily and Naples, attaching them to the kingdom of Sardinia; Rome hung in the balance; Venice was still under the domination of Austria.

In Turin, the capital of Piedmont and of so much of Italy as had been thus far united, in the villa of one of those aristocratic families whose titles have come down from medieval times, two elderly men, Count Bertinetti and Baron Mettiuci, sat in conference.

"I think," said the baron, "that I can do better for my daughter than to marry her to your son, both in the way of title and fortune. Nevertheless, since we are old friends, I yield the point and give my consent."

"I am delighted, baron, at the prospect of uniting our families," repeated the other. "I take it that we shall have no trouble with the young people. They have never seen each other, but since they have both been brought up to obedience in the choice of a mate I am sure they will make no opposition. My son might rebel if he had made an attachment, but I have heard from him recently, and he assures me that he has no preferences and will accept the bride I provide for him."

"And I assure you, count, that my daughter will obey me. Besides, she has had no opportunity to form any attachment. She is still in the Convent of the Sacred Heart at Milan, where she is finishing her education. I intend to present her to society at the coming Tote ball."

The Tote ball, held every spring at Turin, was given for this very purpose of introducing debutantes of aristocratic families. Fresh from their convents, dressed becomingly, animated with this their first view of the social world, they formed a scene charming to look upon. They were all, or nearly all, soon provided with husbands (having themselves nothing to do with the provision), married immediately and might thereafter receive all the attention they liked from the hosts of admirers who crowded about them.

"My son," replied Count Bertinetti, "is now traveling, but will arrive in Turin for the ball. I suggest that the first meeting between the two young people take place on that occasion. There will be a great advantage in such an introduction. The music, the array of beautifully dressed young women and well groomed young men, the adornment and perfume of flowers, the ripple of chat, mingled with laughter, all will conspire to seduce the senses, and that, you know, baron, when we were young men one always found alluring in a matter of love."

"I agree with you, count. My daughter leaves the convent in a few days, and I will give directions to her mother that she be kept like a bird in a cage till she is set free in the ballroom."

This closed the interview, and the two friends separated.

Within a few days after the meeting in which was arranged one of those marriages of convenience without love, common among the aristocracy of Europe, young Count Giuseppe Bertinetti alighted from a post chaise at his father's door and entered the house.

"Ah, my son," exclaimed the older man, kissing his offspring on both cheeks, "I am delighted to see you again."

"I am glad to rejoin you, father, though I admit that I have had a delightful trip."

"The next will be your wedding journey, my boy. My negotiations with my old friend, Baron Mettiuci, have resulted in the betrothal of yourself to his daughter."

The young man's brow darkened ominously. His father saw the change of expression and said anxiously, "Giuseppe, you appear to be disappointed."

Giuseppe made no reply.

"Did you not write me," pursued the father, "not a week ago that you had no preference as to whom you should marry and would leave the matter to me?"

"I did. But a single evening has changed all that. I came by way of Lake Maggiori. The moon was full and unclouded. On one side the peaks were bathed in its soft light, on the other they were black. I sat on deck with a young girl I had just met whose beauty, whose"—

"Fool!" interrupted the father. "How long did the moonlight last? No later than dawn. And how long must you live with a wife? Till you are parted by death, for in our church, as you know, there is no divorce. For this dissolving moonlight, for this face of a young girl, doubtless softened by it and which will soon belong either to a fat or a skinny old woman, you will throw away a splendid opportunity."

The interview ended, as all such interviews are bound to end, in a quarrel. But Giuseppe stood firm as a rock. His attachment to the girl who in a few hours had won his heart was too strong for the father who had begotten him and brought him up. The boy declined to accede to the marriage that had been arranged for him.

The Tote ball was coming on, and it was necessary for Count Bertinetti to announce to his friend that Giuseppe repudiated the contract. The count went to the baron's villa and told the story.

"Do you mean, count," asked the baron, "that I am to suffer, through my daughter, this insult from you, my old friend?"

"What can I do?"

The baron drew down the corners of his mouth, closed his lips tight together and finally spoke:

"Be it so. The contract is broken."

It was only the next evening that the Tote ball took place. There was to be no introduction between Giuseppe and Bianca Mettiuci. Indeed, the girl's father, had he been present at the ball, would have considered a request for an introduction an additional insult. Giuseppe had no thought as to the girl being present and if he had would have naturally kept out of her way. He found many a rosebud to flirt and dance with, but refrained. He was thinking of her he had met on Lake Maggiori.

Suddenly his eye lighted. There on the floor, waltzing with a young lieutenant, was the object of his thoughts. He followed her with his eyes and as soon as she ceased to dance approached and spoke to her. She received him with a smile of delight and, nodding a dismissal to the lieutenant, walked away with Giuseppe.

During their promenade the young count said to her:

"Do you know that at this ball I was to have been presented to a girl to whom I had been contracted in marriage?"

"And I was to have met a young man whom my father had accepted as a husband for me. My betrothed declined the match."

"Are you glad he did so?" asked Giuseppe in a low voice, pressing the hand that rested on his arm.

"Yes," she said in a still softer voice.

Giuseppe was thrilled with delight.

"Who was to have been your fiance?" he asked presently.

"A son of Count Bertinetti."

"What!" exclaimed Giuseppe, turning his eyes upon her in wonder and in horror.

She repeated the name.

"And you are Bianca Mettiuci?"

"I am."

"Heavens! What have I done?"

"What do you mean? Explain."

"I have refused to marry you."

It was the girl's turn to look surprised, but she said nothing. Indeed, there was nothing to say. Her young heart had gone out to the first man she had met after leaving the convent under the influence of the scenery of the beautiful Italian lake bathed in moonlight. But, slight as may be the spark that kindles love, it may lead to the bursting of a flame. And so it was with both these young people.

"I will go to your father at once," said Giuseppe. "I will withdraw my refusal. I will"—

"No, no, not now. Papa is terribly angry. I fear he will never get over the insult that he considers has been offered him. As he feels at present he would be only too glad to refuse a renewal of the contract, and I doubt if one ever will consent to one now."

"Then I will go to my father. He and the baron are old friends. My father will apologize for me. He will get on his knees"—

The girl smiled.

"No; he will say that I am ready to get on my knees before him, beg his pardon, offer to do any penance he may name."

"Let us enjoy the evening together while it lasts; we may never have such another."

"Enjoy it! I am half crazed at what I have done."

Not only does youth live for the present moment, but is full of hope. These two would not have been young had not the delight of being together and their entrancing surroundings enabled them to throw off the cloud that hung over them. If the moonlit lake had first drawn them together, this ballroom, voluptuous, yet above which hung for them a cloud, strengthened the bond that united their hearts. Perhaps the cloud—the terrible mistake that was now likely to separate them—did more to cement them than either of the other causes.

As soon as Giuseppe reached home he aroused his father from slumber, told him of the mistake that had been made and begged him to get out of bed, go at once to the baron and endeavor to effect a renewal of the contract. Naturally the father was opposed to going on such an errand at 2 o'clock in the morning and told his son to go to bed, promising to see the baron as early the next day as it would be proper for him to call.

Giuseppe walked the floor till dawn. His father kept his promise and by 10 o'clock called on the baron. Giuseppe went with him, but on reaching a point some distance from the villa stopped to watch his father's entry and to wait for his exit.

Two hours passed—they seemed like two days to Giuseppe—and still the count failed to reappear. The lover, considering the time occupied, feared the worst. He was in despair when he saw his father coming and ran to meet him.

"I've won," said the count.

Giuseppe fell into his father's arms.

WALL STREET.

The Human Side of New York's Great Financial Quarter.

To the man who looks from without upon Wall street it seems a place of deep and dangerous mystery, a region of dens and caves and labyrinths full of perils which threaten loss and perhaps ruin to him who enters there. And such in too many instances it has proved to be. But nevertheless there is a decided human side to Wall street. It is perhaps the most "two faced" street in the world. Here men who occupy the highest pinnacle of financial success and who are powerful kings, in fact, daily brush elbows with office boys and bank messengers, "get-rich-quick" highwaymen, silly and pretty girl stenographers, curb brokers and curb merchants and sharp tongued and ready witted "newsies"—with all the motley tide that flows into "the street" each morning and ebbs back again at night.

Wall street may be said to be the most democratic street in the world, for all its vast wealth. There is no street where a crowd will gather more quickly than there, even upon the smallest pretext. It may be a street faker selling some newfangled toy or a man gilding the ball on a flagpole 500 feet up in the air. A suffragette making a speech would transfer practically the entire population from a dozen skyscrapers to the "standing room only" in her immediate vicinity. But unless one hurries he will not get a good view of the fair creature, for soon she is lost from view in tangles of ticker tape tossed in reels from the nearby office windows, a favorite sport among the brokerage house clerks.

This sort of thing usually takes place during the noon hour, and at that time all work is suspended at the first sound of a band in the distance. Everybody flies to the curb. Business can wait in this busiest of streets for most anything before 2 o'clock, when the chimes of Trinity sound the afternoon session and "the street" settles down to its serious business of making financial history.

Such is the everyday "outside" little crooked street, "with the river at one end and a cemetery at the other," which has sent scores upon scores to one or the other—the street with a destiny.—Strand Magazine.

Ghosts Without Heads.

Speaking of ghosts, the London Chronicle says that "headless coaches" are fairly numerous in England. The most famous is the one that drives once a year, on the anniversary of Anne Boleyn's execution, up the avenue at Blickling, her Norfolk home. The coachman and the four horses have not a head between them, and Anne's own is not upon her shoulders, but she holds it in her lap as she sits in the coach all in white. At the hall door the whole apparition vanishes. Anne's father, Sir Thomas, also rides in a coach drawn by headless horses once a year, and his ride is much more exciting than his daughter's. He has to cross forty county bridges during the night and a company of yelling demons pursues the coach to keep the horses going. But how do the horses hear the noise if they have no ears?

A Shadow Fifty Miles Long.

The peak of Tenerife projects a huge shadow stretching upward of fifty miles across the deep and partly eclipsing the adjoining islands. Exaggerated shadows of immense size are commonly seen in many other places. On the Harz mountains the so called Specter of the Brocken throws gigantic shadows of mountain climbers into the sky, repeating every movement made by them. The same occurs on the summit of Pambamarca, in Peru.

On the tops of Alpine peaks and on the summit of Ben Lomond, in Scotland, mists in one case and rarefied air in the other explain these optical illusions. The same causes produce also colored shadows, varying at each hour of the day and traceable to the dispersion of the solar rays.—Scientific American.

BALLET DANCERS.

Long Training and a Ceaseless Grind of Hard Work Are Theirs.

The modern imperial ballet schools of St. Petersburg and Moscow are under government control, forming, with the theaters and dramatic schools, a department of the ministry of the court. Pupils, both male and female, are entered at the early age of ten years—seldom older. After the necessary nomination has been obtained—by no means an easy matter nowadays—a stringent examination regarding health, strength, beauty of form and natural gracefulness has to be passed before the child is finally accepted. From the time it becomes an inmate the whole of its education, secular and artistic, is taken in hand, and some years of training are necessary before it is considered ripe to appear in public.

The dancer's life is a ceaseless round of hard work. All, even great artists, when at home take regular daily lessons in addition to the daily rehearsals for the next performance which are demanded, however old and well known the ballet. Thus an average of five to six hours' dancing a day is rather the rule than the exception, popular ballerinas in demand at charity performances and artistic at homes often dancing as much as eight hours in the twenty-four.

Trained artists are kept to design in every detail of period and subject, the dresses, scenery and accessories—a task obviously requiring much imagination and much knowledge—and often as many as 150 personages appear on the stage at the same time. Even the orchestra leaders qualify especially for ballet music, having no place in the orchestra at any other time.—London World.

THE FOURTH DIMENSION.

To Catch a Glimpse of It Just Get Delirium Tremens.

The majority of us are like brutes. We believe but in the reality of things. Science, more hospitable, acknowledges the fourth dimension and with it the constant parade before our eyes of things and events ordinarily unseen. The phenomena of delirium tremens forms a case in point. The shapes which the layman believes the patient only imagines are really seen and are rendered visible through the excitation of the pineal gland, which now is the rudimentary organ of what once was psychic vision. Alcohol stimulates this gland. The drunkard in his aftercups sees with it the hideousness of shapes which his own hideousness has attracted to him. For they are there, or, rather, they are here, about us in the fourth dimension, precisely as there are other shapes as gracious as these are revolting. Only ordinarily we do not see them. There are, though, those who can and do, and without being drunkards either.

Thinkers as sober as Jevons and Babbage go a bit further. They will, if you let them, tell you that whatever occurs in the privacy of a room remains photographed in it. A mere extension of this enables oculists to say that nothing has ever occurred anywhere which is not also photographed; that in the ether above us is the great picture gallery of the world.

In India, at Adyar, the chief lieu of theosophy, this gallery is constantly being studied. The results, occasionally bizarre, are sometimes trivial. It has been found that Herbert Spencer was Aristotle; Gladstone, Cicero; Tennyson, Ovid.—Edgar Saltus in Forum.

Opened His Eyes to the Future.

"Dickie, I'm awfully sorry you use tobacco. I don't like it, and mamma simply loathes it. Will you stop when we are married?"

"Isn't that asking a lot, dearie?" asked Dick.

"I wouldn't care for myself," answered the girl, "but you know it makes mamma deathly sick."

"Well, then," he promised cheerfully, "I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll never smoke when your mamma is with us."

She threw her arms around him. "Darling," she murmured, "that's so good of you! I was afraid you'd insist on smoking once in awhile after we were married!"—New York Globe.

The Iron Cross.

The Iron Cross, an order of knighthood, was established by Frederick William III. of Prussia in March, 1813. The order was founded in order to honor patriotic bravery in the war against France. It was revived by Emperor William I. during the Franco-Prussian war and awarded by him to his son for his great victory at Wissembourg on Aug. 4, 1870. Later on the order was bestowed most generously, some 40,000 persons being decorated between 1870 and 1872.

Expert Advice.

The prison turnkey found the two cellmates deeply engrossed. One pored over the market reports of a newspaper and figured on the margin with a pencil. His cellmate sat expectant.

"Bill," said the mathematician at last, "you could make $34 a night stealin' hogs in Iowa."—Success Magazine.

Kept Him Guessing.

"The course of true love never does run smooth."

"Well, it's a good thing. When a young man finds things running too smoothly he is apt to get bored and wander away."—Kansas City Journal.

A Poor Recommendation.

"He means well," she said.

"Say no more," he replied. "I know now exactly what sort of a fool he is."—Detroit Free Press.

A Bird Mystery.

After years of study devoted to the topic Professor Alfred Newton of Cambridge stated that without doubt bird migration is the greatest mystery in the entire animal kingdom, "a mystery," he added, "that can be no more explained by the modern man of science than by the simple minded savage of antiquity."

THE POCKETKNIFE

Many Machines and Processes Used In Its Making.

ART IN FORGING THE BLADES.

To Become an Adept In the Delicate Work of Tempering Edge Steel Necessitates a Long Course of Training and Years of Experience.

The labor of making a pocketknife is, as usual in every industry that is carried on by the aid of a great deal of machinery, much divided. Each blade must go through six separate processes—first, forging; second, laying on the "tangs," that part which is inserted into the handle and through which the blade is riveted; third, marking or stamping with the name of the manufacturer; fourth, "choling," or filing a depression in the neck of the blade between the sharp edge and the heavier part or "tang;" fifth, tempering; sixth, grinding.

All this applies to the two ordinary blades of a knife. Nail blades are subjected to still another process—namely, the cutting of the file, which is a department of work in itself.

Should we inspect the material room of a knife manufactory we should find heavy iron presses, which stamp out from sheets of brass or iron the metal scales and lining. The bright tips on the end of the knife, called "bolsters," are pressed out of German silver under another heavy weight, which does its work in one blow. Huge shears cut from sheets of steel, used only for this purpose, long strips that are afterward fashioned under a press into springs for the back of the knife.

The rod of steel from which the blades are made is taken from the material room to the forge. Here one end is put into a bed of hot coals, the bellows are pumped, and the end is soon red.

The skilled forger then hammers the blade into shape upon his anvil, and so accurate is his eye and so exact his hand that the blade does not deviate a hair's breadth from the little brass pattern that is before him and to which each blade must correspond exactly.

The blade is next dipped in water and becomes as hard and brittle as glass. But the edges are rough. It is nearly uniform in thickness and is a light gray in color.

Again the forger's skill is brought into play in the tempering. Laying the blades on a copper plate over the fire, he watches them as they change their hue with the degree of heat, first to straw color, then to darker straw and now to the dark purple which denotes that the proper degree of heat has been obtained. They are plunged into cold water as fast as they reach this point.

If the blades were allowed to remain longer over the fire the steel would change to a light blue and become so soft that the blades could be bent easily. This is perhaps the most important process in the manufacture.

The blades are taken next to the grinding room. The grinder must also depend upon the accuracy of his eye and the training of his hand, for as he presses the blade on the rapidly revolving stone, turning it on both sides and grinding all its edges, he practically finishes it, though afterward, in the cutler's room, a higher finish is given it.

From the "wheel room" the blades go to the cutler's room, where they find the other parts of the knife and where all the parts are put together.

Each workman here is at work upon a particular lot of knives, all of one pattern. Upon his work bench are the various parts of the knives, prepared by other hands—the center scales that separate the blades, the outer brass scales of lining, with the German silver bolsters, which have been secured to the ends by a heavy drop hammer; the wood, ivory or pearl scales, the springs and the wire rivets.

Each brass lining, with its covering, is put in a vise, and holes are drilled in it for the rivets. A brass wire is thrust through the middle of the handle toward the back. This secures the spring, and it is then broken off with nippers and headed down with a hammer. This holds the scales and springs. Another rivet through the bolster secures one blade or two blades if the knife has more than one blade hung at each end.

The several parts are now put together. The next process is "hafting" or finishing the covers of the handle, which is done on a leather wheel coated with glue and emery. The rough edges are rounded and smoothed, and then the knives are carefully examined to see if the cutler has done his work properly.

If the spring works easily and the blades close without striking the knives are sent to the blade polisher.

On a wooden wheel covered with fine leather the ordinary blades are given a polish called a "glaze finish." Finer grades of knives are given a "crocus finish"—a mirror-like surface—on a leather wheel which revolves very slowly, in order that the blades shall not become heated and lose their temper.

The knives are now taken to another room, where, on an oilstone, the keen cutting edges are "set." This done, the blades are closed, and the "buffing wheel" gives the final polish to the outer side.—Philadelphia Record.

That endless book, the newspaper, is our national glory.—Henry Ward Beecher.

One Want.

"What the world is waiting for," said a man whose garments glistened, "is some sort of a simple, easily applied and inexpensive preparation that would give a dull finish to shiny coats."—New York Sun.

Reason's whole pleasure lies in these words: Health, peace and competence.—Pope.

The Woburn Journal

Telephone 55.
Residence 280.

FRIDAY, JULY 21, 1911

AFTER ANOTHER TERM.

One day late last week all the parties in the Massachusetts Legislature joined in handling Governor Foss and two of his vetoes without gloves, one of which was supported by only 3 votes in that large body, and the other pulling through by the skin of its teeth.

The refusal of the Legislature to sustain his vetoes was a severe blow to the Governor, and so angered him that he forthwith took out nomination papers, and publicly announced himself as a candidate for reelection this fall.

As soon as the votes on the vetoes and his defeat was announced he uncorked several vials of wrath and poured their contents with liberal hand on the heads of his enemies, particularly on the heads of the Democrats, everyone of whom voted against him. It must be remembered that he is a Democratic Governor or, at least that party nominated and elected him last fall, although, as a renegade from the Republicans, he was not heartily approved of by the leaders of the Democratic party. To money and a whirlwind campaign Mr. Foss owed his election.

But from present appearances, Leader Lomasney and his Lieutenants will not suffer that trick to be repeated next November.

EXONERATED.

After the election last fall a defeated candidate preferred charges of malfeasance in office against the Middlesex County Commissioners, of which Board Hon. Levi S. Gould is Chairman; Sheriff Fairbairn, County Treasurer Joseph O. Hayden, and Henry E. Shaw, late keeper of the Lowell jail.

They were referred to the Grand Jury for action who have held several meetings since last January to investigate them and report.

Last week the Jury reported to the Court that not a particle of evidence of corruption, waste, extravagance, or mismanagement on the part of any of these Middlesex County officers had been produced, and that each and all of them were fully acquitted, cleared absolved, and exonerated from the charges brought against them by the defeated and disappointed officeseeker.

PASSED AWAY.

Last week Tuesday, July 11, 1911, Colonel Albert Clarke, for many years Secretary of the Boston Home Market Club, one of the ablest advocates in New England of a Protective Tariff, suffered a paralytic shock while attending a reunion of the Thirteenth Vermont Regiment, of which he was Colonel during the Civil War, the shock resulting in his death at Highgate Center, Vermont, on Sunday July 16, 1911, aged 72 years.

Col. Clarke won honors at the Battle of Gettysburg, and established a brilliant War record for achievements on numerous battlefields.

He had been a resident of Boston 30 years, and was highly esteemed in that city and State.

POSTAL SAVINGS SYSTEM.

In addition to a circular issued by Postmaster General Hitchcock, which conveys under 16 different heads, information for depositors in the Postal Savings System which is to be established on July 27, 1911, the Woburn Postmaster, Capt. E. F. Wyer, will furnish applicants with such further particulars concerning it as they may desire.

The Postal Savings System is established for the purpose of providing facilities for depositing savings at interest with the security of the United States Government for repayment.

It is expected that the foreign element in our population will be the largest customers of the U. S. Postal Banks.

HARD FEELINGS.

If Representative White of the Mass. Leg. keeps up his hammering of Governor Foss much longer it may result in strained relations between the distinguished gentlemen and leading politicians.

Representative White is a candidate for the Governor's shoes, and is also a good Republican, while Foss is politically nobody knows what, although he is claimed to be a Democratic Chief Magistrate, and was elected by that party.

The Democratic Boss of Ward 8, Boston, is opposed to Foss; the Republicans couldn't be expected to touch him; he is a candidate for reelection; and he will find Jordan a hard road to travel next November.

ANOTHER VETO.

It is an even bet as to who will come out ahead in the veto business, Mayor Murray or Governor Foss. It is about twig and browse now, since the Mayor vetoed the Council's order to sell cemetery land last week.

☞ The Woburn Charitabl Association, incorporated, have acknowledged the receipt of legacies for the Choate Memorial Hospital, one of $1,000 from the late Thomas Moore, merchant; and one from Byron R. Harmon, M. D., of $1,000. Both were left without restrictions as to their use, but will be put into permanent funds named for the donors.

☞ Dennis L. Sullivan, Esq., City Solicitor, has been appointed City Clerk to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Mr. John H. Finn.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements

Edison Elec. Ill. Co.—Light.
Five Cents Savings Bank—Notice.
J. W. and E. F. Johnson—Mort. Sale.

— This year's apples are in market, but do not look very tempting.

— Lawyer Harold P. Johnson is visiting Michigan on business this week.

— Ethel and Bertha Burbeck of Warren avenue are at Harpswell, Me., for their vacation.

— Judge E. F. Johnson of the District Court is in Montreal, Canada, on business this week.

— Supt. Hugh Martin and his big crew of highwaymen have given this city some fine roads.

— The alarm from box 62 last Saturday forenoon was for a slight fire in a house on Park street.

— The intense heat this month and prolonged drouth have had a bad effect on fruit still on the trees.

— "Sherm" Sanborn is entertaining Charles Lund and Robert Portal at his camp on the Concord River.

— Under the will of the late Bernard Scalley of this city the Choate Memorial Hospital receives a bequest of $50.

— What has become of those society and political stars who scintillated so brilliantly in this city a few years ago?

— There doesn't seem to be much European touring by Woburn people this summer. It is getting old and stale.

— The days have shortened 26 minutes, and the loss of daylight has become quite noticeable. Winter will soon come.

— Postmaster Wyer has put in considerable time and work getting ready to open the new Postal Bank in the Woburn P. O.

— The people who got back from the Elks Convention at Atlantic City last Sunday evening said they had the time of their lives while away.

— The present lull in business at the leather factories is throwing many men out of work just now. It is expected to liven up in a few weeks.

— City Collector Golden in his address in the great "Hen Case" told His Honor, Judge Johnson, that he knows some breeds of poultry by sight.

— The Supervisor of Drawing in the Woburn public schools, Miss Marion F. Bond, has resigned. Another schoolmarn gone wrong? Wedding?

— Mr. Ernest N. Hartwell of Pleasant street, agent for P. Holmes Co. awning makers of this city, is enjoying a brief season at Greenville, N. H.

— There will be some cases of nervous prostration on Church avenue if the B. & M. Co. don't grease the tracks between the depot and Main street pretty soon.

— If Mr. George Buchanan had a few more years on his head he'd make a better Secretary than Old Man Wilson from Iowa. He knows Agriculture from the drop of the hat.

— Notwithstanding the intense heat during the first half of this month, for a guess we say that a less number of Woburn people are away from home just now than usual during vacation.

— Miss Marian Taylor of Woburn and her chum, Miss Alice Bulfinch of Rutland, Mass., are at York Beach to finish their summer vacation. They are considered very nice young ladies.

— Mr. Redmond E. Walsh, the faithful and popular Water Registrar of this city, a good city worker, and Mrs. Walsh are at cool, breezy, seagirt Nantucket for the vacation season.

— In his argument to the Court in the farmers' "Hen Case" last week Lawyer John G. Maguire intimated that Ex.-Alderman Sam Highley is a Politician. How preposterous that was!

— Harold Johnson is a good talker, or glib with his tongue, and is going to make a successful Advocate or "Jury Lawyer." A "Jury Lawyer" makes more money than a man who is not one.

— It is nearly time for hay fever victims to pack their carpetbags preparatory to a flight to that part of the country where hay fever has, so far, luckily for the afflicted, failed to gain a foothold.

— Mr. Low, Master of our High school, is down in Essex County taking his'n. It is always several degrees hotter down in Essex County this time of year, on account of politics, than anywhere else.

— Bishop Berkeley said: "Westward the Star of Empire takes its way," but it isn't so here—about everybody who has a house to build, or wants to buy one, goes to North Woburn for it.

— Mr. James T. Freeman, the old machinist, and Mrs. Freeman, residents of Salem street, this city, have changed their abode to Medford, which city is to be their future home. They ought not to have done so.

— The bill that has been standing against the City of Woburn for the Police auto which the members of the force pompously occupy once in awhile, is to be paid for at last. The Council so voted at their last meeting.

— Two houselots on Sturgis street, containing 7,000 square feet of land adjoining the fine homestead of Ald. B H. Nichols on Warren avenue, will be sold very cheap, if sought at once. It is a pleasant site for a residence.

— If it hadn't been for a kindly disposed East Wind, a wind often maligned by ungrateful people, the forepart of this week would have been another scorcher, or a continuance of the old hot wave. As it was, the mercury ran up to 91 at Callahan's Crossing on Tuesday.

— Thomas J. Feeney, Jr., of Academy Hill is a member of the Drum section of the Knights of the Sacred Heart's Fife, Drum and Bugle Corps. The K. S. H. are a flourishing Catholic Order which is doing good among the men and boys of St. Charles church in this city.

— A call from Hon. Edward Everett Thompson of Montvale avenue, Associate County Commissioner of Middlesex shire for nearly 40 years, 85 years old, a worthy descendant of one of the original settlers of Woburn, was a pleasant incident in the Editor's life, last Saturday.

— John Warren Johnson, Esquire, is enjoying his vacation this week. He and the Judge, his brother, prefer Cape Ann—Rockport, Gloucester, etc.—to any other seaside resort, and down there they take their summer rest. It did not, however, escape the heat of July 1-15, but sizzled.

— Our thanks are extended to Mrs. George W. Norris, wife of Lawyer G. W. N., Esquire, the well known and highly successful agriculturist of Bow street, for an excellent dinner of fresh vegetables the other day. One of the virtues with which Mrs. Norris is credited is: "She's good to the Poor."

— A unique outdoor entertainment in the way of a neighborhood clam bake at the home of Rufus J. Snow, Cleveland avenue, Monday evening, was enjoyed by the following: Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Ayer, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Parker, and Mr. and Mrs. Snow.

— Miss Mertena Bancroft, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. E. Bancroft of Franklin street, a highly educated and successful piano teacher in Woburn and Boston, is spending her vacation at Soo-Nipi Park, Lake Sunapee, N. H., where she will rest and enjoy life for the next 5 weeks. We wish her much joy.

— The teachers of our public schools should never fail to impress on the plastic intellects of their scholars the fact that, according to the testimony of an ancient Philosopher, "Order is Heaven's First Law;" and that it is, therefore, their duty to learn to be orderly and methodical if they want to go to Heaven.

— Mr. Thomas J. Feeney of Warren Avenue, this city, who is General Advertising Agent for the New England Tel. and Tel. Company of Boston, and family are at Old Orchard, Maine, for the —th consecutive season since he began taking summer vacations. They think there is no ocean resort that can compare with Old Orchard for salt water comforts.

— The little ones at the celebration of the 7th anniversary of the birthday of Miss Eleanor Conole of Kilby street last Friday were: Adeline Jones, Eleanor Jones, Louise Clancy, Margaret Coleman, Dorothy Cahill, Mildred McLaughlin, Agnes Kennedy, Claire Bond, Esther Conole, Mollie Conole, Frances McLaughlin, Eleanor Conole, James Conole.

— A postcard kindly forwarded by Miss Gertrude Heartz, of Bennett street, who is traveling and visiting in Colerado, contains a picture of Yankee Doodle Lake, 1,000 feet above the railroad tracks, on the margin of which she and her father indulged in a short game of snowballing, while Woburn people were suffering with the mercury at 100.

— Last Saturday Mr. and Mrs. Orrin Learned of Fairfield, Maine, a handsome village on the fair Kennebec River in Somerset county, suddenly swooped down on the Editor's quiet homestead on Church avenue where they were received with open arms. They were on their return from the "Wooden Nutmeg" State, where Mrs. Learned visited a week with her Wellesley College classmate.

— Now that summer pears are near and peaches soon to follow, and grapes, and other good things from trees and vines, the people who raise them should regard it a pleasure, as well as a duty, to take basketsful of them every few days to the Home for Aged Women, whose occupants love fruit and their health requires a plenty of it. Worthy women live at the Home, and nothing is too good for them.

— It has not been definitely settled in the JOURNAL office yet whether School Superintendent Clapp is down at the beach listening to what "the wild waves are saying," or loitering in some umbrageous country grove or sylvan glen or cool grotto striving to get some of this July heat out of his system, or huckleberrying on the plains. Miss Bryant, his accomplished Secretary, is provokingly reticent on the subject.

— The best white perch fishing in Central Maine years ago was in Hartland Pond in Somerset County, near which extensive and beautiful sheet of water Capt. J. F. Rice, the old sailor and present Cambridge street milkman, was born nearby 78 years ago, and happily passed his boyhood days. Fishing parties from miles around went to Hartland Pond for perch; but if Capt. Rice should return now he wouldn't find things as he left them so many years ago.

— We wonder how many Woburn residents now taking their vacation rest at York Beach, Maine, are aware that York was founded in 1622, or 20 years before Woburn was incorporated as a town, and contained a few settlers as early as 1614 and 1616? It was incorporated a city in 1649 by Fernando Gorges, the first city in America, and named Georgiana. It was furnished with a Mayor, Courts, and every office and equipment of an English city of the first magnitude, but did not continue to exist many years. As a planter and promoter of colonies Gorges experienced all sorts of fortunes and failed to become a monumental success in any of his ventures in America.

— Mary Ellen says she don't think her grandsire John will get very far away from No. 3 Bennett street this vacation. He has to take care of "The Building" just the same as though it wasn't summertime.

— At the last regular meeting of the City Council it was voted to adjourn for the vacation season. That distinguished body of Woburn officials will reassemble at City Hall and resume business on the second Thursday in September next.

— The price of potatoes in this market is 60 cents a peck, and likely to go higher. In some parts of Maine the price is close to $3.00 a bushel, and scarce at that. Just as likely as not Bostonians will be obliged to pay more than that even for murphies, for the reports from Aroostook country, where the heft of the crop is raised, say the yield amounts to almost nothing. Linnell and Durward both say, without hesitation, that potatoes are potatoes this year.

— Last Monday morning the Editorial heart was cheered and its burdens of life brightened by the receipt of 20 postcards beautifully illustrated with California scenes, such as ruins of old Spanish Missions at Santa Barbara, San Diego, and elsewhere on the Pacific Coast; landscapes, fruits, gardens, mountain views and waterscapes; all from our friend, Samuel W. Mendum, Esq., who is now, with his family, traveling in that favored section of Uncle Sam's great farm.

— Burbank Post 33, G. A. R. feel the effects of Time's passing in the loss of members by the hand of death. There are only 18 comrades left, and these are their names: William Arnold, Richard Carton, James Carton, William C. Colgate, Michael Caulfield, John Larkin, Roscoe A. Linscott, William P. Kendall, Henry Kean, James Hernon, Henry Knowlton, John Kelley, William Smith, Patrick Toomey, Jotham Tabbut, W. P. Warren, Henry Newhall and Joseph E. Carr.

— The JOURNAL'S feelings were about equally divided between pleasure and surprise last Sunday afternoon when Mrs. W. C. Brown of Los Angeles, California, called, with her grandson, Andy Brown, 17 years old, a pupil in the Los Angeles High School, who are visiting the principal cities on the Atlantic Coast for the first time. Dr. W. C. Brown and Mrs. Brown went to Genesseo, Illinois, in 1862 as bride and groom, and left there in 1892 for Los Angeles, which has been the home of Mrs. Brown for the last 20 years. For 30 years Dr. W. C. Brown was a leading Doctor of Medicine in Henry County, Illinois, which the health of his oldest son compelled him to abandon for a milder and dryer climate, about 20 years ago. Since then he and all of his children have passed on to the Better Land, leaving only his widow and the grandson to deeply deplore their great loss. Mrs. Brown expects to be in Geneseo next September to participate in the celebration of the 75th anniversary of the birth of that fair city of Illinois prairies. It is the purpose of Mrs. Brown's grandson, after graduating from the Los Angeles H. S., to enter the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in Boston and prepare for the vocation of an Architect.

First Battle Of Bull Run.

Fifty years ago today, July 21, the first general engagement of the War "'61 to '65" was fought and known as the "First Battle of Bull Run." Thirty-three men from Woburn were present for duty that day in the Fifth Mass. Infantry and several more in the Eleventh Mass. Of that number only seven, so far as known, are living today. They are William P. Brown, now of Winthrop, Mass., Warren F. Parker, Los Gatos, Cal., Joseph H. Parker, Warren F. Taylor, Edwin F. Wyer, Woburn, Mass., and Eugene Wescott, So. Framingham, Mass., and A. S. Leslie, Los Angeles, Cal.

Surely the fierce artillery of time has gotten in its work.

Saves Two Lives.

"Neither my sister nor myself might be living today, if it had not been for Dr. King's New Discovery" writes A. D. McDonald of Fayetteville, N. C., R. F. D. No. 8, "for we both had frightful coughs that no other remedy could help. We were told my sister had consumption. She was very weak and had night sweats but your wonderful medicine completely cured us both. Its the best I ever used or heard of." For sore lungs, coughs, colds, hemorrhage, la-grippe, asthma, hay fever, croup, whooping cough,—all bronchial troubles, its supreme. Trial bottle free. 50c, $1.00. Guaranteed by All Druggists.

Election Officers.

At an adjourned meeting of the City Council held on Monday evening, July 17, the following election officers were appointed:

Ward 1. Warden, Charles M Wright; clerk, Edwin K. Porter; inspectors, Jeremiah Weafer, Patrick Burke, Frederick S. Hutchinson, Walter D Eaton.

Ward 2. Warden, Michael J. McDonough; clerk, Robert J. Durward; inspectors, Dennis W. McCarthy, Thomas J. Harkins, John C. Andrews, Charles R. Rosenquist.

Ward 3. Warden, John F. Larkin, clerk, Harry Brown; inspectors, Edward McDonough, Edward J. Doherty, William J. Hammond, Elmore A. Pierce.

Ward 4. Warden, Michael J. Kelley; clerk, John H. Sweetser; inspectors, Henry T. Smith, William H. Ready, Thomas H. Duffy, A. P. Tabor.

Ward 5. Warden, James W. Cogan; clerk, William F. Greenough; inspectors, James E. Cogan, Thomas J. Donahue, John L. Fowle, A. D. Carter.

Ward 6. Warden, Richard A. Morgan; clerk, Joseph C. Duncan; inspectors, Thomas J. Shannon, Walter I. Ashbee, Edward C. Doherty, Frank W. McInerney.

Ward 7. Warden, George H. Foster; clerk, John F. McGovern; inspectors, Daniel F. Doherty, William A. Lynch, Frank Menchin, John A. Porter.

North Woburn.

The Y. P. S. C. E. of the North Congregational church have laid out a fine programme for their entertainment this evening, July 21. The attendance promises to be large.

Methodist Church.

The Baraca Class and their friends held an enjoyable trolley trip to Revere Monday evening.

It is hoped there will be a large attendance at the preaching services Sunday as they will be discontinued from that date until August 20, when the Union Services will be held in this church. The Sunday School will reopen the second Sunday in September.

In a final meeting held last Wednesday evening the Ladies Aid of the M. E. church completed arrangements for a Fair and Supper to be held October 25 and 26. The work has been enthusiastically entered into by all and there will be many new and entertaining features. Supper will be served in the Vestry and the Fair will be held in the Intermediate Room and Gymnasium. The following are the Committees in charge:

Executive Com., Mrs. E. S. Parker, Chairman; Rev. and Mrs. Fred M. Estes, Mrs. James Given, Mr. N. W. Frye.

Supper Com., Mrs. James Greydon and Mrs. D. C. Page, Joint Chairmen.

Advertising Com., Messrs. Charles French and Leon Dorr, Joint Chairmen.

Decorating Com., Mr. F. W. Legg, Chairman.

The Chairmen of the various tables are: Grocer's Table, Walter West, Everett Dickinson, Albert Sellers. Farmer's Table, Selwyn Given, Mr. Dobbins; Fancy Table, Mrs F. M. Estes; Bargain Table, Mrs. N. W. Frye; Apron Table, Mrs. James Fraser; Housekeeper's Table, Mrs. A. W. Cobb; Remembrance Table, Mrs. Frank Greydon; Sunday School Table, Mrs. Hubbard Copeland; Candy Table Misses Elsie Parker and Elsie Patterson; Punch, Mrs. E. S. Knowlton.

City Clerk Finn.

Mr. JOHN H. FINN, who has been City Clerk of Woburn uninterruptedly since 1894, or 17 years, died at his home 36 Chestnut street, in Woburn, at 10 o'clock Wednesday evening, July 19, 1911, of Bright's desease, after an illness of only a few weeks, leaving a widow, daughter of the late Patrick Calnan; one son, John H. Finn, Jr., two daughters, Mary and Annie Finn; and a sister, Mrs. Nellie Finn Brown, of Boston, to whom the sympathy of this community is extended in their sorrow.

John Henry Finn was born in Woburn January 31, 1856, and his home has always been here. He married Mary Jane Calnan in 1886.

Mr. Finn became interested in municipal politics at an early age and was a member of the City Council in 1892. In 1894 he was chosen City Clerk and unanimously at every election since that date, a period of 17 years. He was a Democrat in politics, but, although strongly partisan in feeling, he was fair in his official dealings with members of the opposing party, and well liked and esteemed by all who knew him. He was an active and faithful member of St. Charles (Roman Catholic) church of this city.

The funeral will be held tomorrow morning, July 22, at the recent home of the deceased on Chestnut street.

A Birthday Celebration.

Mrs. Bethia Whitford, widow of Mr. Hiram Whitford, a prominent business man, an earnest and zealous worker in church, temperance, and other reforms, who died at his home in this city in 1900, greatly lamented, expects to celebrate the 90th anniversary of her birthday on next Sunday, July 23. She is one of the oldest, if not the most aged, residents of Woburn, which has been her home for the last 67 years. She has been a member of the First Congregational church of Woburn since 1844, and is believed to be its oldest communicant at the present time.

Mrs. Whitford was born in Bedford, Massachusetts, on July 23, 1821, and came to Woburn in 1844, where she has lived an exemplary Christian life ever since, respected and greatly esteemed by every one conversant with her daily life and kindly nature.

Mrs. Whitford was the mother of nine children, two of whom, only are living—Mrs James E Fowle of Auburn street, and Mr. A. H. Whittord of Buffalo, N. Y., General Secretary of the Buffalo Y. M. C. A.—COM.

Old Soldier Tortured.

"For years I suffered unspeakable torture from indigestion, constipation and liver trouble," wrote A. K. Smith, a war veteran at Erie, Pa., "but Dr. King's New Life Pills fixed me all right. They are simply great." Try them for any stomach, liver or kidney trouble. Only 25c at All Druggists.

William H. Kenworthy.

Mr. William H. Kenworthy a former wellknown citizen of Woburn, died at his home in Franklin, N. H., last Tuesday, July 18, aged 73 years. He was a machinist by trade and worked in Winchester and Woburn. He was born in England and came to this country at the age of 20. Of late years he has been caretaker at the home of Hon. Edward G. Leach of Franklin. He leaves three daughters, Mrs. Mary Sisson, Mrs. Esther Gorham, Mrs. Nellie Sargent, and one son Harry W. Kenworthy.

Handicapped.

"While coming down in the train this morning I noticed two deaf and dumb men sitting opposite me. One of them had an impediment in his speech."

"Two of his fingers were cut off."—Exchange.

Patience.

Patience is the most important factor in making a success of life. No great work was ever accomplished without a wholesome amount of this attribute practiced by the achiever.

Eager to Go.

"My good man, how did you happen to be thrown out of work?"

"I got out," replied Weary Wombat, with dignity. "I didn't hafter be thrown out."—Washington Herald.

Hope Deferred.

Singleton—I understand your mother-in-law is very rich. Does she enjoy good health? Henpeckke—Enjoy it? She positively gloats over it.—Exchange.

Boston Theatres.

B. F. KEITH'S THEATRE.

Never in the history of vaudeville has there been such wide spread interest aroused over an attraction as that which has been shown over "The Meistersingers' All-Star Minstrels" at B. F. Keith's Theatre. In fact, this wonderful company of fifty has proved a revelation not only in vaudeville but in the minstrel history of America. There has certainly never been a chorus to equal the forty male voices that are singing the old Southern songs and the modern minstrel numbers, while "The Meistersingers" themselves are being heard to better advantage than at any time during their engagement.

WINCHESTER.

Judging by the swarms of vacation outers money must be plenty in this town—or else credit is good.

Authorities are going to put a stop to the rock blasting on the West Side that annoys the people so much. Good!

Did Woburn have any live people left when the hot wave broke and left? Wasn't it a tough one, though? It won't be repeated until 2011.

Many of our residents are summering in the Maine forests, and on the shores of Maine ponds and streams, where fish and flies abound.

Perhaps our beautiful Mystic Lake may be free to bathers by the time the next hot wave gets here in 2011. And some "swimming holes" opened.

The beautiful and classic Aberjona is singing rather small this summer. There hasn't been rain enough to keep its courage up. Wait for the fall rains, eh?

How about alewives? Go ask Alewive Brook, once the home and favorite spawning ground of those delicious fish that used to emit such charming tragrance when rotting on the Mystic—go ask them?

Mr. Marshall Symmes of Symmes's Corner, this town, died at his home on Wednesday, July 19, 1911, aged nearly 93 years. He had been a successful market gardener here for over 40 years, and has always been prominent in the ordinary walks of life.

Glad to announce that we are to have Saturday afternoon Band concerts on Manchester Field this summer. The following is the schedule for them:

July 15, Woburn Brass Band.
July 22, D'Avino's Boston Banda Rossa.
July 29, Woburn Brass Band.
August 5, Waltham Watch Company Band.
August 12, Woburn Brass Band.
August 19, D'Avino's Boston Banda Rossa.
August 26, Calderwood's Cambridge Cadet Band.

Solves a Deep Mystery.

"I want to thank you from the bottom of my heart," wrote C. D. Rader, of Lewisburg, W. V., "for the wonderful double benefit I got from Electric Bitters, in curing me of both a severe case of stomach trouble and of rheumatism, from which I had been an almost helpless sufferer for ten years. It suited my case as though made just for me." For dyspepsia, indigestion, jaundice and to rid the system of kidney poisons that cause rheumatism, Electric Bitters has no equal. Try them. Every bottle is guaranteed to satisfy. Only 50c at All Druggists.

Burlington.

Mr. A. Prouty's granddaughter, Mrs. Marion, was prostrated by the heat and had to have a doctor to bring her to. She is O. K. now. It was awful hot—too much so to go huckleberrying.

NOTICE

In compliance with the requirements of Section 29 of Chapter 590, Acts of 1908, I hereby certify that the following is a true list of the members of the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank Corporation date as June 30, 1911.

Samuel Cook	Fred A. Eames
John R. Carter	Thomas I. Reed
John W. Johnson	Everett P. Fox
Fred J. Brown	Luke W. Fowle
George E. Fowle	Elwyn G. Preston
William Beggs	Herbert B. Dow
L. Waldo Thompson	Henry M. Aldrich
Edward E. Thompson	Daniel W. Bond
Charles G. Lund	John Maloney
Edward Caldwell	Fred E. Cottle
James F. McGrath	W. Prior Chute
Herbert Holland	Frank B. Richardson
Harold P. Johnson	Daniel R. Beggs
Elmer E. Silver	Arthur H. Linscott
Herbert C. Huntress	William A. Prier
John G. Maguire	

In compliance with the requirements of Section 29 of Chapter 590, Acts of 1908, I hereby certify that at the annual meeting of the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank Corporation held June 30, 1911, the following officers were elected and have duly qualified:

President—Charles G. Lund.
Vice Presidents—John H. Carter, William Beggs, L. Waldo Thompson.
Clerk—Carl W. Jaquith.
Trustees—Henry M. Aldrich, Daniel R. Beggs, William Beggs, Daniel W. Bond, Fred J. Brown, John R. Carter, W. Prior Chute, Herbert B. Dow, Luke W. Fowle, Everett P. Fox, A. Herbert Holland, Herbert C. Huntress, John W. Johnson, Charles G. Lund, Elmer E. Silver, Edward E. Thompson, L. Waldo Thompson.

In compliance with the requirements of Section 30 of Chapter 590, Acts of 1908, I hereby certify that the following officers are charged with the duty of investing the funds of the Corporation.

President—Charles G. Lund.
Treasurer—A. Herbert Holland.
Board of Investment—William Beggs, Fred J. Brown, John R. Carter, W. Prior Chute, Herbert B. Dow, Luke W. Fowle, Herbert C. Huntress, Charles G. Lund, L. Waldo Thompson.

Attest:
CARL W. JAQUITH, Clerk.
July 13, 1911.

Mortgagee's Sale — OF — REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Anton Hansen of Woburn in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts to Gershom G. Bassett of Lowell, in said County, dated June 11, 1907, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 1802, Page 399, for breach of condition of said mortgage deed, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction on the premises, on

TUESDAY, August 15, 1911,

at three o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular, the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, and therein described as follows:—

Beginning at the southwesterly corner of the premises in the easterly side line of a private street leading southerly out of Green street and at land of Roderick Deschenesaux, from thence the line runs northerly by and with said private street, thirty nine (39) feet to a stake at land of the grantee; thence turning the line runs easterly on and by said land of the grantee, eighty-nine and 15-100 (89.15) feet to a stake at land of or formerly of David Chamberlain; thence turning the line runs southerly on and by said land of Chamberlain, thirty-four and 1-100 (34.1) feet to said land of Deschenesaux; thence turning the line runs westerly, on and by said land of Deschenesaux, eighty-nine and 43-100 (89.43) feet, to the point of beginning. Containing about 3258 square feet.

Saving and reserving that a strip of land eight feet in width on the westerly part of the premises hereby granted, along the private street above named is forever to be kept open for use as a sidewalk.

The premises will be sold subject to unpaid taxes and other municipal liens, if any; and $100 will be required of the purchaser at the time and place of sale. Other terms will be made known at the time and place of sale.

EDWARD F. JOHNSON, Assignee and present holder of said mortgage.
Woburn, Mass., July 21, 1911.

THE BRYANT & STRATTON COMMERCIAL SCHOOL BOSTON

Will Reopen Sept. 5th

Persons desirous of becoming competent and successful Accountants, Book keepers, Stenographers, Secretaries, or Commercial Teachers, with assurance of employment, will find in the

BRYANT & STRATTON
COMMERCIAL SCHOOL
BOSTON

Now Located in its New School Building, 334 Boylston Street

A most desirable opportunity for study and practice under the direction and supervision of a large corps of Well Known and Experienced Teachers

COURSES OF STUDY

GENERAL COMMERCIAL COURSE — STENOGRAPHIC COURSE
SECRETARIAL COURSE — CIVIL SERVICE COURSE
COMMERCIAL TEACHERS COURSE

Every possible requisite is afforded for personal safety, rapid progress, with cheerful and healthful surroundings.

This school does not employ Agents, Solicitors, Canvassers, or Runners.

Persons who cannot call for personal interview may have printed information of terms and conditions by mail.

H. [illegible], Principal, 334 Boylston St., Boston.

"DON'T light that light; it makes it so hot in the House!"

"I wish we had Electric lights; then we wouldn't have to sit on the piazza and be eaten up by mosquitoes."

HAVE Your House wired while the Family's away.

EDISON LIGHT

YMCA

Earning While Learning.

Boys enrolled in our Co-operative Business and Co operative Engineering Schools obtain a thorough training in business or engineering, and are paid while studying. Write for a catalog and learn how your boy, at no expense, may become a competent business man, or mechanical, electrical or chemical engineer.

Address Frank Palmer Speare, Educational Director, Y. M. C. A., 10 Ashburton Place, Boston, Mass. Telephone, Haymarket 145.

GEORGE W. MEHAFFEY, Gen. Secretary. ARTHUR S. JOHNSON, President.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. B Williams, D. D.
12 M., Sunday School.
At 5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the Pastor, Rev. Stephen A. Norton, D. D.
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 6 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
7 P. M. Evening Service.
Wednesday at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, Main Street. Rev. F. M. Estes, Pastor.
SUNDAY SERVICES:—
Preaching, 10.30 A. M.
Sunday School, 12 M.
Preaching, 7 P. M.
Prayer Meeting, Wednesday, 7.45 P. M.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Service in Five Cents Savings Bank Building, Room 13, every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Truth." Reading Room open to the public Tuesdays and Fridays from 2.30 to 4.30.

Married.

In this city, July 19, by Rev. James J. Keegan, Michael Feeney and Della Costello, both of Woburn.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notice 10 cents a line.

In this city, July 12, Carleton Warren, aged 70 years, 9 months, 28 days.
In this city, July 15, Emela Parker, aged 82 years, 7 months, 22 days.
In this city, July 17, Thomas J. Murphy, aged 40 years, 9 months, 29 day.
In this city, July 16, Helen W. Smith, aged 14 years, 9 months, 15 days.

A. F. ANDERSON,
FLORIST
Plants, Cut Flowers, and Floral Designs for All Occasions.
14 Montvale Ave., - Woburn.
Telephones: { Store 243 M / Greenhouses 112 W

FOR SALE.

Two House Lots of 7,000 feet each, on Sturgis street, Woburn, adjoining homestead of Benj Nichols. Will sell for considerable less than the assessed value. No grading necessary. Plenty of stone on premises for cellars. Inquire of J. A. STOCKWELL, 10 Tremont St., Boston. Tel. Main 2736. jn30 2m



Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to the Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists

BOSTON & NORTHERN ST. RY. CO.
CHELSEA DIV.

TIME TABLE
In effect June 25, 1911.
[Subject to change without notice.]

Leave WOBURN CENRTE for MALDEN SQ. at 5.45 A.M., then every 30 minutes until 8.15 A. M., then every hour 2.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 10.45, 11.15 P. M. SUNDAY at 8.15 A. M., and every hour until 1.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 10.45, *11.15 P. M. RETURN, leave MALDEN SQ. for WOBURN at 6.45, 7.15 A. M., then every hour until 3.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes until †10.45, †11.15, †11.45, P. M. SUNDAY at 9.15 A. M., then every hour until 1.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 10.15, †10.45, †11.15, †11.45 P. M.

Leave STONEHAM SQ. for SAUGUS CENTRE, LYNN and SALEM at 6.30 A. M., and half hourly until 10.30 P. M. Leave corner Main and Franklin Streets, Melrose, for Saugus Centre at 8.45 A. M., then every 30 min. until 10.45 P. M. SUNDAY at 9.30 A. M., and half hourly until 10.30 P. M. Leave corner Main and Franklin Streets, Melrose for Saugus Centre at 8.45 A. M., then every 30 min until 10.45 P. M. RETURN leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Square at 6 A. M., then every 30 min. until 11 P. M. SUNDAY at 9 A. M., then every 30 min. until 11 P. M.

* Melrose Highlands Only.
† To Stoneham Square Only.

GEO. H. GRAY, Supt.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT,

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of Frederick Chandler Parker, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to William Chandler Parker of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on his bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-fourth day of July, A. D., 1911, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation, once in each week, for three successive weeks in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this sixth day of July, in the year one thousand nine hundred and eleven.

7-14-21 F. M. ESTY, Ass't. Register.

KILL THE COUGH AND CURE THE LUNGS
WITH DR. KING'S NEW DISCOVERY
FOR COUGHS COLDS
PRICE 50¢ & $1.00 TRIAL BOTTLE FREE
AND ALL THROAT AND LUNG TROUBLES
GUARANTEED SATISFACTORY OR MONEY REFUNDED.

For Real Estate call on Griffin Place at 349 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.,

Boston & Northern St. R'y Co.
Woburn Division

TIME TABLE

Issued June 27, 1910.

Leave NORTH WOBURN for **Sullivan Square Terminal**—5.12 a. m. and every 15 mins. until 6.12 a. m., 6.42, 6.57, 7.12, a. m., and every 30 mins. until 9.12 p. m. [Also cars leaving North Woburn at 6.27, 7.27 a. m., and every 30 mins. until 9.27 a. m., then 1.57 p. m., and every 30 mins., until 7.27 p. m., then 9.27, 9.57, 10.27, and 10.57 p. m. connect at the corner of Winn and Pleasant streets, Woburn, for Sullivan Square Terminal.] SUNDAYS — 6.27, 6.57, 7.27, 9.12 a. m., and every 30 mins. until 9.12 p. m. (Also cars leaving North Woburn at 7.57 a. m., and every 30 mins. until 10.57 p. m. connect at corner of Winn and Pleasant Streets, Woburn, for Sullivan Square Terminal.]

Return—Leave **Sullivan Square Terminal**—6.17 a. m., and every 30 mins. until 9.47 p. m., then 9.47 p. m., then 10.02, 10.17, 10.32, 11.02, 11.32, p. m., 12.02 a. m. (Also passengers leaving Sullivan Square, Medford or Winchester on Lowell cars due at Woburn Centre at 7.52, a. m., and every 30 mins. until 9.52 a. m., then 2.22 p. m., and every 30 mins. until 7.52 p. m., then 9.52 and 10.32 p. m., can connect with cars for North Woburn at corner of Winn and Pleasant Streets.) SUNDAYS — 17.32, 18.02, 18.32, 19.02, 19.32, 110.02, 10.17 a. m., and every 30 mins. until 9.47 p. m., then 10.02, 10.17, 10.32, 11.02, 11.32 p. m. and 12.02 a. m. Also passengers leaving Sullivan Square Terminal, Medford or Winchester, on Lowell cars due at Woburn Centre at 8.22 a. m., and every 30 mins. until 10.22 p. m., connect with cars for North Woburn at corner of Winn and Pleasant Streets.)

Wilmington Depot and Perry's Corner, Wilmington—*6.22, 6.52 a. m., and every 60 mins. until 9.52 p. m. SUNDAYS—7.52 a. m., then same as week days. **Return**—leave **Perry's Corner, Wilmington,** 6.45, 7.18 a. m. and every 60 mins. until 10.18 p. m., SUNDAYS—8.18 a. m., and every 60 mins. until 10.18 p. m.

Wilmington Depot and Billerica Centre—7.15 a. m., 12.15, 2.52 and 5.52 p. m. **Return** — Leave **Billerica Centre** for Wilmington Depot and North Woburn 8.15 a. m., 1.15, 3.45 and 6.45 p. m.

Leave WILMINGTON DEPOT for **Billerica Centre**—7.30 a. m., 12.30, 3.00 and 6.00 p. m. SUNDAYS—9.00, 10.30 a. m., 12.00 M., 1.30, 3.00, 4.30, 6.00, and 7.30 p. m. **Return**—Leave Billerica Centre 8.15 a. m., 1.15, 3.45 p. m. SUNDAYS—9.45, 11.15 a. m., 12.45, 2.15, 3.45, 5.15, 6.45, 7.15 p. m.

Summer Drinks!

Chelmsford Ginger Ale $2.50 case $1.00 rebate for empty case and bottles.

Moxie 20c bottle, $2.25 case. 50c doz rebate for empty bottles.

Lime Juice 10 and 25c bottle.

Grape Juice 25c bottle.

Hire's Root Beer Ext. 15c bottle
Colman's " " " 10 "

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MISPLACED AFFECTION.

Tragic Story of a Snake Charmer and Her Pet Reptile.

Miss X., a snake charmer well known among show people, firmly believed that one of her snakes was really fond of her. She could do anything with it—fondle it, kiss and caress it.

She grew so fond of it that at last she even let it sleep on her bed, to the great disgust of the other performers in the show. She would eat her meals with this horrible thing coiled around her neck, and once, in very warm weather, she took it under her coat into the woods with her and let it amuse itself by crawling over the ground. She followed it about and kept a most careful watch over it (it was a valuable performer), but it showed no disposition to go off into the woods, as she feared it might, but came back to her and coiled round her as usual.

She was warned several times that the reptile was very dangerous, but she grew more and more reckless, and the snake appeared to become more and more attached to her.

And then one day without any warning, directly after a performance when she was caressing it in her own room, the snake suddenly threw back its head, looked at her steadily and with lightning-like swiftness struck her between the eyes, leaving two tiny punctures. She hastily uncoiled it and thrust it into its box, but she died within half an hour.—McClure's Magazine.

A HASTY MARRIAGE.

And the Bride Was Not the One the Wooer Sought.

Oliver Cromwell was so great a man that he dwarfed his surroundings, and it is singular how little the majority of people knew about the family and family life of this "the most typical Englishman of all time." He had three daughters, the youngest of whom was Frances. Her attractions must have been considerable. The young woman had several love affairs, but certainly the one that had a most amusing termination was her flirtation with her father's chaplain, Jerry White.

One day the protector surprised Jerry on his knees in the very act of kissing the lady's hand. Cromwell coldly demanded the meaning of the scene, and Jerry, with a pretty wit, exclaimed that he had long been courting "that young gentlewoman, my lady's woman," although without success. He was now thereby humbly praying her ladyship to intercede for him.

Cromwell turned at once to the waiting woman and requested to be informed why she refused the honor his friend, Mr. White, would do her. The young woman, fully equal to the occasion, replied magnanimously that if Mr. White intended her that honor she would not be so churlish as to deny him. "Call Godwin," returned Cromwell, and the pair were married straightway.

Feminine Strategy.

Her name is Amy, and she is one of the nicest young misses living on the upper west side. Her father concluded last week he would do something to encourage Amy in habits of industry. Therefore he offered to give her $5 if she would trim a hat for herself. She accepted the proposition and two days later appeared before her father wearing a hat of her own creation, and a very pretty hat it was too. Her father was delighted and handed over the $5 with real pleasure. The next day Amy, wearing another and still handsomer hat, met her father on the street. "And did you trim that one, too?" he asked, with manifest pride. "No," was the reply. "I bought this hat with the $5 you gave me and presented the other one to the janitor's little girl."—New York Press.

A Detective Story.

I like detective stories; I read them, I write them, but I do not believe them. The bones and structure of a good detective story are so old and well known that it may seem banal to state them even in outline. A policeman, stupid, but sweet tempered, and always weakly erring on the side of mercy, walks along the street, and in the course of his ordinary business finds a man in Bulgarian uniform killed with an Australian boomerang in a Brompton milk shop. Having set free all the most suspicious persons in the story, he then appeals to the bulldog professional detective, who appeals to the hawklike amateur detective. The latter finds near the corpse a boot lace, a button boot, a French newspaper and a return ticket from the Hebrides, and so relentlessly, link by link, brings the crime home to the archbishop of Canterbury.—T. K. Chesterton in Illustrated London News.

A Hand at Whist.

"That was a remarkable hand you held just now," said the commercial traveler to his companion at cards.

"Pretty fair, pretty fair. But I've held a more wonderful hand than that."

"Really?"

"Yes. Once I was playing whist and dealt myself a hand of thirteen trumps."

"Great Scott!"

"And the funniest part of the matter is that I only took one trick."

"Impossible!"

"No, it's not. I played last and trumped my partner's ace. He was a hasty man, and before I could explain matters he lost his temper, and the game broke up in a row there and then. Funny game whist, isn't it? My deal, I think."

The Same Custom.

A magazine editor at the Authors' club, in New York, was talking about H. G. Wells. "Wells is now the foremost English novelist," he said. "Strange that a man so talented should misjudge us as he does. When he was over here he found fault with everything. One day at lunch, getting tired of his attacks on the tyranny of our trusts and our bosses, I said: 'Well, at least, Mr. Wells, you must admit the grandeur of the magnificent statue of Liberty that rears its proud head over our harbor?'

"'Oh, yes,' said Mr. Wells, 'you have the same custom as we—you rear your finest statues to the dead.'"

Death in Roaring Fire

may not result from the work of firebugs, but often severe burns are caused that make a quick need for Bucklen's Arnica Salve, the quickest surest cure for burns, wounds, bruises, boils, sores. It subdues inflammation. It kills pain, it soothes and heals. Drives off skin eruptions, ulcers or piles. Only 25c at All Druggists.

AUTOCRATIC GOVERNOR

But Legislature Insisted on Its Constitutional Rights

WARM TIMES ON BEACON HILL

Undermanned Fire Department Disturbs Boston—Mayor Fitzgerald May Be Recalled—District Attorney Pelletier Criticised—Governor Foss a Candidate

The legislature failed to finish its work last week, and postponed prorogation till this week. It would seem to be practically impossible for prorogation so long as the governor was sending in from one to six messages a day to the great and general court on which he demanded legislation. In order to legislate there must be time to consider the subject matter upon which such legislation is based. It seemed to the members of the great and general court as if the governor wished to suggest legislation and have it acted upon at once without consideration by the two branches of the legislature. It has not been customary in Massachusetts to enact legislation in that manner. The executive department has usually attended to its own affairs and left the legislature free to do as it thought right, as is provided by the constitution of the commonwealth.

The governor has stated several times that he would prorogue the legislature when it had done what he demanded of it and that this might not be before the first of August. If there is any blame to be attached to so long a session of the legislature, members insist that it belongs entirely to the executive. The members have acted under their oaths to serve the commonwealth faithfully and honestly to the best of their individual ability. They realize that usually sympathy is with the governor rather than with the legislature; nevertheless, they say they have done the best they could to serve the state and that had they enacted all the legislation demanded by the governor they would have been faithless to their oaths and to the best interests of the commonwealth. It is a significant fact that the Democratic members of the legislature are almost a unit against the Democratic governor. Quite frequently the few supporters the governor had were Republicans. Members believe that this fact must convince the public that the governor is quite liable to be in the wrong. If he were in the right he should have some party support.

Boston is greatly disturbed over the general understanding that its fire department is undermanned. This matter was brought to the attention of Mayor Fitzgerald a number of times before he left for Europe to join the chamber of commerce committee traveling on the continent. At a recent fire in the Dorchester district, however, the charge was proved so conclusively that a great wave of indignation has swept over the entire city. The newspapers have called on Acting Mayor Collins to remedy the situation by the appointment of a number of new men and though it has been alleged that the acting mayor has no authority to make appointments in the absence of the mayor, nevertheless, he evidently thinks that his authority is ample and that his duty is plain, for he has announced his intention of asking the city council to make a transfer of funds to pay for fifty new firemen. By so doing the acting mayor intentionally or unintentionally has put the mayor "in a hole," and this and other matters have caused a sharp revival of the talk heard some time ago regarding an attempt to recall the mayor next January. It looks now as if the effort would be made although from present indications it would be very difficult to accomplish, for Mayor Fitzgerald always has such a plausible method of campaigning and appeals openly and covertly to such diverse elements. It is possible, of course, that those who are back of the movement may have evidence which they believe would successfully appeal to the voters, but on the surface there are apparently no new scandals like the ones that disgraced his first administration.

In the meantime, it is a significant fact that District Attorney Pelletier, for whose nomination the mayor was largely responsible, has not prosse'd the so-called coal graft case in which the manager of the Niver Coal company was under indictment for furnishing to the city of Boston an inferior coal to that specified in the contract during Mayor Fitzgerald's first term. There was a general belief that the evidence was complete but the district attorney alleges that under the facts which exist in the case he does not think he could secure a conviction and that for that reason he ought not to put the county to the expense of a trial. One of the newspapers eidtorially characterizes this action of the district attorney as "Pelletier's default."

There is no doubt now that Governor Foss will be a candidate for renomination as papers to secure sufficient signatures to enable him to run has been taken out in his behalf by his friends. In fact, there never has been any doubt in the minds of the politicians that he intended to try for a second term. It is well-known that he has been led to believe that if re-elected governor in a Republican state he would be a formidable candidate in the Democratic national convention for nomination to the vice presidency. Those who know something about national politics, however, smile at the notion of a New England man being selected for a second place on a national ticket for the reason that national conventions generally, as a matter of shrewd politics, nominate candidates from the largest states or from states where the voters are somewhat in doubt as to whether they prefer the reasonable protection offered to manufacturing industries by the Republicans or the cut-throat competition from other countries offered to our industries by the free trade Democrats.

Governor Foss did not reappoint Chairman Warren of the state civil service board at the meeting of the executive council last week, although all the reform organizations have been strongly in favor of his reappointment, so Mr. Warren is now a holdover official. Last week the governor told a newspaper man that he should reappoint Mr. Warren if some better man was not recommended to him, and though Sherwin L. Cook, a former Republican of Boston who has now announced himself as a Democrat and most of the Democratic leaders in Boston to whom Governor Foss owes his election have asked the governor to appoint a Boston man and throw down Warren, it is doubtful if what they say in the matter will have any influence.

Republican members of the legislature have organized for the fall campaign. A committee of eighty members has been authorized to secure the better co-operation of Republican workers with their state committee in the coming campaign. This committee will consist of the chairman and secretaries of the senatorial delegations in the forty districts in the commonwealth. An executive committee of ten members will be chosen from the full committee of eighty to cooperate directly with the state committee. This is regarded by Republican leaders as a step in the right direction and one that ought to secure greater harmony in the party and a stricter adherence to party principles than has been manifested in the past.

Senator Roger S. Hoar of Concord has decided to close his service in the senate with the end of the present session. He has been considerably in the limelight since his election, partly by reason of the fact that he represents as a Democrat a usually strong Republican district and partly from the fact that he was the youngest member of the senate. It is understood that Representative McCarthy of Marlboro is to be the Democratic candidate for election in his place.

Pickled Steel.

"To keep the iron and steel used in building big ships from rusting," said an engineer, "is a matter of supreme importance. The admiralty is very particular that every piece shall be painted the moment it is ready for building purposes. But the steel plates form a hard black surface, called 'mill scale,' in the process of manufacture. This clings tenaciously to the plate, and if it is covered with paint and afterward the plate gets damaged then the scale peels off, taking the paint with it, and leaving the steel bare. The plate is then liable to rust corrosion, a serious danger to the ship.

"We therefore remove every trace of scale before painting the steel plate. It is put into a bath of dilute hydrochloric acid for a few hours, which loosens the scale. The plate is then brushed with wire brushes and washed with a hose. This is what we call 'pickling steel.'"—London Answers.

The One That Chose to Pay.

Three men had been out on a spree, and on the way home late at night they made a wager that the one who did not do as his wife told him should pay for a champagne supper the following night.

The first one returned home, and his wife greeted him thus:

"Hello, you beauty! That's right—knock all the ornaments off the mantelpiece!"

He knocked them all off.

The second returned and on going into his house fell against the piano, whereupon his wife said:

"Go on; get a chopper and smash it up!"

He did so.

The third returned, and on going upstairs his wife said:

"You miserable wretch, fall downstairs and break your neck!"

Needless to say, he paid for the supper.—London Spare Moments.

The Antiquity of Man.

It has been known during a long time that in western Europe man existed during the glacial epoch. We now know that the great ice age consisted of different glacial times separated by interglacial times. In glacial times the snow line dropped 3,000 or 4,000 feet below its present level in the Alps, whereas in interglacial times it lay about 1,000 feet higher than at present. Thus the temperature seems to have been higher in the interglacial periods than it is now. There is abundant evidence, in the opinion of Penck, that man existed during the beginning of the last glacial epoch. There is some reason for thinking that at least 20,000 years have elapsed since the last glaciation and that the man whose jawbone was found in 1909 near Heidelberg lived 200,000 years ago.—Scientific American.

Improving on Shakespeare.

"In a Jacksonville court," said a Florida congressman, "a lawyer quoted Shakespeare—'Who steals my purse steals trash'—to a deaf judge.

"'What's that?' the judge demanded.

"'"Who steals my purse steals trash,"' the lawyer repeated. '"'Twas something, nothing; 'twas mine, 'tis his and has been slave"'—

"'Louder! I can't hear you!' said the judge irritably.

"'"Who steals my purse,"' repeated the unfortunate lawyer, '"steals trash. 'Twas"'—

"'Can't you speak up?' growled the deaf judge.

"At this point the crier thought it time to interfere. He bent over the judge and shouted in his ear:

"'He just says, sir, that anybody what steals his pocketbook won't get nothing.'"

Cromwell and the Specter.

The stories of the "white lady" that periodically visits the German royal family and of the "little red man" that frequently paid his respects to the great Napoleon are tolerably well known, especially that of the former. But few perhaps are familiar with the story of Cromwell's "giant specter." It appeared to him one night when he was wide awake and quietly resting on his couch. In appearance the apparition was a woman of gigantic proportions. Approaching him, she announced in tones like thunder, "Within the year you, my son, will be recognized as the greatest man in Britain."

Sauce.

"The impudence of that young brother of mine!" exclaimed Mrs. Nagger. "He just told me I was no chicken when I married you."

"Well," replied her unsympathetic husband, "that's true enough. You weren't a chicken, were you?"

"No; I was a goose."—Philadelphia Press

FOILED THE TURKS

Vienna Bakers Saved Europe From the Grip of the Moslems.

CAUSE OF SOLYMAN'S DEFEAT.

A Momentous Incident In History That Carries With It an Explanation of Why Vienna Rolls Are Molded In the Form of a Crescent.

Do you know why Vienna rolls are shaped like crescents? The story forms one of the great "ifs" of history. Solyman the Magnificent, sultan of Turkey, planned to overrun Europe, even as he and his Moslem predecessors had seized the countries of the orient. With a mighty army he captured the fortified island of Rhodes and invaded Hungary, annihilating the Magyar forces at Mohacs (in 1526) and slaying the Hungarian king.

So successful was the first expedition that he planned a second and more far-reaching raid in 1529. Moving onward almost unchecked and carrying all before him, he captured Buda and advanced against the city of Vienna.

All Europe stood aghast. Nothing had been able to stem the wave of Moslem conquest. Men remembered how one eastern land after another had been seized by the Mohammedan hordes and forced to adopt Mohammedanism as their religion. People trembled for the fate of Christendom. It seemed for a moment almost possible that the whole eastern section of the European continent might fall victim to the Turk and become part of the Moslem possessions.

To hope for clemency from Solyman was to rely upon the mercy of the merciless. Conquering one Christian army and stronghold after another, the sultan's all powerful army threatened to carry destruction and Mohammedanism throughout the continent. It was one of fate's big movements.

On moved the Turks. Vienna (then capital of the German empire) stood in their path, a seemingly frail obstacle between such a host and the rest of Europe. Should Vienna fall before the Moslem onset the progress of the sultan's army would be made far easier and other lesser cities would lose heart.

The inhabitants of Vienna were at that time more renowned for culture and thrift than for warfare. Yet under Nicholas von Salm they gallantly proposed to defend their city against the foe and to fight to the last gasp for their imperiled homes. The Turks drew near, destroying Vienna's suburbs, and encamped close to the town itself.

It was on Sept. 27, 1529, that the enormous Turkish host laid siege to Vienna, Solyman conducting the affair in person. Before risking useless loss of life in a general assault the sultan tried to make an entrance into the city by means of tunnels. His soldiers were set to work with pick and spade to dig a secret underground way into Vienna by which a body of men might later pour into the place and thus catch the defenders "between two fires."

The cleverness of the Turkish engineers and the countless workers at their command made the task a swift one. Here it was that an "if" intervened to save the threatened capital and perhaps Europe as well.

Some Vienna bakers were at work one night—so the story runs—in a cellar, making bread for the garrison. During a pause in their conversation one of the bakers happened to hear the muffled sound of digging. It seemed to come from a spot not far beyond one of the cellar walls. Guessing at once that the enemy was tunneling a way into the city, the bakers rushed out and gave the alarm. The garrison, aroused, was able to baffle Solyman's plan.

The sultan, failing at strategy, next tried force. He hurled his army against the city in one fierce assault after another. The Viennese fought like heroes. Each attack was repulsed with terrific loss to the Turks. For four entire days the Moslems assailed the city, fresh detachments ever taking the places of those who reeled back defeated. On the fifth day of the assault, Oct. 14, Solyman gave up the attempt to crush Vienna. He withdrew sullenly from the scene of his defeat, leaving 80,000 dead Turks on the field. The price of conquest was for once too nigh for him.

Vienna was saved, and not only Vienna, but Europe. Vienna had been Europe's barrier against the Turks' farther advance, and the barrier held firm. The northern limit of Europe's Turkish raids was reached.

Once more, in later years, Vienna was besieged by the Moslems, and she again beat them off. The high tide of such invasion had come and receded. Europe at large was now forever secure from this long dreaded foe.

In the moment of victory, according to the account, the bakers who had given the alarm were not forgotten. To commemorate the event they and their descendants thenceforth molded their rolls into the shape of a crescent (the sacred emblem of Turkey). The custom prevails to this day.

Few Americans who are used to seeing crescent shaped Vienna rolls have any idea how such rolls first came to be thus twisted nor what great deed the crescent form commemorates.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

The most sublime psalm that can be heard on this earth is the lisping of a human soul from the lips of childhood —Victor Hugo.

A Bird's Barbed Wire Fences.

There may be seen along the roadsides in Central America a brown wren about the size of a canary which builds a nest out of all proportion to its apparent needs. It selects a small tree with horizontal branches growing close together. Across two of the branches it lays sticks fastened together with tough fiber until a platform about six feet long by two feet wide has been constructed. On the end of this platform nearest the tree trunk it then builds a huge dome shaped nest a foot or so high with thick sides of interwoven thorns. A covered passageway is then made from the nest to the end of the platform in as crooked a manner as possible. Across the outer end as well as at short intervals along the inside of this tunnel are placed cunning little fences of thorns with just space enough for the owners to pass through. On going out this opening is closed by the owner by placing thorns across the gateway, and thus the safety of the eggs or young is assured.

LAUGHTER AND TEARS.

A Comedy Scene In Which Grief Played a Leading Part.

"Stage fright is not one of the emotions which get across the footlights," writes Miss Alice Crawford. "Audiences are for the most part as serenely unconscious of it as they are of other individual sentiments in the actors having no relation to the incidents of the play.

"I shall never forget an instance of this curious insensibility of the crowd. Once when I was touring one of the most charming and popular girls of the company died after only a few days' illness. She was one of those sweet, tranquil natures and had endeared herself to us all. Her death in lodgings in the small provincial town had an element of real tragedy in it.

"The news that she was dead reached the theater in the evening just as two of the actors and I were about to go on for a scene of broad comedy. We went on the stage with tears in our eyes, and I can still see the face of one of those comedians with the great tears glistening on the paint. He was dreadfully affected. Try as he would, he could not control his voice, and the tears kept choking him as he rattled off his lines.

"The audience were convulsed every time his voice broke, and it made me cry more than ever to see the grief shaking him as he grinned and chaffed through his tears. Yet that comedy scene never went so well before. The audience never guessed."—Exchange.

STORY OF A MUD HEN.

And the Man Who Tried to Shoot or Drown the Bird.

"It is a mighty hard thing to down a mud hen," said a Portland official. "Every one knows this homely bird, so clever that it can dodge the flash of a gun, making it very hard to kill if any one ever wanted to kill one.

"A friend of mine who was a great hunter, but not acquainted with the mud hen, was out hunting on the Columbia sloughs some years ago when he saw what he thought was some kind of duck floating on the water. He aimed his shotgun and fired, but the bird dived as the gun was discharged, and the shot struck the water where the bird had been a moment before. As the smoke cleared away the hunter saw the bird come to the surface, and he gave it the other barrel, with the same result.

"His obstinacy was now aroused, and he determined to kill that bird before he left the place. He shot away every round of ammunition he had, but the bird dodged every one and still floated in the same spot. In great disgust my friend sat down on the bank and lit his pipe. At the first puff of smoke the bird dived again, and this gave him his inspiration.

"To make a short story, he smoked up all his tobacco in an effort to drown the mud hen, but when darkness fell and he started for home the bird was still floating in the same old spot."—Portland Oregonian.

A Wedding Ring Superstition.

Although there was a lifelong friendship to back up their business deals, the jeweler was not surprised when his old customer who had married a second time bought the wedding ring at another shop.

"If he should take a third wife he would buy the ring at still another store," the jeweler said. "That is one of the superstitions of the trade. A man may have the marrying habit ever so bad and require several wedding rings in his time, yet he never buys any two of them from the same place. Jewelers do not expect it. They don't want to sell two wedding rings to the same man. Bad luck would surely light on all concerned, and there is enough trouble in the world anyhow without deliberately inviting more of it by defying a good old wedding ring superstitution."—New York Times.

Her Recommendation.

A woman prominent as a social worker was in the city to engage a new girl the other day. She visited an employment agency which makes a specialty of finding places for country housemaids and was much pleased with one from the country.

"Why did you leave your last place?" asked the woman.

"I didn't have no last place," answered the girl, "because I ain't had no last place to leave, and I'm still working at it, being for myself that I've been working, and I'm sure I'm a good servant, and I can recommend myself to you, ma'am."—Exchange.

Melodramatic.

A dramatist was condemning two melodramas that had had an unmerited success among the less cultivated portion of the public.

"The first," said the dramatist in his epigrammatic way, "was all blood and thunder, and the other was all thud and blunder."

Proof Positive.

Mrs. De Pretty—Horrors! That woman who just passed is a young man in disguise. Husband—Well, well! How do you know? Mrs. De Pretty—She looked at my face instead of my dress. —Washington Times.

A Hospital Nurse's Hands.

As an example of trademarks have you ever noticed the hands of the hospital nurse? The soft white hand which in fiction is occupied in cooling fevered brows does not exist and could not. It is a skilled hand, but its work makes it rough and chapped. Try bathing your hands in disinfectants twenty times a day and you will find that, look after them as you may, they will soon be seamed with cracks, which an east wind often turns to bleeding cuts. And as they are worked hard for some twelve or thirteen hours a day the nurse takes a somewhat larger size in gloves than most women. If you ever see the photograph of a hospital nurse you may observe that she prefers to keep those hands behind her back.—London Chronicle.

Longest Family Tree.

The biggest family tree in the world is believed to be the one which traces the genealogy of Queen Elizabeth back to King David and thence to Adam, or at least as near to Adam as one could get. The coat of arms is given in almost every case, with full particulars of the dates of births and deaths. The labor of providing coats of arms is abandoned before Methuselah's time, but the chart measures forty-five feet and certainly does take one through a maze of nobility.

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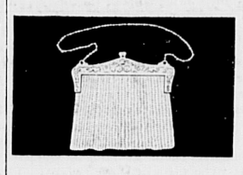
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HER CAREER

She Would Not Willingly Acknowledge Defeat

By AGNES G. BROGAN

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The stranger stood upon the station platform and looked down a vista of blossoming apple trees toward the village. He was apparently a prosperous man of the world, but with the breath of these spring blossoms a subtle change passed over his tired face, softening its careworn lines.

"Carry your satchel, sir?" A barefoot lad approached him eagerly.

"Why, yes," the stranger answered, "you may. Now, can you lead me to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Page? They live in the same old place, I suppose?"

"Sure," the lad responded. He shifted the valise to his other hand. "Say," he asked, "do you know Miss Nell?"

"I knew her long ago," the man slowly replied.

"Before she was an artist?"

The stranger smiled. "Yes," he answered musingly.

"Miss Nell's just about the nicest person in the world," said the boy.

An odd smile played about the man's lips. "I agree with you," he said. "A recent trip around the world has confirmed me in that opinion. She is the nicest person."

"That's Page's house," the boy announced, and his eyes widened as he glanced at the silver piece which the stranger pressed into his grimy palm.

"Look here," he suggested, "I'll trot that satchel back up the hill when you are ready to go."

A host of memories were awakened as the man raised the knocker and waited in the vine wreathed porch. The door was opened presently by a little old lady, who peered unbelievingly into his face. Then her voice rose quaveringly.

"David," she said—"David, is it really you?" A tall, white haired old man appeared at her joyous cry, and together, laughing and talking, they drew him into the house.

"How many years have you been gone, David—ten or twelve? And, my, how you have got on! We read every one of those articles of yours in the city papers describing them foreign folks and places in such an interesting way. And do the papers really pay your expenses all over the world just so you can write for 'em?"

"It's like Nell," the old lady interposed. "She can sell pictures just as fast as she can paint them. Course Nell isn't rich yet, but she sends us money every week, and she has had this house fixed over to be more comfortable for us, David, as you can see. It was a bit hard for her at first, studying alone in the city—just a bit hard, but Nell has made her way."

"You were wrong, my boy, when you thought she had no talent," the old man said gravely. "Nell never quite forgave you for discouraging her in that way, and she determined she'd show you."

David Phillips sighed. "I was a hot headed young fool," he said. "It was reprehensible to me at the time that Nell should choose an uncertain career in preference to the love and devotion of a lifetime. However, I tried to atone for my hasty words. I sought her out in the city, as you know, haunting the art classes and begging her upon every occasion to alter that cruel decision until at length she disappeared, annoyed no doubt by my persistency, and I have never seen her since. When you refused to enlighten me as to her whereabouts I concluded that it was because Nell had forbidden you to answer my letters. Then when opportunity offered I went abroad. Returning to New York, I could not resist stopping over for an hour or two to see you both and perhaps—to hear news of Nell."

"She is well," the mother said falteringly. "When you lost trace of her, David, Nell went to New York. She is still there. We have her house address, but I may not give it to you. Her heart was in this artist's career, David, and sometimes I think she knew that you alone had power to make her give it up."

"We are mighty proud of Nell," the old man added hastily. "Would you like to see a little water color she sent us—just to show what her last great painting was like?"

He led the way to the cheerless closed parlor, and David stood before a panel picture which hung upon the wall. His face brightened at the first sketch of an apple tree laden with spring blossoms, their white petals daintily tinged with pink. Nell had always loved these blooms. Then followed a second sketch of the same tree. Now numberless rosy cheeked apples showed among its green leaves. At the last picture David turned suddenly to the old man:

"She is not happy," he said, with conviction. It was the tree in winter, standing bare and desolate, its naked branches pointing to a leaden sky, and beneath the picture was one written word—"Bereft."

As the train carried him upon his homeward journey David gazed gloomily into space. "She is not happy," he repeated. Much work had accumulated during his absence, and as he entered an office building several days after his arrival he recollected an important business letter which must have a prompt reply and immediately sought the office of a public stenographer. "Miss Margaret Owen" was the name inscribed in gilt above the doorway, and as David entered a stout old man passed out. The stenographer's sanctum was separated from the outer room by heavy curtains, which parted presently to admit the gray clad figure of a dainty little woman. A great bunch of apple blossoms were fastened at her belt. David saw the blossoms before he met the steady light of her clear blue eyes.

"Nell!" he cried sharply. She drew back hastily.

"David!" she breathed.

"It is good to see you, N-Nell," he said, stammering in his joy like a schoolboy. "Never expected to find you here. I—I am looking for a public stenographer."

The little gray figure retreated toward the curtains; then Miss Nell laughed tremulously. "I, too, wished to engage Miss Owen's services," she said. "But have learned that she will not be here this afternoon."

The man stood looking at her for a moment, then with a quick stride he crossed the room.

"Nell," he entreated, "grant me a few moments alone. Is your office or studio in this building?"

"Yes," she answered, and her tone was quite composed, "I am located here, David, but when we have congratulated each other upon our phenomenal success"—she smiled up at him—"then it will be wiser to shake hands simply and say goodby. You have been successful, David?"

"I suppose so, Nell," he said. "At least I have made some money. That spells success, does it not?" David caught his breath sharply and hurried on: "My life has been like that famous picture of yours, Nell. There have been blossoms along the way, of course, but the blossoms never lasted long, while the fruit of my labors—that's the money—is garnered away somewhere. I don't seem to enjoy it. So now there is nothing but the bare tree with its naked branches. 'Bereft'—isn't that what you call it?"

The girl drew farther back against the curtains. Her face had grown very white.

"I must speak, Nell," David said tensely. "I have waited too long to miss this chance. Fame is not a satisfying thing, dear, and now that I bow humbly before you, acknowledging your skill and your triumphs, won't you come and fill this empty life of mine with happiness? I do not ask the sacrifice of your beautiful dreams, dear one. I crave but the privilege to care for you, to be near you. Will you come?"

"No," she answered gently, "no, David, for I must always dream my dreams alone."

David turned abruptly to go. As he reached the door it was thrust open to admit the same stout old gentleman, who waved a fat hand in greeting toward the figure huddled against the curtains."

"Miss Owen," he cried, "glad to find you here. Will you now finish that interrupted dictation?"

The old man's query was met with silence, while Nell's sweet face changed from white to crimson in the most alarming manner. David hesitated a moment uncertainly; then his puzzled expression gave way to one of sudden enlightenment.

"Beg pardon, sir," he asked the bewildered old man, "but is this lady generally known as Miss Owen, the public stenographer?"

"Certainly," the man responded, "she is Miss Owen."

David's laugh rang out boyishly. "In that case," he said, "I will have to keep you waiting while I discuss a—er—business matter with Miss Owen. I will not detain you long," he added in a low tone as the stenographer timidly followed him into her private sanctum.

Then when the curtains had been carefully adjusted he caught the little gray figure up in a masterful embrace, while the crushed blossoms gave forth a dying fragrance.

"So," he said breathlessly, "this is what you have been doing all along, working away here night and day in order to send them money at home, burying your aspirations under a cloak of deceit that they might not be disappointed in your career and living under an assumed name so that they may never learn of your sacrifice. Girl, girl, how could you do it?"

"All your prophecies came true, David," she said. "I was a complete failure as far as art was concerned; even when I tried to pass off my paintings as 'impressionist pictures' they would not take them." Her little smile of mockery vanished. "I could not bear to disillusionize them at home," she continued. "The faith of those two old people was a thing that one could not lightly destroy, and so I drifted on until the weaving of the wonderful tales I wrote became my chief delight and the game of 'make believe' a substitute for the reality."

"I have been too yielding and patient with you always, Nell. Henceforth you shall be managed—dictated to. We will go back to the old farm and tell them all that you have found love to be a far greater power than art, and then—then we shall be married. Shall we, Nell? Do you understand?"

"If you please," came an impatient voice from the opposite side of the curtain, "have you taken that young man's dictation?"

And as Nell appeared the stout gentleman blinked in surprise at her radiant face. "Yes," she answered demurely, "I believe I have."

A Strong Recommendation.

"We are not taking on any new traveling men just now," the safe manufacturer said. "Business is rather dull in our line."

"Well, if you need one let me know," said the applicant for a job. "I'd rather sell your safe than any there is in the market. It's the best."

"Are you an expert?"

"Yes, sir. I know all there is to be known about safes."

"Ever deal in them?"

"No, sir."

"Ever work in a factory?"

"No, sir."

"How do you know ours is the best?"

"Because it takes longest to break into it."

"How do you know that?"

"I'm a reformed burglar."

He got the job.—Chicago Tribune.

An Immense Flower.

The largest of all the flowers of the world is said to be the rafflesia, a native of Sumatra, so called after Sir Stamford Raffles. This immense flower is composed of five round petals of a brickish color, each measuring a foot across. These are covered with numerous irregular yellowish white swellings. The petals surround a cup nearly a foot wide, the margin of which bears the stamens. The cup of the rafflesia is filled with a fleshy disk, the upper surface of which is covered with projections like miniature cows' horns. The cup when free from its contents will hold about twelve pints. The flower weighs about fifteen pounds and is very thick, the petals being three-quarters of an inch. —Scientific American.

Rhinoceros Horns.

The horns of the African rhinoceros sometimes grow to the length of four feet. In olden times rhinoceros horns were employed for drinking cups by royal personages, the notion being that poison put into them would show itself by bubbling. There may have been some truth in the idea, inasmuch as many of the ancient poisons were acids, and these acids would decompose the horny material very quickly. —London Telegraph

DOWNING STREET, LONDON.

It Bears the Name of a Clever Man From Massachusetts.

Downing street, London, where are the British colonial and foreign offices and the official residence of the first lord of the treasury and where cabinet councils are held, perpetuates the name of a clever man from Massachusetts. Those were the days before the Fourth of July had any significance in American annals, and George Downing, the first scholar in the first public school in Massachusetts and the first graduate sent out by Harvard college, came to England and became a chaplain in Cromwell's army.

By a remarkable stroke of fortune he was sent to represent England at The Hague when Europe was trembling before Oliver, and during three distinct eras in England's history he held the office of British ambassador at the Dutch court. He was as popular or as clever under the Merry Monarch as under the protector and the commonwealth, and it came to pass in the reign of Charles II. that the man from Massachusetts was granted a great tract of land at Westminster, where he built huge mansions and laid out Downing street.

To this day Downing's street is Downing street still, and, though George Downing is forgotten, there is no name in the British empire which is more familiar to us than his.—St. James' Gazette.

GREEN TURTLES.

The Youngsters Have a Perilous Time After Being Hatched.

Concerning the great turtles of the southwest Indian ocean a traveler says: "The chelonian, or green turtle (Chelone mydas), is an animal of considerable economic importance to the atoll, for it still occurs in the vast hordes which are so often described by early voyagers in the tropics. There appear to be two distinct groups—one resident and small in numbers, the other migratory and visiting the atoll to breed in numbers impossible to estimate.

"The latter arrives in December, and from then to April the sea seems alive with turtles. The females seek the small sand beaches and then ascend them with the rising tide, pushing themselves laboriously above high tide mark. Holes are then dug in the sand by means of the fore flippers until a satisfactory one is obtained, and the eggs, 200 in number, are buried, the turtle returning to sea immediately.

"After forty days the eggs batch almost simultaneously, and the young turtles dig their way up out of the sand and go down to the sea in a long procession, in the course of which they offer an easy prey to their enemies, the frigate birds and herons. Once in the sea, sharks and other large fish eat them, and only 10 per cent reach maturity."—Chicago News.

SICKROOM PLANTS.

Why They Should Be Put Out of Doors During the Night.

In his random suggestions to his students, printed in the Medical Record, Robert H. M. Dawbarn, M. D., tells why it is considered best not to keep flowers or growing plants in a sickroom at night. Flowers give off moisture taken up from the soil; hence air becomes somewhat humid if many—particularly growing plants—are kept in the room. Flowers having a method of breathing, they use up the oxygen as human beings do and in exchange give off carbonic dioxide as waste matter.

The action of sunlight upon the stems, leaves and all green parts of flowers is to store carbonic dioxide within the plants and release oxygen. Thus in daylight there is a fair balance between the carbonic dioxide and the oxygen given and taken, leaving neither good nor ill results. But during the entire night the plant continues to breathe, and until the return of daylight the oxygen is used just like an additional person breathing in the room, thus leaving less oxygen for the use of the invalid. Therefore the standing order to remove all plants and flowers at night is based upon the facts of plant physiology and is right.

Chateaubriand's Early Struggles.

A new discovery has been made about Chateaubriand—nothing less than that he once sold stockings on commission. It was in 1790, when he was still an officer in the royal service. He had a debt of honor, amounting to £200. He wrote to a distant relative, one La Morandais, who manufactured stockings in Switzerland, appealing for help on the ground that he must either pay that debt or blow his brains out. La Morandais, instead of sending him money, sent him 169 dozen pairs of stockings, offering him a liberal commission if he would sell them among his distinguished friends. He gratefully accepted the offer and succeeded in disposing of the merchandise. There is reason to believe that he managed to plant a good deal of it on the stores department of his own regiment.—Westminster Gazette.

The Clever Brahman.

Speaking of the great power the Brahmans in India possess in localizing thought, a prominent Brahman once said: "We would consider a game of chess as played in this country mere child's play. An ordinary Brahman chess player could carry on three or four games at a time without inconvenience. The usual game played by the Brahmans consists in checkmating with one pawn designated when the play begins. I have seen a man perform a long problem in multiplication and division, at the same time noting the various sounds and discussions going on about him in the room. I have seen a man compose a triple acrostic in Sanskrit in a given meter, at the same time having three well versed men trying to overthrow him in his argument on religion."

When Shaw Was Married.

"I was very ill when I was married," Bernard Shaw once wrote, "altogether a wreck on crutches and in an old jacket which the crutches had worn to rags. I had asked my friends, Graham Wallas and Henry Salt, to act as witnesses, and, of course, in honor of the occasion they were dressed in their best clothes. The registrar never imagined I could possibly be the bridegroom; he took me for the inevitable beggar who completes all wedding processions. Wallas, who is considerably over six feet high, seemed to him to be the hero of the occasion, and he was proceeding to marry him calmly to my betrothed when Wallas, thinking the formula rather strong for a mere witness, hesitated at the last moment and left the prize to me."—"George Bernard Shaw—His Life and Works," by A. Henderson, M. A.

PHYSICAL ENDURANCE.

Athletes, as a Rule, Reach the Zenith of Their Powers Early.

In athletic sports physical endurance plays the most important part. This is particularly noticeable in the Marathon races. In boxing, wrestling and rowing ability to stand the tremendous strain on the physical powers is essential.

But every athlete has his physical limitations. He reaches the zenith of his powers early and then gradually declines. A victorious Marathon runner seldom repeats his success, for he has impaired his endurance by his exertions, although he does not think so until he meets with defeat the second time he tries for first prize.

A boxer, as a rule, cannot long remain a champion in any class, although a twelve year record has been made by exceptional men. A prominent wrestler said recently that he hoped to remain in the game five years, but could not exceed that limit and still be a topnotcher.

Oarsmen win their greatest victories in the first few years of their career. The baseball player holds out well because the strain on him is less violent than on most athletes and he gets needful rest. Pitchers, however, are an exception, and some hold out for many years, but most of them do not.—Boston Globe.

LAUGH AND GET FINED.

That Seems to Be a Common Occurrence In Germany.

English law is occasionally subject to criticism, but for real comedy we are a long way behind Germany.

In Berlin recently an ironworker was sent to prison for a week because he laughed. Going along the street he saw a merrymaker being chased by a particularly stout policeman, and the sight tickled him. He was promptly haled before the court for scandal.

Another man attempted to get into a moving train and fractured his leg. After six months in the hospital he was discharged, cured, when the state railway department at once prosecuted him for breaking their regulations. The law and leg breaker was fined $1.25.

Stepping into an omnibus a man trod on the foot of a lady, who was so annoyed that she said he walked like a hen. She was fined $5 for using this term of reproach.

Claire Waldoff, the Berlin singer, outwitted the police, however. She was warned that if she sang any of her songs on Easter Sunday there would be trouble. But the announcement was made that Claire Waldoff would positively appear. She did. So did the police. And she sang—the German national anthem!

The promised prosecution did not take place.—London Answers.

Curbing the Kickers.

One of the St. Louis country clubs has an unwritten rule that whenever a member kicks for something he thinks the club ought to have it is at once put in at his expense. Not long ago a member complained of the cream. "The club ought to have a couple of fine cows of its own," he growled. That ended the incident for the time being, but the first of the month he found the following item on his bill:

Two Jersey cows..... $150

The result of this policy is one of the most complete country clubs in the Mississippi valley, but the members are growing more and more cautious about kicking, and acquisitions are nothing like so common as they formerly were.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

The New York Shave.

I think that the New Yorker's shave is symptomatic of the whole rate of life in New York. It is, if you will, luxurious, but you have to allow twenty minutes out of your day for it. In London I never allow more than five minutes. Here I lie down in a chair and say: "I'm in a hurry. Be as quick as you can, please." My barber surveys me with no look of interest and goes to talk for five minutes to the lady manicurist. When he returns I say from my recumbent position, "I'm in a great hurry." He says, "Yep?" interrogatorily as if I had given him a piece of quite uninteresting and dispassionate information. He goes to a mirror and for some moments examines a wart upon his cheek. Eventually he shaves me.—Atlantic.

True Eloquence.

True eloquence, indeed, does not consist in speech. It cannot be brought from far. Labor and learning may toil for it, but they will toil in vain. Words and phrases may be marshaled in every way, but they cannot compass it. It must consist in the man, in the subject and in the occasion. Affected passion, intense expression, the pomp of declamation, all may inspire to it. They cannot reach it. It comes, if it comes at all, like the outbreaking of a fountain from the earth or the bursting forth of volcanic fires with spontaneous, original, native force.—Webster.

Just Once.

"But Griggs thinks you are his best friend. If you lure him into making this hopeless investment he surely will never have anything more to do with you."

"That's all right. I've never expected to use him more than once."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Relief.

Gabber—You ought to meet Smith. Awfully clever imitator! He can take off anybody. Tottie (wearily)—I wish he were here now.—Variety Life.

The Word Shibboleth.

The word "shibboleth," now applied to any kind of party watchword, has a Scriptural origin. In the fifth and sixth verses of the twelfth of Judges we read: "And the Gileadites took the fords of Jordan against the Ephraimites, and it was so that when any fugitive of Ephraim said, Let me go over, the men of Gilead said unto him, Art thou an Ephraimite? If he said Nay, then they said unto him, Say now Shibboleth, and he said Sibboleth, for he could not frame to pronounce it right. Then they laid hold of him and slew him at the fords of Jordan. And there fell at that time of Ephraim forty and two thousand."

A Virginia Dish.

In a baking dish place alternate layers of sliced apples and sliced boiled sweet potatoes, each layer sweetened and flavored with nutmeg. Add a lump of butter, pour over a little water and bake slowly until the top is nicely browned. Serve in dish in which it is baked.—National Magazine.

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson IV.—Third Quarter, For July 23, 1911.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, II Chron. xxxiv, 1-13—Memory Verses, 1, 2—Golden Text, Eccl. xii, 1—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

This is an unusually good lesson for the boys, inasmuch as it is the story of a boy king who began to reign when he was only eight years old and he did right in the sight of the Lord, turning neither to the right hand nor to the left. Reference should be made to that other boy, King Joash, who began to reign when he was only seven years old and reigned forty years in Jerusalem. He also did right in the sight of the Lord as long as Jehoiada the priest instructed him, but in his later years he caused Jehoiada's son to be stoned to death because he brought him a rebuke from the Lord (II Kings xii; II Chron. xxiv). Josiah reigned thirty-one years in Jerusalem; but, although he was a good king and wrought great reforms and kept the greatest passover since the days of Samuel (II Chron. xxxv, 18), yet the last part of his reign was clouded by willfulness, which cost him his life and caused Jeremiah the prophet to lament for him, for Jeremiah prophesied during the last eighteen years of his reign (Jer. i, 1, 2). That even a very young person can serve the Lord we learn also from the story of Samuel, who as a child ministered unto the Lord (I Sam. ii, 18, 21, 26; iii, 1). The prophet Jeremiah said when called to his office, "Ah, Lord God, behold, I cannot speak, for I am a child," but the Lord strengthened him and assured him (Jer. i, 6-9). Timothy from a child knew the Scriptures, and our Blessed Lord said at the age of twelve, "I must be about my Father's business" (Luke ii, 49).

The life of the Lord Jesus was absolutely perfect all through. The life of Samuel was about as nearly perfect as ordinary mortals, by the grace of God, get to it, and with him I associate Joseph and Daniel. But when redeemed by the great sacrifice of Christ we must take no other pattern than His life who left us an example that we should follow His steps (I Pet. ii, 21). The only way is to continually "consider Him" and "run with patience, looking unto Jesus" (Heb. xii, 1-3). One of the most remarkable things about Josiah was that he was mentioned by name 300 years before he was born by an unnamed prophet who predicted that he would do certain things, which he did exactly as predicted (I Kings xiii, 1, 2, and II Kings xxiii, 1-17). Josiah was one of seven men in the Bible story who were mentioned by name before they were born. Let those who are interested search them out.

A very interesting incident to me concerning the other boy king, Joash, is the way the money was obtained to repair the house of the Lord. I refer to the chest, with the hole in the lid, placed by the altar to receive the offerings of the people, and it worked splendidly, and money was gathered in abundance. Whether Josiah gathered his money for repairs in the same way or not it is not said, but the same thing is written in each case concerning the workmen—viz, that no reckoning was kept with them because they dealt faithfully (II Kings xii, 9-15; xxii, 7).

Note that Josiah in doing right in the sight of the Lord, turned neither to the right hand nor to the left (verse 2). Remember the oft repeated phrases in Leviticus, "unto the Lord" and "before the Lord," and the command to Abraham, "Walk before me and be thou sincere" (Gen. xvii, 1, margin).

When he was sixteen years old he began to seek the God of David, his father, and when he was twenty he began to purge Judah and Jerusalem from idols (verse 3), so that he must have sought the Lord according to Jer. xxix, 13. From verse 2 it would seem that he personally superintended the breaking down of the idol altars, and therefore the work would be done thoroughly. Verse 5 refers to the prediction of the man of God in I Kings xiii, 2, which we have already mentioned.

Verses 6 and 7 speak of his carrying his cleansing into four of the other tribes and of his return to Jerusalem. It would seem as if he really did what he could to cleanse the land from idolatry and turn the people back to God. It was the last call from God for just twenty-two years after his death the last batch of captives were carried to Babylon, he being succeeded by four bad kings, who reigned twenty-two years.

In the eighteenth year of his reign, when he was twenty-six years old, he began to repair the house of the Lord his God (verse 8). Four times in verses 8 to 10 the house is mentioned. The tabernacle, for about 500 years, and then the temple were the heart of the national life, and at the beginning and close of the life on earth of the Lord Jesus He cleansed the temple. As was their treatment of the temple, so was their treatment of God, for there He revealed Himself to them.

If as believers we would cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of God, we would know more fully what it means to be temples of the living God, dwelling and walking in us and manifesting Himself to us as our Father, the Lord God Almighty (II Cor. vi, 16; vii, 1).

Clever Paris Beggars.

Begging is forbidden on the Paris boulevards. But one day recently a pale, poorly dressed man was seen timidly approaching various pedestrians. He was evidently not used to begging, and as he told his pathetic story without the requisite boldness people passed him by unnoticed. A man dressed in black stepped up to him and showed him a card. He carried a thick stick and wore a heavy mustache and thick boots, which are the outward and visible signs, with a multicolored ribbon in the buttonhole, of a detective in plain clothes.

"Now, then, get out of this or I'll run you in," he said roughly. Then in a lower tone, "Poor chap!" and furtively he gave the man some silver.

People had seen him do it, and, cheering the kind hearted policeman, they, too, gave to the poor beggar. A few minutes afterward in a side street the two men divided the spoils and moved off separately to ply their trade elsewhere. The detective wasn't a detective at all, but a beggar made up for the part.

Forecasting the Weather.

Of all the scientific departments the weather bureau was started with the least amount of knowledge of its particular subject. Independent observers had gathered a small amount of disassociated facts and based conclusion as it suited them upon the facts. But meteorology was a very indefinite thing, strongly fibered with bad guesses, myths, traditions and theories. It was like the German grammar of which Mark Twain complained. For every page of rules there were forty pages of exceptions. When the weather bureau was started it was with little worth while. It had to map out a campaign of study, and there was no way of telling how long it might be before the study would permit of the laying down of rules. Every one knows that the bureau is far more efficient than it was. It is getting the hang of the weather, learning its multitudinous tricks, its coyness and treachery. It is in the nature of the case a slow affair.—Toledo Blade.

Not to Be Deceived.

"John," she asked after she had finished packing her trunk, "will you remember to water the flowers in the porch boxes every day?"

"Yes, dear. I'll see that they are properly moistened regularly."

"And the rubber plant in the dining room. You know it will have to be sprayed about three times a week."

"I'll remember it."

"I'm afraid you'll forget the canary and let the poor little thing starve."

"Don't worry about the bird, dear. I'll take good care of him."

"But I feel sure you'll forget about keeping the curtains drawn so that things won't all be faded out when I get back."

"Don't give yourself a moment's uneasiness about the curtains. I'll keep the house as dark as a tunnel."

"John, I'm not going. You have some reason for being anxious to get rid of me."—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Druids.

The Druids were evidently of very great antiquity, for there cannot be much doubt that it was one of their customs that Virgil had in mind when he wrote in the "Aeneid," vi, 142, that the "only means of access for a living mortal to the world of spirits was the carrying of a golden twig which grew in a dark and thick grove." The resemblance of the story to the Druidical rite is perfect. The Druids practiced their rites in dark groves. If a mistletoe was discovered growing upon an oak a priest severed it with a knife, and a festival was held under the tree at which two milk white bulls were offered as a sacrifice. This was a sacrifice to the sun god, and the mistletoe, from its pale greenish yellow tint, was regarded as a kind of vegetable gold and was accordingly looked upon as being a fit offering to the sun.—New York American.

Catching Speed.

Two wild eyed horses, wearing dilapidated harness and drawing a battered delivery wagon, stopped at the stable door.

"Just had a runaway!" panted the driver.

"Then, for heaven's sake, don't put those horses in with the other horses that will soon go out on a trip," said the head hostler. "If you do they'll run away too. They always do. Before I learned as much about horses as I know now I brought on a dozen runaways by doing that fool trick. The horses that have just been on a spree are still worked up to fever pitch, the rest of the horses catch the spirit of the devil from them, and as soon as they get out they take a header."—New York Times.

Deep Mourning.

The manager of the theater racked his brain in vain.

"We must do something," he repeated bitterly. "People will expect us to do something to show respect to the proprietor now that he is dead."

"Shall we close for the night of the funeral?" suggested the assistant stage manager.

"With this business? You're a fool, laddie, a fool. No; put the chorus in black stockings."

And it was even so.—Sporting Times

Adaptable.

Client—Before we decide on the house my husband asked me to inquire if the district is at all unhealthy. House Agent—Er—what is your husband's profession, madam? Client—He is a physician. House Agent—Hum—er—well, I'm afraid truth compels me to admit that the district is not too healthy.—London Opinion.

An Endurance Test.

"Here is an account of a remarkable endurance test."

"Umph! Some couple been married for fifty years?"—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Punctuation.

Pupil—Which is the proper punctuation to use after the word "cash" when entered up in the ledger?

Teacher—Well, it's immaterial, but some people usually make a dash after cash.—New York Times.

Jealousy.

Nell—He swore I was the only girl he had ever loved. Belle—For my part, I don't care for amateurs.—Philadelphia Record.

Fear is far more painful to coward-ice than death to true courage.—Sidney.

Thackeray's Disfigured Nose.

The usual account of how Thackeray was disfigured says that Venables broke the novelist's nose in a fair fight. John Ward in Notes and Queries supplies another version. About a year after Thackeray's death Mr. Ward was traveling on one of the main railways and had as companions two old ladies who knew Thackeray well. One of them said the novelist had told them this story:

"Being one of the youngest pupils at Charterhouse, he was chosen by one of the older lads, a rather proud aristocrat in his way, to act as his fag. Thackeray bore it as well as he could, but demurred to some more arbitrary command than usual and flatly refused to obey, whereupon the young 'aristocrat' caught Thackeray up, held his head under his arm and with the heel of his boot used as a hammer beat the beautiful aquiline nose quite flat with his face—in fact, breaking and injuring its structure completely—the excuse being, 'You'll clean my boots next time, sir.'"

Before his injury Thackeray was the same authority says, remarkably handsome.—Westminster Gazette.

Joy comes, grief goes, we know not how.—Lowell.

Boston & Northern St. Railway Co.

IMPORTANT CHANGE.

Beginning Monday, September 14, 1908, cars will leave North Woburn for Wilmington and Perry's Corner at *6.22, 6.52 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 9.52 p. m. SUNDAYS at 7.52 a. m., then same as week days.

Leave Wilmington Square for Perry's Corner at 7.07 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 10.07 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.07 a.m., then same as week days.

Leave Perry's Corner for Wilmington Square and North Woburn at 7.22 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 10.22 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.22 a. m., then as week days.

Leave Wilmington Square for North Woburn at 6.45, 7.37 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 10.37 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.37 a. m., then same as week days.

At North Woburn cars due at 5 minutes past the hour connect with the 37 minutes past for Sullivan Square. On return, take car leaving Sullivan Sq. at 47 mins. past each hour, due at North Woburn at 52 minutes past, and connect with car leaving there at 52 minutes past the hour for Wilmington Square and Perry's Corner.

*To Wilmington Depot only.

ALBERT K. MYERS, Div. Supt.
THOMAS LEES, Supt.
Woburn Sept. 10, 1908.

Boston & Nothern Street Railway Company.

Important change of time on Lowell and Boston Route, via Billerica, Burlington, Woburn, Winchester and Medford. In effect September 14, 1908.

Cars will leave Merrimack Sq. Lowell

FOR BOSTON—5.25 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 9.25 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 1.25 p m until 9.55 p m) 10.25 p m to Woburn only. SUNDAYS—6.55 a m and every 30 minutes until 9.55 p m, 10.25 p m to Woburn only. RETURN—Leave Sullivan Square at 6.32 a m and every 60 minutes until 9.32 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 12.32 p m until 9.32 p m SUNDAYS—7.32 a m and every 30 minutes until 9.32 p m.

Leave Billerica Centre

FOR WOBURN—6.02 and every 60 minutes until 11.02 p m., then 11.32 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 2.02 p m until 11.32 p. m.) SUNDAYS—7.32 a m and every 30 minutes until 11.02 p m RETURN—Leave Woburn at 5.22 a m and every 60 minutes until 10.22 p m., then 11.00 p m. (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 1.22 p m until 10.22 p m., then 11.00 p m) SUNDAYS—6.52 a m and every 30 minutes until 10.22 p m.

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When the World Was Drunk.

Nowhere in all the world today can be found as many confirmed drunkards as there were among the Thracians, the Iberians, the Celts or the Scythians. The man who didn't get drunk every day or two was regarded as queer. The Greeks were moderate drinkers until they began to copy the luxury of the Persian feasts. The Romans imitated the Greeks. Then the whole world went on a mad drunk. It was a saturnalia. Caligula owes his niche in the hall of fame to the drunken banquets with which he made even Rome marvel. The excesses made fashionable by such potentates as Lucullus, Nero, Verres, Tiberius, Caligula, Vitellius and Domitian really began in the days of Pompeii, and they mark the beginning of the end of the republic.—Argonaut.

Shekels and Half Shekels.

The early Biblical references to pieces of silver do not in the original convey the idea of coins, but of weights, shekels. The Mosaic "oblation to God" was a half shekel, and the shekel is explained by Josephus as equal to four Athenian drachmae of the value of about 55½ cents in American money. The first Jewish coinage under authority was, it is believed, struck by Simon, the Maccabee, about the year 140 B. C. It consisted of shekels and half shekels. This coinage had its value signified upon it, "Shekel Israel," in Samaritan characters.

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MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.
On and after July 1, 1903.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,
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From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.50, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 6.30 p. m,

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR
Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.06 a. m., 12.20, 2.30, 3.50, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct, 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

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—SUNDAYS.—
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29	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
31	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
32	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
34	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
35	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
36	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford-sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Mishawum Road and Washington St.
43	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
57	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
58	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
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The Truth About Maisie

She Proved That Sometimes "the End Justifies the Means"

By AGNES G. BROGAN

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The boyish looking young pastor of Trinity church frowned darkly and removed a footstool which stood in his way in a very unclerical manner, while the sweet faced old lady who sat near by folded a letter which she had been reading aloud.

"Well, David," she asked, "what shall we do about it?"

"There is just one thing to be done, of course," her son answered promptly; "we must send for my brother's child and ask her to make this her home."

The old lady readjusted her spectacles and referred again to the letter. "Richard was ambitious to be a great artist," she said slowly, "and I can picture the lifelong struggle which ended only in defeat. But at the last he remembered his mother.

"'Take care of my little girl,' he writes. 'She is an irresponsible, thoughtless creature, sound and good at heart. Watch over her, I entreat you, and use your influence, if possible, in persuading her to leave the stage. A letter addressed to her proper name, "Miss M. E. Randolph, Golden Butterfly company, New York," will be forwarded wherever she may be.'"

And so it happened that Miss Randolph, sitting in her dressing room at the theater a few days later, was handed a letter, and her large dark eyes grew wider and brighter still as she read this kindly invitation to become a member of the parsonage household.

"Your grandmother and I will do all in our power to make you happy," the note read, and the girl smiled at the superscription—"David Paul Randolph, pastor of Trinity church, Eastville, N. Y."

She leaned forward and made a little face in the glass, then turned to get a better view of the golden wings suspended from her shoulders. "My dear uncle-minister," she confided to her charming reflection, "I don't really believe you could make me happy—in Eastville."

Telegrams in Eastville were usually associated with death or disaster, so when David Randolph received a yellow envelope his mother waited in suspense as he read the brief message.

"What is it?" she asked impatiently, while his puzzled expression changed to one of amusement.

"The Golden Butterflies have arrived in New York," he answered dryly, "and I am to meet 'Maisie' at Eastville station at 9 o'clock tonight."

"Maisie," the old lady repeated doubtfully.

Rain came pelting against the study windows, and the wind, screeching down the garden path, threw wide the door. A girl stood there in the aperture, wearing a fur trimmed scarlet cloak, whose hue rivaled the firelight; she tilted back her head in order to glance from beneath the huge brim of a plume decked hat.

"You did not hear me knock," she announced. "I'm Maisie."

The young pastor came forward quickly. "Your telegram has just reached us," he explained. "I expected to meet you on the 9 o'clock train."

Maisie laughed. "I intended to leave New York later," she said. "When you know me better you will learn that the unexpected usually happens where I am concerned."

With a sudden impulse the elder woman took the other, scarlet cloak and all, into her embrace.

"Granddaughter, don't go back to that life," she said. "Stay and take your father's place in our home."

The girl drew in her breath sharply. "I will stay as long as you wish," she replied, "if you will like me for my own sake."

So the Golden Butterflies packed up and left New York, while Maisie remained at the quiet parsonage. The hitherto silent house now rang with her gay songs and laughter, and the creases and lines which "dull care" had traced upon the tired pastor's face vanished. Maisie laid aside the scarlet cloak and monstrous hat at his bidding, and with a sigh of regret folded away the orange silk which had caused such a tumult of criticism among his congregation. She even endeavored to smooth back the riotous curls which had been her pride and appeared at church one day with neatly banded hair and attired in a gray gown of severe simplicity. It was pleasant to remember, as the pastor went about his duties, that Maisie would be there to welcome him when he returned, and he would hasten his steps in anticipation. It was pleasant also for the old lady to sit resting in the twilight as Maisie sang the half forgotten songs—ending up, perhaps, with a very modern burst of ragtime. But gradually a cloud appeared upon this happy horizon; the girl herself grew restless and dissatisfied; she spent afternoons in the city, returning at evening silent and depressed.

"Do you think," the young minister asked haltingly, "that it is the old life calling her back?"

His mother hesitated a moment. "David," she said presently, "did it ever occur to you that Maisie may have a lover?"

His face turned strangely white. "You mean"— he asked abruptly.

"A letter came for her this morning with the name of a theater stamped upon the envelope," the old lady replied. "Maisie gave a glad cry when I brought it and ran up to her room. Later she came down and, bidding me goodby, left for the city, making no explanation." The old lady paused again.

"Mrs. Thayer saw her coming from the stage entrance of a vaudeville theater after a matinee performance a few days ago," she added impressively.

"She is not acting fair," he exclaimed passionately. "If she has grown tired of our quiet ways why doesn't she say so? We would not force her to stay. I am going to find Maisie now," he cried, "and make her own the truth."

His mother followed him to the door, and her voice trembled. "Oh, David," she said, "it will be hard indeed to let her go."

He was just in time, no more. The great crowd came flocking through the doorways of the theater, and the young minister grimly stood waiting beneath a sign which informed him that this was the stage entrance. He was conscious of many questioning glances from various members of the company who passed laughingly on their way. Maisie came last, and his heart hammered painfully as he saw her. She carried a sheath of crimson roses in her arms, and a distinguished looking man accompanied her. She stopped in astonishment at sight of David.

"You?" she breathed.

"Yes, Maisie," he answered quietly. "I have come to take you home."

She held out her hand to the man at once. "Goodby, Tom," she said gently, then turned to walk obediently at David's side. In silence they traversed the streets and boarded a waiting train; then he leaned toward her.

"Oh, little girl," he said earnestly, "why did you not tell us you longed to go back to the stage—that you were tired of our simple home life?"

She looked up at him with tear bright eyes. "Because," she answered distinctly, "I have never been on the stage; because the hours spent in your home have been the happiest ones of my life."

"My dear niece," he was beginning when she interrupted him wildly.

"That is also untrue," she said; "I am not your niece. Oh, let me tell my disgraceful story quickly, and when it is over and you have bidden me goodby believe that your kindness has not been wasted, even upon an impostor. Can you think what it means to be homeless, utterly friendless? That was my condition. My father, a poor professor of music, left mother and me years ago to struggle on alone; she sewed day and night to earn our bread, while I attended school. When she died a year ago I suddenly realized my own helplessness. A modiste for whom mother had sewed finally agreed to give me small parts to embroider, and it was a happy chance which led me thus to meet that little theatrical favorite, that warm hearted girl, your niece, Marion Randolph. She kept me busily employed, paying generously for my work and later declared that we had become too necessary to each other to be parted, so we traveled on together, while I made myself useful to her in various ways. Marion had a faithful lover, manager of the company, and when her father died in Chicago he insisted upon taking care of her at once, and they were married, with myself the only attendant. Soon after came your letter offering this greatly admired and petted little actress the shelter of a peaceful home.

"Oh, how desperately I wished that the offer had been made to me!

"'If we might only change places, Marion,' I said regretfully. And in a moment she was urging, suggesting delightful possibilities. 'Why not?' she insisted. 'You will suit them much better than me. Tommie can provide all the home I want. Go for a time, anyway, and when they have learned the truth, Maisie, they will love you too well to let you go.'

"Marion can persuade, indeed, when she tries, and, carried away by her enthusiasm, I recklessly entered into the plot and followed the telegram she had sent, even wearing the clothes she had provided."

Maisie's voice faltered.

"I have been happy, happy, until my numbed conscience awoke to reproach me continually. When the Golden Butterflies came to New York I sought out Marion, telling her that I must confess, and she sent a note saying that if I was determined in my purpose she would be waiting, ready to take me away with her. The man whom you saw me with a short time ago is Marion's husband."

The faltering voice broke into a little sob.

"Please," the girl begged, "do not tell your mother all until I have gone away."

She followed the young minister blindly down the aisle, and when the train rushed panting on again he turned to her eagerly.

"Oh, Maisie, dear," he said. "Do you think we could let you go?"

"But I have deceived you," she repeated wonderingly. "I am not your niece. Do you not understand?"

"I understand many things now," he replied. "Man can get along without a niece, little girl. What he really needs is a wife."

And a little old lady sitting alone in the firelight looked up as the two figures appeared in the doorway, a sort of subdued happiness seeming to infold them both. The girl's eyes shone starlike above an armful of strangely crushed and drooping roses.

"Maisie," the mother cried, "you have come home?"

"Yes," her son answered joyously, "Maisie has come home to stay."

CLOTH IN THE MAKING.

The Way the Uncouth Product of the Loom Is Finished.

Every woven fabric is made by crossing or interlacing two distinct series of threads together. When the yarn comes from the spinner it is mounted upon the loom in spools, writes Rupert Bowers in Harper's Weekly. So wonderfully automatic are these modern looms that when a bobbin is emptied it is forced out and a full spool is put in its place without stopping the loom. There are all classes of looms for all classes of material, from the thinnest fabrics up to the thickest felts. To attempt to describe one of them or the principles on which they are constructed would involve the reader in a wilderness of technicalities. The power loom is one of the most remarkable and complex of mechanical products, the growth of many years of experience and ingenuity and the crystallization of the inventive genius of many minds.

The cloth in the shop window resembles the cloth as it comes from the loom so remotely that there would seem to be no relationship between them. The first product of the loom is usually uncouth, harsh and anything but inviting in appearance. It has to pass through many processes before it is finished and made ready for the market. It is first mended so as to correct weaving faults as far as possible. Then it is scoured and thoroughly cleansed. Again it is looked over and mended before it passes to the fulling or milling machine which, with soap and fuller's earth, produces the finish that is required. Then it is scoured again.

Tentering is the next process. This sets the cloth at a satisfactory width and straightens it for the operations that follow, the first of which is called raising. The millions of tiny hooks on the gigging machine raise up the fibers on the surface of the cloth and leave them in an upright position. The pile or nap is the result. This produces a remarkable change in the appearance and condition of the fabric. Shearing is the next thing. This cuts off all the raised fibers, leaving them of a uniform length. The required gloss and solidity are obtained by the pressing which follows.

A JOLLY TIME AT HOME.

Advice to the Man Whose Wife Is Away on a Vacation.

During any time when your wife is on an extended visit with her relatives you can save money from your board allowance by keeping house for yourself. You may find the following suggestions helpful:

If you forget to order ice you can render the butter serviceable in the following manner: Take a cut glass finger bowl and fill it with cool water. Scrape the butter into the finger bowl. When ready to spread your bread extract your butter in quantities as needed with the cucumber lifter. That's that flat silver spoon with holes in it.

If you smell smoke you will doubtless find the lamp is smoking and the room is covered with soot. First turn the wick down to save oil, then get a damp cloth and go over everything carefully, rinsing out the cloth from time to time. When cleaning the walls use only a downward motion, so that the streaks will all run vertically.

Not having your wife's social charm, you will doubtless be given tough steak by your butcher. One way to make steak tender is to run it repeatedly through the sewing machine. Use a coarse needle, but no thread. The bobbin trough will catch the juice, which can be used later for gravy. If you take out the bobbin first you will have more room for the juice.—Walter A. Dyer in Delineator.

A Washless Washboard.

"Women haven't the artistic temperament," complained the orchestra musician to the Cleveland Plain Dealer. "That's why I am unmarried. Oh, yes, I was married once. I thought to acquire a woman who could take care of my home, make a little domestic place of refuge for me and all that, but the dream soon fled.

"A few days after I was married my bride came to me and said: 'Dear, that new washboard you got for me is no good at all. I can't wash your socks on it.'

"'Washboard!' says I. 'Why, I never bought you a washboard.' But she led me out into the kitchen and showed me what she'd been scrubbing away on all the morning. Great heavens! It was my new xylophone."

Rebuking an Emperor.

Once, so the story goes, Emperor Nicholas of Russia asked Liszt to play in his presence. The musician complied, but during the performance the czar started a conversation with an aid-de-camp. Liszt stopped playing at once. The czar asked what was the matter. "When the emperor speaks," said Liszt, "every one must be silent." The czar smilingly took the hint, and the playing proceeded.

Didn't Have To.

"Did you hear the rain in the night?"

"Yes."

"Pleasant music, wasn't it?"

"I didn't notice the music. I was too busy hustling around closing the windows. Didn't it keep you busy too?"

"Oh, no! We rent a furnished house, you know."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Her Concession.

"How do you know she's older than you are?"

"Why, she admitted it herself."

"Honestly? What did she say?"

"She said, 'You and I are just the same age, dearie.'"—Toledo Blade.

A Tragedy.

"How did you like my new tragedy?"

"Tragedy? I thought it was comedy."

"So did I till I got my check for the profits."

Paradoxical.

"All this time the cashier was burning the candle at both ends."

"And keeping it dark. Well, I declare!"—Exchange.

A GRANITE BOMB.

Jack Frost Hurled It Down Into the Yosemite Valley.

Delicate frost tracings on the window panes seem to be the work of fanciful and harmless sportiveness, but the hand that forms them is capable of greater deeds and of other kinds. Mr. J. Smeaton Chase, in "Yosemite Trails," describes an experience that must have been wonderfully impressive to the spectator. He had been spending some weeks in exploring the Yosemite valley and the "great rocks," like El Capitan, that wall it in.

Standing one day of late autumn about the middle of the valley, I was startled by a report like a cannon shot, which filled the whole valley with echoes that roared and boomed, replied and multiplied, in a long continued, glorious tumult.

As the deafening sound died away in sullen mutterings under the vizor of El Capitan I was able to distinguish the point of attack by the long, clattering descent of a vast quantity of rock.

The night had been a cold one in the valley, and on the seven to eight thousand foot levels of the upper rim the temperature must have dropped almost to zero.

Frost, working quietly with his Archimedean lever, had just succeeded in shifting from the shoulder the sentinel a trifle of fifty tons or so of granite. For near a thousand feet the bowlder fell sheer, swift and silent; then, striking the cliff, it burst like a bomb, shattered into a myriad flying shards and splinters and dislodged a smother of fragments that trickled down to the valley in a stream that lasted for minutes.

Then from the spot where the bowlder had struck dust began to rise into the sunny air, slowly building up and burgeoning like a summer cloud and every whit as snowy. It was the flour of granite, powdered instantaneously by the terrific shock.

GOWNS AND OMENS.

Odd Superstitions That Darken the Dressmaker's Shop.

"Women who wear fine dresses are as superstitious as the girls who make them," said a dressmaker. "If the little accidents that happen in the workroom were not mercifully concealed from the owners of rich gowns they would be sick with apprehension half the time. I had one customer who refused to accept a very expensive dress because a girl who assisted with the fitting dropped a pair of scissors, which fell point down and stuck in the floor. That meant an order for mourning within six months. The customer hoped that by refusing the hoodoo dress she could avert the calamity, but the precaution was useless. In less than three months her father was dead.

"Girls are especially particular in their work on wedding dresses, for if a tiny drop of blood from a pricked finger should fall on the gown the bride would surely die before the end of the year. Then there is green thread. Whether the customer is there to see it or not, no dressmaker will keep green thread near spools of another color. Green thread used for basting means the return of a dress for alterations, and there is enough trouble of that kind in a dressmaking establishment without deliberately bidding for it.

"Women who are themselves superstitious are never surprised or offended at a sewing girl's untidy coiffure. The girls tumble their hair about on purpose when working on a large order, for it is a sacred belief among dressmakers that a hair inadvertently worked into the garment shows that more work is coming soon from the same customer."—New York Sun.

Relieved.

"Where did you get these examples of faultily constructed sentences?" asked Dr. Campbell, the great rhetorician, of a student.

"Out of one of your books, doctor."

"What? Where? Out of one of my books?"

"Yes, sir; out of your 'Rhetoric.'"

"Out of my 'Rhetoric!'" roared the doctor. "Impossible! Never did I make use of such language. You are mistaken, badly mistaken. But—but—where in my 'Rhetoric' did you find such composition?" he demanded angrily.

"In the part, 'Sentences to be Corrected.'"

"O-h-h-h-h-h! A-h-h-h-h! Yes, yes," said the relieved doctor.—Philadelphia North American.

Too Much For Her.

Calling one day to see an old friend who was visiting her married son, I inquired of the colored maid who answered the bell, "Is Mrs. Smith at home?"

"Yas'm, she home," the girl replied, showing no inclination to invite me in. "She here, all right, but she got a misery in de haid."

"Mrs. Smith senior?" I asked with concern.

"Seen me!" she exclaimed suspiciously. "Cose she seen me. Hucconie she nin' see me w'en she hire me las' night huh own self?" And she indignantly shut the door.—Lippincott's.

The Worst.

"My wife has been having some trouble with her throat," confided a friend, "and I got pretty worried about it and sent for a doctor. He examined her and looked very grave, and that scared me even worse. So I said, 'Tell me the worst at once, Doc,' and he whispered, 'She will recover her voice.' And my wife overheard the question and the answer, and now Doc and I are both in bad."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Resentment.

"Did you say I was a cheap trickster?" asked the ward worker.

"No, I didn't," replied the man who is close to the boss. "I merely said you were a trickster."

"Well, that's all right, but don't you ever insinuate that I am doing a cut business."—Washington Star.

PAPUAN SAVAGES

The Most Treacherous of All the South Sea Natives.

A TRIBE OF HEAD HUNTERS.

The Solomon Islanders Kill and Eat Their Enemies as an Incident of Their Weird Religious Rites—Storming a House In a Treetop.

The name Papuan is that given to the dark skinned people who inhabit the greater number of islands in the part of the Pacific ocean known as Polynesia and Melanesia and whose headquarters, as it were, are in the great island of Papua or New Guinea. Under this description come the inhabitants of the Solomon islands.

So evil has been the reputation of the Solomon islanders that until quite recently they were carefully avoided, and very little was known about them. They have the name of being the most treacherous of all the south sea natives, yet, considering the treatment they have received in the past at the hands of white men, this is not to be wondered at. Indeed, the wonder is that they allow any white man at all in their country. But now that they have had a chance of seeing some more favorable specimens than the dregs of humanity who formerly drifted to the south seas they are much improved, and a man who treats them fairly may, as a rule, go among them without fear.

Still, even now there is a beautiful uncertainty about the life of a south sea trader. One day he may be surrounded by cringing natives who obey his every word. But some night, if he has cheated the Papuan too grossly, there is murder in the moonlight, and the trader is never heard of more. Often, however, there seems to be no reason for the natives turning against the whites. It is simply that they object to having a trader in their midst. So they burn his goods and end by killing him.

The Solomon islanders are as keen head hunters as the Borneans and every year, except where they are held in check by the British government, set out on head hunting raids pure and simple. Although cannibalism is still practiced in the wilder parts of the group, it is nowadays mostly a religious ceremony and not a matter of diet. The islanders do not generally kill and eat people for enjoyment, but either because their religion demands a human sacrifice or because a head is needed for some ceremony.

In Ysabel, one of the largest islands in the Solomon group, the natives build houses in the highest trees to escape from the attacks of head hunting parties, who sometimes come as far as 200 miles in their search for skulls. One of these houses was built in a tree 150 feet high. All the lower branches had been cut off, so that the stem was quite bare until the platform, some eighty feet from the ground, was reached. Access was had to the house by a rickety ladder composed of rungs lashed to a stout pole with rope of twisted cane. When an attack is expected the women and children take refuge in these houses, while the men keep watch. They warn each other of the approach of a fleet by a curious cry which once heard is never to be forgotten. These houses are substantially built, as often the inhabitants have to withstand a long siege in them. The floor is made of plaited bamboo laid on a layer of bark which rests upon the platform. The walls are of bamboo, and the roof is thatched with sage palm. The particular house to which I have referred measured 30 by 15 feet, and forty persons had been known to take refuge in it. If the attacking party land and the men cannot resist them successfully they, too, ascend to the tree house. A pile of large stones is always kept ready for emergencies outside the door of the platform, and these the men hurl down on their foes. Sometimes, however, the enemy construct a shelter beneath which they can work away and cut the tree down, and they have even been known to ascend the tree while the inhabitants were off their guard and set fire to the house.

Nowadays, however, head hunting is indulged in only on special occasions. Often, indeed, when a head is required the chief gives notice of the fact to the different tribes and offers a reward for one. The chiefs of the villages look around, and if in any of them there is a native who has made himself objectionable for any reason they decide that his head shall come off and the reward be earned. The victim is not told of his impending fate, but is carefully watched by a man who has been told to secure his head. He watches every movement of his victim and when a favorable opportunity presents itself quickly and remorselessly kills him, cuts off his head and carries it to the chief, who pays for it in shell money. This even happens to white men if they have made themselves unpopular. Money is paid over for the skull, which goes to join the chief's collection.—John Foster Frazer in New York Tribune.

Proud of It.

Collector—I'm going to print a book of deadbeats' pictures, and you're going to be on the front page. Egotistical Nopal—Say, how much would I have to owe to get on the cover?—Chicago News.

Happiness grows at our own firesides and is not to be picked up in strangers' galleries.—Douglas Jerrold.

An Afterthought.

"Ye-es," remarked a young husband at breakfast, "these biscuits are pretty good, but don't you think there ought to be a little more"—

"Your mother made them," interrupted the wife quickly.

—"of them?" ended the husband, with a flash of inspiration.

Man is his own star, and that soul that can be honest is the only perfect —Fletcher.

The Woburn Journal

Telephone 85.
Residence 280.

FRIDAY, JULY 28, 1911

RECIPROCITY ASSURED.

Last Saturday afternoon, July 22, 1911, the Democratic members of the U. S. Senate, with the help of the stalwart Republicans and two or three Insurgents, passed President Taft's pet project, the Canadian Reciprocity bill, without a single amendment of the 22 offered being accepted, by a majority of 53 to 27.

The Softshell Republicans, or Insurgents, have opposed the measure from the start and, under the leadership of Senator LaFollett of Wisconsin, voted against its passage last Saturday.

Last Sunday the President said publicly that the Democrats passed the measure; that it could not have gone through without their work and vote; and he thanked them, with all his heart, for it. The House of Representatives had previously passed it, and the Senate adopted it without change or amendment.

It is doubtful if a measure containing as much politics as this one has found its way into Congress for many a year.

ANOTHER TERM.

It is reported that Representative J. H. Parker, Jr., of this city is being carefully groomed for another term in the Massachusetts Great and General Court. He has a host of personal friends and a larger political following than any other Democrat in the 20th District, so his party leaders claim, and that he can easily beat any man who is likely to receive the nomination against him.

Representative Parker has been less active and conspicuous in the House of late than he was during the first couple of months of his service there, and he has failed to meet the predictions of his friends that he would do great things; but still he is a popular young man, and is more likely to get the Democratic nomination than any other candidate for the honor.

MIMIC WAR.

The largest "War Game" in which the Massachusetts volunteer Militia have ever been engaged which is still in progress on battlefields near here, with Governor Eugene N. Foss as Commander-in-Chief of the forces on both sides, will close next Sunday.

The opposing armies are divided into the "Red" and "Blue" Brigade, the headquarters of the former being at Suntaug Lake in Lynnfield, and those of the latter at Billerica.

The 5th M. V. R., of which Co. G (Woburn Phalanx) are a member, compose a part of the fighting forces of the "Red" Brigade.

FOR REPRESENTATIVE.

Mr. Henry L. Andrews, as announced elsewhere in this paper, will be a Republican candidate for one of the Representatives to the Massachusetts Great and General Court this fall.

We have not heard whether Mr. Bean will be a candidate for another term, or not.

☞ "The Cruel War" is over, or nearly so, and Co. G, without the loss of a man, are expected to reach their Armory in this city tomorrow or next day. The two Armies were named respectively the Red and the Blue, the former commanded by Col. Pew of the Ninth Regiment, M. V. M., and the latter by General Clarke of the U. S. A. The 5th Massachusetts Regiment Headquarters during the sanguinary conflict were in Lynnfield on the far side of Reading; while the camps of the Blues were in Billerica. Co. G of Woburn fought with the Reds, of course, and won stacks of laurel for their bravery and soldierly conduct during the military operations of the two rmies in battle, march, and bivouac. The Blues were in the scrap for the capture of Boston; while the Reds were arrayed in defense of the "Sacred Codfish," and equally venerated and cherished Frog Pond. At last accounts Umpire-in-Chief had not reported on the result of the big battle, but it was generally believed that the Reds had won it.

☞ The new managers of the old firm of W. A. Greenough and Co., 65 Broad street, Boston, Directory publishers, promise that the Woburn City Directory, which they are now at work on and canvassing for, shall be the best ever. The firm of Greenough & Co. are well known all over New England they having been engaged in getting out Directories from a date in the past so remote that the memory of man "runneth not to the contrary." And now the old house has had new blood infused into its veins, and its business is just more than booming.

☞ We thank the fair and accomplished Editor of *Boston Ideas*, a high grade weekly devoted chiefly to drama and fashionable society news and comment, for duly appreciated courtesies of late.

PLEASED.

The success of President Taft's Reciprocity, or Free Trade, project pleases Governor Foss so much that he returned thanks the other day to the Democrats for putting it through Congress in such fine style.

The Democrats are receiving credit on all hands for their good Reciprocity work.

☞ According to the testimony of Dr. Benjamin Cutter, who flourished in Woburn in 1803-1864, Woburn is entitled to the credit of being the place where, in 1832, the first shoe was made by machinery. His son, Dr. Ephraim Cutter of Braintree and New York says that one day while at home on a college vacation in 1850 his father, Dr. Benjamin, opened a bureau drawer, and produced a pegged shoe, and stated: "Here is the first shoe ever made by machinery. Your uncle Amos Whittemore made it in this house in 1832;" "The Cutter Family of New England" etc. "His (Whittemore's) plan also included machines for cutting the uppers and soles; for buffing and paring the soles and heels and using wire nails for fastening the heels. The slanting of the pegs was his idea." Mr. George E. Keith of Brockton, the great shoe manufacturer, said, on July 21, 1911, that this antedated his knowledge of the present shoe industry.

☞ Of the 33 Woburn soldiers, members of the 5th Massachusetts Infantry Regiment, who took part in the "First Battle of Bull Run," and first in the War of the Rebellion, fought on July 21, 1861, on just 50 years ago last Friday, only 3 are now residents of this city, namely: Edwin F. Wyer, Joseph H. Parker, Warren F. Taylor, the age of each of whom is: Wyer 78; Taylor, 72; Parker, 75.

☞ On August 1, 1880, or 31 years ago next Tuesday, its present proprietor took possession of the Woburn JOURNAL, and during tha long period he has never had a vacation, not for a day, even. It would be hard indeed to make the people of this generation believe it possible for a person to live 31 years without taking an onnual vacation, garnished by nearly monthly holidays.

☞ Mayor Murray has sent another veto to the City Council. This time he objects to spending money for the repair of schoolhouses. He'll beat Gov. Foss yet on vetoes.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements

A. H. Holland—Citation.
R. M. Adams—Citation.
J. G. Maguire—Mort. Sale.
J. W. and E. F. Johnson—Citation.

— Mr. Frank C. Nichols and family are at Littlejohn Island, Casco Bay, for the summer.

— Ex-Ald. Samuel Highly, druggist, and Mrs. Highley are taking their vacation delights at Eastham.

— Miss Annie Seeley, the popular schoolmarm, is at Edgartown, Nantucket, for the balance of the season.

— Judge and Mrs. F. F. Putney of Georgia attended the birthday celebration of Mrs. Bethia Whitford last Sunday.

—Mr. Geo. A. Cammel, auctioneer, real estate and insurance, will hereafter be located at 492 Main street. See ad on first page.

— At the regular monthly meeting of the School Board held last Tuesday evening it was voted to adjourn until the first Tuesday in September.

— Dogdays, or reign of the Dog Star, began last Tuesday, July 25, and will end on Sept. 5 as usual, if nothing, in the meantime, happens to prevent.

— Dr. and Mrs. Seth W. Kelley are nicely settled in their new dwelling house at Central Square. It is a fine place which those worthy people well deserve and will greatly enjoy.

— Capt. E. F. Wyer, P. M. opened his Postal Savings Bank yesterday, July 27, 1911, at the postoffice. He is not prepared to risk an official opinion as to the amount of banking business he will be able to do between now and Christmas.

— Labor Day comes on the 4th of September this year. There is to be no 5 55 B. & M. train that morning the Agent having kindly ordered it withdrawn to give Dick Carton (Conductor,) and Cy Chase (Engineer,) an opportunity to celebrate the holiday, and go to the ball game.

— A story is current that the Lowell leather factories of the American Hide & Leather Co. are to be removed to Woburn. The Co. have been doing a large business here several years, which, it now seems, is to be materially increased. The business has been dull here for some time, and a revival is hoped for.

— Mr. A. E. Myers, Superintendent of the Woburn Division of the Boston & Northern Street Railway, has placed the JOURNAL under profound obligations to him for a generous contribution of valuable and highly entertaining literature in the shape of timetables of the arrival and departure of his cars in this city. They make interesting reading.

— Several rainfalls have moistened the earth and revived vegetation quite considerably this week. They were sorely needed, for the drouth had been long and severe. Within the last few days great rains have saved the corn crop in the Mississippi Valley, the corn belt of the West, and added millions of dollars to the wealth of the farmers there, besides relieving the East from threatened high prices. A few more days of heat and drouth would have destroyed the crop out there.

— The JOURNAL is in receipt of an excellent article from the pen of Mr. William R. Cutter, Librarian Emeritus of the Woburn (Winn) Public Library, which treats learnedly of the connection that Cotton Mather, the celebrated Boston minister of Puritan descent, had with affairs in Woburn in his day and reign, which will appear in these columns at an early date. The people of this city will find it interesting and instructive.

— Haying is about over for the season of 1911. The crop has not been wholly satisfactory in this quarter of New England, the long drouth and unusually hot weather through June and July having seriously affected the growth of the grass and reduced the yield. This, however, depended somewhat on the locality of observation, it being reported that some sections have not suffered materially from the two long dry periods since summer set in. The hay is of excellent quality.

— If Horn Pond was a hundred miles away its shores would be lined with pleasure seekers every summer. As it is, hardly anybody thinks of going to it for outings. It wasn't always thus. There are people now residents of this city who remember when Horn Pond and the tavern near it were favorite inland summer resorts of Boston people, when almost any day, especially Sundays, scores of vehicles lined the sides of the road (now Arlington Road,) and the Pond was alive with rowboats and their merry freight of young people and old. Horn Pond was a gay resort in those days; but its glory departed years ago.

— Miss Hazel French, daughter of Mrs. Margaret French, the professional nurse, is spending a pleasant vacation on the shores of Buzzard's Bay, which shores, by the way, are lined with summer visitors from all over our fair land; while her brother George, 12 years old, came up from "Goodwill Farm," in Fairfield, Maine, a few days ago to visit his grandparents, Policeman and Mrs. Austin G. French of Franklin street, this city. He may be glad to learn that the old appletree in the lane, in the crotch of which he used to curl up into a ball not much larger than one of the Bennett street gray squirrels to wait the coming of his friend, is still standing and as smart and fruitful as ever it was.

— As said by the JOURNAL of July 21 it would be, the 90th anniversary of the birthday of Mrs. Bethia Whitford, relict of the late Hiram Whitford, was observed in a befitting manner at her home, the residence of her daughter, 12 Auburn street, Mrs. James E. Fowle, by her children, grandchildren and nearly 100 callers last Sunday. In the morning she attended divine services at First church, of which she has been a member ever since 1844; and in the afternoon she received visits from several scores of neighbors and friends who brought congratulations, best wishes, and beautiful flowers in great abundance in token of their love and esteem for her. Her son, Mr. W. A. Whitford, General Secretary of the Buffalo, (N. Y.) Y. M. C. A., and wife came from that city, and Judge F. F. Putney and wife of Georgia were present to participate in the celebration. Mrs. Whitford was pleased with the kind attentions shown her by so many people; and Mr. and Mrs James E. Fowle received the visitors courteously.

— The rapidity of the flight of time, the swift coming and going of the months, and the early arrival of cold weather impel us to assure the public that the winter of 1911-12 is to be a far different one from that of 1910-11, meteorologically, for which prudence dictates that preparations for it ought now, or pretty soon, begin. In the laws of nature an extreme never fails to follow an extreme in weather, as in everything else. Last winter there was no snow to speak of, consequently Street Railway Companies got along quite comfortably without snowplows to clear their tracks. Next winter there is to be a radical change in this respect and Mr. J. J. Grothe's orders for snowplows will be largely increased. He is one of the principal builders of snowplows, as well as of carriages, in this part of the country, the former finding purchasers all over New England and beyond its borders. Next winter will experience frequent severe snowstorms and unusual depth of snow; it, therefore, behooves Managers of Street Railways to forward their orders early to Mr. Grothe for plows, and also serves as a cogent reason why he should begin construction of them early next fall. This prediction is made by a weather expert.

— The JOURNAL is thinking seriously of preparing and printing in the near future an article on "Bees," a form of free cooperative work among neighbors very much more in vogue in the rural districts 75 years ago than at the present time; indeed, so far as we have been able to learn, they have become obsolete. Old people still remember the husking, the appleparing, the quilting, and especially the chopping "bee" held for the benefit of the minister. In organizing a Parish in those old times, in addition to the Parsonage, a tract of woodland, called the "Parish Woodlot," was provided to furnish the minister his fuel from year to year, and regularly at a certain season a chopping and hauling "bee" was held by the parishioners at which the good parson's supply of wood, was cut, hauled to the house, and prepared for the capacious old fireplace. During the progress of the labor the minister was liberal among the men with his hard cider, and when the work was finished at the end of the day, which had been one of pleasure as well as performance of duty, the mistress of the house had ready for the tired workers a supper of substantials and delicacies fit for a king. This dispatched, with a parting swig at the cider pitcher, and pipes aglow, the men sought their respective homes.

Solves a Deep Mystery.

"I want to thank you from the bottom of my heart," wrote C. D. Rader, of Lewisburg, W. V., "for the wonderful double benefit I got from Electric Bitters, in curing me of both a severe case of stomach trouble and of rheumatism, from which I had been an almost helpless sufferer for ten years. It suited my case as though made just for me." For dyspepsia, indigestion, jaundice and to rid the system of kidney poisons that cause rheumatism, Electric Bitters has no equal. Try them. Every bottle is guaranteed to satisfy. Only 50c at All Druggists.

Boston Theatres.

B. F. KEITH'S THEATRE.

Following the minstrels at B. F. Keith's Theatre will be another extraordinary attraction in the Old Timers' Variety Show, among those taking part part being some of the most famous actors and actresses before the American public, both on the legitimate and the vaudeville stage. All will go back to the early days when vaudeville was known as "variety." These old timers have already appeared in New York, Philadelphia, and other cities, and made a tremendous hit.

The Funeral.

The funeral of John Henry Finn, late City Clerk of Woburn, was held at 10 o'clock Saturday morning, July 22, 1911, the officiating clergyman being Rev. Walter A. Fegan, Associate pastor of St. Charles (Catholic) church in this city. The attendance was large even for a popular city official. The scores of friends, associates and acquaintances brought and buried the casket in a great variety of choice and beautiful flowers, in which love and esteem were expressed.

City Hall was dressed in deep mourning, and from its staff the American Flag floated at halfmast. The interior of the building was tastefully prepared for the solemn occasion. The city Flag remained at halfmast on the Common while the funeral services were being performed at the church, and the long procession of carriages and foot people passed on the way to Calvary cemetery at East Woburn, where the remains were sorrowfully consigned to their last earthly restingplace. Business houses were closed and while the long line of mourners, sympathizers and friends passed through the streets a church bell solemnly tolled his age.

Such conspicuous honors to the memory of Mr. John H. Finn were deserved and appropriately paid.

Probate Judge Record.

The Boston *Globe*, in its odd items from everywhere, states that "Judge William W. Blodgett of Pawtucket, R. I., is the oldest Judge of Probate in the United States. Judge Blodgett was 87 years old July 8. He has been Judge of the Pawtucket Probate Court for 41 years."

Judge Nathaniel Hobbs of North Berwick, Maine, was born September 10, 1824, and consequently is not quite 87 years of age. He was first elected Judge in this county in the year 1872, just a little less than 40 years ago.—*Biddeford, (Me.) Journal.*

Recently Judge Hobbs closed the famous Mrs. Ole Bull will case, at which he presided as Judge of the York County Probate Court, which continued its sessions daily several weeks, and involved the disposition of $500,000, in which he exhibited physical and intellectual vigor equal to that possessed by him 40 years ago, when first elected Judge.

The No. Berwick Hobbses have always been noted for holding on to life as long as they could.

Saves Two Lives.

"Neither my sister nor myself might be living today, if it had not been for Dr. King's New Discovery" writes A. D. McDonald of Fayetteville, N. C., R. F. D. No. 8, "for we both had frightful coughs that no other remedy could help. We were told my sister had consumption. She was very weak and had night sweats but your wonderful medicine completely cured us both. Its the best I ever used or heard of." For sore lungs, coughs, colds, hemorrhage, la-grippe, asthma, hay fever, croup, whooping cough,—all bronchial troubles, its supreme. Trial bottle free. 50c, $1.00. Guaranteed by All Druggists.

A Candidate.

Geo. A. Hobbs,
Editor WOBURN JOURNAL:

Dear Sir:

I intend to enter the primaries this fall as a candidate for Representative from the 20th Middlesex District on the Republican ticket.

My papers are duly signed and will be forwarded to the Secretary of the Commonwealth in due time.

Official,
HENRY L. ANDREWS.

Whistler's Eccentricities.

Whistler's remarkable genius is no doubt responsible for his many eccentricities. He quarreled indiscriminately with friend and foe, and for him the public were a set of ignoramuses who had no right to any opinion whatever.

Especially well known is his quarrel with John Ruskin, who in his "Ars Clavigera" had heaped scorn on one of Whistler's "Nocturnes" in the following language, "I have seen and heard much of cockney impudence before now, but never expected to hear a coxcomb ask 200 guineas for flinging a pot of paint in the public's face." The artist promptly sued for damages, and in the celebrated trial which followed he was awarded one farthing, which coin he triumphantly wore as a watch charm ever afterward.

In his art work, as in his own personal appearance, Whistler was fastidious. His palettes were beautifully wiped, his brushes faultlessly kept, and as for his general behavior it was foreign, one may even say exotic.

Be Slow to Indorse.

"A man should think before he speaks," said the prudent youth.

"Yes," replied Dustin Stax. "And he should think still harder before he writes his name on the back of any sort of document."—Washington Star.

Suspicious.

Bank President—What's the matter? Bank Vice President—I was just thinking. I sat next to our cashier in church yesterday, and I don't quite like the way he sings "Will they miss me when I'm gone?"—Puck.

Seizing the Opportunity.

Crabshaw—If you insist on this new gown I'll have to get it on credit. Mrs. Crabshaw—As long as it's going to be charged, dear, I may as well get a more expensive one.—Life.

Poverty is the sixth sense.—German Proverb.

Old Soldier Tortured.

"For years I suffered unspeakable torture from indigestion, constipation and liver trouble," wrote A. K. Smith, a war veteran at Erie, Pa., "but Dr. King's New Life Pills fixed me all right. They are simply great." Try them for any stomach, liver or kidney trouble. Only 25c at All Druggists.

LEGISLATIVE PROGRESS

Many Matters Claim Attention of the State Solons

UNITED SHOE MACHINERY UP

Its Status Brought to Attention of General Court—Governor's Failure to Reappoint Warren Criticised—Middlesex County Officials Exonerated

The week closes with the legislature still in session. This is to be a record breaking sitting of the great and general court. In the Butler year the legislature sat until July 27. Governor Foss has broken several records and it looks as if he would compel the legislature to eclipse all previous sessions as to length. One of the chief things for late consideration has been the workingmen's compensation bill. There have been many opinions expressed by members that this measure was unconstitutional. Lawyers generally seem to take that view.

The attack of Governor Foss on the United Shoe Machinery company was not a matter of surprise to people on Beacon Hill. It has been hinted for several weeks that he intended before the session closed to call the attention of the legislature to this corporation. In his message he says that further legislation should be enacted. Accompanying the message was a letter from Attorney General Swift to the governor. Mr. Swift declared that he was unable to find in the governor's communication to him anything that permitted or enabled him to come to any conclusions, as it contained no statement of facts, or evidence, such as is necessary as a basis for legal consideration or action. The attorney general, therefore, suggested that the governor submit to him the facts and evidence upon which his conclusions were based in order that he might institute proceedings under an existing statute if the facts appeared to justify such action. In conclusion Mr. Swift said: "Manifestly, however, action or legislation based upon insufficient information and evidence would result in disaster and confusion," a result which the governor as well as himself would greatly deplore. Instead of doing as the attorney general requested Governor Foss sent the matter to the legislature.

A number of reasons have been advanced for the governor's action in presenting the matter to the legislature at all. One of these is that it was an attempt to influence the stock market and so give some one an opportunity to profit by selling the stock short. Still another explanation is the well known antagonism of Governor Foss to James J. Storrow, who is one of the largest stockholders in the United Shoe Machinery company and one of its directors. The governor's friends think he is honest in his action.

The joint committee on rules gave a hearing on this message and after careful consideration of the matter voted to report "no legislation necessary" in view of the belief that there is already sufficient law on the statute books at the present time.

The Boston Fire Department Matter

The people of Boston continue to be much stirred up over the conditions in the fire department of this city. The city council by a vote of 5 to 2 has passed an order recommended by Acting Mayor Collins providing for an increase to the fire fighting force of the city of fifty men. No sooner had this been done than friends of Mayor Fitzgerald set out to block this legislation. In this they were aided by Corporation Counsel Babson, who ruled that the acting mayor had no authority for such action, by reason of the fact that there was no emergency such as is called for by the charter of the city. Acting Mayor Collins, however, holds that there is such emergency and he has signed the order and demanded of the city clerk that it take the usual course at once. Fire Commissioner Daly, however, declines to make the additions to the department in opposition to the opinion of the corporation counsel. At the same time, City Auditor Mitchell declares that he will not pay the additional firemen if appointed contrary to the opinion of the city law officer. Consequently it is difficult to see how the order is to become operative unless the matter is taken to court and a decision reached at once. This seems to be impracticable in view of the fact that the mayor will undoubtedly return by the time a decision could be reached. Nevertheless, the incident will have more or less bearing on the attempt to recall the mayor which seems likely to be made in January.

Governor Foss and the Civil Service

There has been great disappointment expressed by friends of the civil service over the failure of Governor Foss to reappoint Chairman Charles Warren of the state civil service commission. Mr. Warren has given devoted, intelligent and energetic service to the work of the commission. He has unquestionably been one of the strongest members who ever sat on the board. However, he incurred the enmity of Mayor Fitzgerald and the two Lomasneys and they have succeeded in preventing his reappointment. The friends of civil service know that the board in the case of Mayor Fitzgerald has simply done its duty. It has refused to put the stamp of its approval upon unqualified men nominated by Mayor Fitzgerald for high and responsible positions in the city of Boston.

One of the men it rejected was the present senator, Joseph P. Lomasney, a brother of the ward 8 leader. This is the secret of the vindictive and unrelenting opposition of the Lomasneys to Mr. Warren's reappointment. To the minds of civil service reformers it is significant that Governor Foss yielded to the enemies of Mr. Warren. The new appointee, Thomas F. Boyle, is a friend of Mayor Fitzgerald and will probably support his nominations for office.

Middlesex County Officials Exonerated

The Middlesex grand jury which has for the past six months been investigating charges of corruption, malfeasance, waste, extravagance and mismanagement on the part of various officials of that county has completely exonerated them. The charges were pressed for the most part by Democratic politicians, and well informed citizens generally have never taken any stock in them. It has been charged that they were made for political effect. Those who made the charges when called to testify confessed to the grand jury that they knew nothing personally. Those who had been active in pushing the charges when called before the grand jury declared that they were not ready and asked for time in which to prepare the case for presentation. The time was first extended to Dec. 8 when they again declared that they were not ready and were granted until January. At that time the accusing parties were again not ready and had evidently done nothing toward preparing themselves. The grand jury then voted unanimously that District Attorney Higgins proceed with the investigation at once. He objected to this on the ground that he had arranged for one of the assistant district attorneys of Suffolk county as an unprejudiced party to conduct the case but the grand jury voted unanimously that it be conducted by District Attorney Higgins himself, and he consented. One hundred and one witnesses were heard, many of them several times. After sitting thirty-three days the grand jury found nothing back of the charges and completely exonerated the officials of any corruption.

Sensational Charges Denied

A Boston newspaper which published a statement on the alleged authority of R. S. Bauer of Lynn to the effect that he had been told there were three votes in the senate available at $500 each on the Lynn track depression bill, started a commotion at the state house which ended at the office of the district attorney for Suffolk county. Senator Tinkham called the charge to the attention of District Attorney Pelletier, who sent for the responsible parties of the newspaper in question and also for the man given as authority for the story. The man quoted as authority denied that he had ever made any such statement to anybody.

The senate has rejected the house resolve providing for extra compensation for the members of the lower branch on account of the unusual length of the session. Probably a large majority of those who have given the matter any consideration believe the members are entitled to more than the usual amount of salary owing to the extra month or more the legislature has been in session. Nevertheless, it is not regarded as good politics for the legislature to vote to increase the salary of members for 1912 or to vote extra pay for themselves this year.

All Must Help.

A wise man who does not assist with his counsels, a rich man with his charity and a poor man with his labor are perfect nuisances in a commonwealth.—Swift.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. B Williams, D. D.
12 M., Sunday School
At 5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the Pastor, Rev. Stephen A. Norton, D. D.
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 6 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
7 P. M. Evening Service.
Wednesday at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, Main Street Rev. F. M. Estes, Pastor.
SUNDAY SERVICES:—
Preaching, 10.30 A. M.
Sunday School, 12 M.
Preaching, 7 P. M.
Prayer Meeting, Wednesday, 7.45 P. M.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Service in Five Cents Savings Bank Building, Room 13, very Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Love."
Reading Room open to the public Tuesdays and Fridays from 2.30 to 4.30.

Married.

At Arlington, Mass., July 21, by Rev. York A. King, Carl B. Buck of Woburn and Ruth Bond of Arlington, Mass.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT,

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Carleton Warren, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS certain instruments purporting to be the last will and testament—and one codicil—of said deceased have been presented to said Court, for Probate, by John W. Johnson, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, without giving a surety on his official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the fourteenth day of September, A. D. 1911, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days, at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-sixth day of July, in the year one thousand nine hundred and eleven.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Bernard Scalley, late of Woburn in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court for Probate, by A. Herbert Holland who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, without giving a surety on his official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-sixth day of September, A. D., 1911, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days, at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this nineteenth day of July in the year one thousand nine hundred and eleven.

F. M. ESTY, Ass't. Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To all persons interested in the estate of Betsey W. Kennedy, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, Charles H. Brigham, executor of the will of Charles D. Adams, who was the trustee under the will of said deceased, has presented for allowance, the first account of his trust under said will.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge in said County, on the twelfth day of September, A. D. 1911, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.

And said executor is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to all persons interested in the estate fourteen days at least before said Court, or by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this eighteenth day of July in the year one thousand nine hundred and eleven.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

THE BRYANT & STRATTON COMMERCIAL SCHOOL BOSTON — THE BRYANT & STRATTON COMMERCIAL SCHOOL BOSTON — THE BRYANT & STRATTON COMMERCIAL SCHOOL BOSTON

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Persons desirous of becoming competent and successful Accountants, Book-keepers, Stenographers, Secretaries, or Commercial Teachers, with assurance of employment, will find in the

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H. F. ANDERSON, Principal, 334 Boylston St., Boston.

"DON'T light that light; it makes it so hot in the House!"

"I wish we had Electric lights; then we wouldn't have to sit on the piazza and be eaten up by mosquitoes."

HAVE Your House wired while the Family's away.

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Far and Near Glasses in a Single Pair.

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Address Frank Palmer Speare, Educational Director, Y. M. C. A., 30 Ashburton Place, Boston, Mass. Telephone, Haymarket 145.
GEORGE W. MEHAFFEY, Gen. Secretary. ARTHUR S. JOHNSON, President.

Mortgagee's Sale
— OF —
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Carmine Scelzi to Nora Flaherty, dated September 28th, A. D. 1908, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 5615, Page 589, for breach of the conditions contained in said mortgage deed, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction upon the premises hereinafter described, situated in Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts on

Monday, the twenty first day of August, A. D., 1911,

at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, and therein described substantially as follows: A certain parcel of land with the buildings thereon, standing, situated on the southerly side of Mountain street in said Woburn, containing nine thousand two hundred and thirty-five (9,235) square feet more or less, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Northerly on said Mountain street about sixty four and 9-10 (64 9) feet; Easterly by land now or formerly of Ruth Gilman about one hundred forty-three and 4-10 (143.4) feet; Southerly by land now or formerly of William H. Gilman, about sixty-four and 3-10 (64.3) feet; Westerly by land now or formerly of Luther C. Newton about one hundred forty-five and 2-10 (145 2) feet. Being the same premises conveyed to said Carmine Scelzi by Nora Flaherty by deed dated September 17th, 1908. Said premises will be sold subject to all unpaid taxes, outstanding tax titles and municipal liens if any, which may be upon the premises. A deposit of One Hundred ($100.00) Dollars will be required at the sale; the balance in ten days upon passing papers at the office of John G. Maguire, No. 420 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

NORA FLAHERTY, Mortgagee.
Woburn, Mass., July 25th, 1911.

Mortgagee's Sale
— OF —
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Anton Hansen of Woburn in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts to Gershom G. Bassett of Lowell, in said County, dated June 11, 1907, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 1802, Page 369, for breach of condition of said mortgage deed, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction on the premises, on

TUESDAY, August 15, 1911,

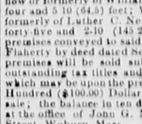
at three o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular, the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, and therein described as follows:—

Beginning at the southwesterly corner of the premises in the easterly side line of a private street leading southerly out of Green street and at land of Roderick Deschenaux, from thence the line runs northerly by and with said private street, thirty nine (39) feet to a stake at land of the grantee; thence turning the line runs easterly on and by said land of the grantee, eighty-nine and 15-100 (89.15) feet to a stake at land now or formerly of David Chamberlain; thence turning the line runs southerly on and by said land of Chamberlain, thirty-four and 1-100 (34.1) feet to said land of Deschenaux; thence turning the line runs westerly, on and by said land of Deschenaux, eighty nine and 15-100 (89.15) feet, to the point of beginning. Containing about 3255 square feet.

Saving and reserving that a strip of land eight feet in width on the westerly part of the premises hereby granted, along the private street above named is forever to be kept open for use as a sidewalk.

The premises will be sold subject to unpaid taxes and other municipal liens, if any; and $100 will be required of the purchaser at the time and place of sale. Other terms will be made known at the time and place of sale.

EDWARD F. JOHNSON, Assignee
and present holder of said mortgage.
Woburn, Mass., July 21, 1911.



PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists

WINCHESTER.

The farmers have got about through haying this season.

Who is to be our next Representative in the General Court?

This town can boast of more Doctors than any other in Middlesex County, and is not short on the Legal fraternity.

No, I don't think this town has more cranks in it than most other towns of its size; but they are of the highest grade of nuisances.

Dearth of communications to the *Star* last week was all the evidence needed to prove that a large share of our people are taking their vacation away from home.

Marshall Symmes always took a lively interest in Winchester and did much to promote it. He and the late Samuel Twombly never tired of trying to make our town the beautiful one it is today.

The committee are looking around for a suitable site for the proposed hospital. Lawson, the "Copper King," has offered them the choice of two places, neither of which will probably be taken.

Occasionally a returned vacation outer is discovered slowly perambulating our quiet streets, looking tired and weary for overindulgence in vacation rest and beach fodder. The others will be here soon.

It has been decided to hold Traders' Day on Wednesday, Aug. 2, at Bass Point, a favorite resort for our business men, a great crowd of whom, it is safe to say, will attend the annual outing. All business in town will be suspended during the day, and all stores, shops, etc. will be hermetically sealed.

Summer Drinks!

Chelmsford Ginger Ale $2.50 case $1.00 rebate for empty case and bottles.

Moxie 20c bottle, $2.25 case. 50c doz rebate for empty bottles.

Lime Juice 10 and 25c bottle.

Grape Juice 25c bottle.

Hire's Root Beer Ext. 15c bottle
Colman's " " " 10 "

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Tea and Grocery House,
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has always been to carry the standard and desirable goods in every line. That is why we chose Kodaks for our photographic department. You will never regret the purchase of a 3A Folding Pocket Kodak—$20.

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PILL BOX
LET US SHOW YOU.



BEEF DIET
is always allowable. Prime roast steaks, and beef stews never go out of fashion,
BUY BEEF
and you won't want the services of a doctor but seldom. Long lived people are beef eaters. Get beef of us and you'll have the best at least cost.

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Civilizing the Indian.

The following is from "The Soul of the Indian," a book by Dr. Charles Alexander Eastman, himself an Indian:

"Long before I ever heard of Christ or saw a white man I had learned from an untutored woman the essence of morality. With the help of dear nature herself she taught me things simply but of mighty import. I knew God. I perceived what goodness is. I saw and loved what is really beautiful. Civilization has not taught me anything better. As a child I understood how to give. I have forgotten that grace since I became civilized. I lived the natural life, whereas I now live the artificial. Any pretty pebble was valuable to me then, every growing thing an object of reverence. Now I worship with the white man before a painted landscape whose value is painted in dollars. Thus the Indian is reconstructed, as the natural rocks are ground to powder and made into artificial blocks which may be built into the walls of modern society."

Bigness of Big Ben.

Big Ben, which marks the hours for parliament at the top of the clock tower at Westminster, is bigger than it appears from below. Looking at the dial of Big Ben from the northern footway of Great George street or from the Thames embankment, it appears as if its diameter might be equal to the space that a man of medium size could cover with outstretched arms. As a matter of fact, however, the diameter of the dial is twenty-three feet. From the ground the minute marks on the dial look like ordinary minute marks and as if they were close together. Really they are a foot apart. The numerals are two feet long. The minute hand, with its counter balance—the heavy piece of metal that projects beyond the center of the dial—is fifteen feet in length. This hand is so massive that during a snowstorm the clock is sometimes retarded by the weight of the flakes that alight on it.—London Mail.

He Took the Cue.

He was a man who gave little and got much. Today, for instance, he had got a clothes brush, a basin of water, a towel and a shine, and he had given nothing at all.

Tr-r-r-ring! went his bedroom bell. The hotel attendant smiled sourly. This was the fourth time he had been summoned, and he did not hurry.

"I thought you were never coming," exclaimed the visitor when the attendant appeared at last. "Are you nicknamed 'Slowcoach?'"

"No, sir," answered the attendant. "They call me 'Billiard cue.'"

"Billiard cue!" repeated the visitor, frowning. Then an inspiration dawned. "Ah! Because you're such a stick, I suppose?" he asked.

"Wrong again, sir!" returned the attendant. "It's because I work better with a good tip."—London Answers.

Hidden Danger.

Owner—How did you come to puncture the tire? Chauffeur—Ran over a milk bottle. Owner—Didn't you see it in time? Chauffeur—No; the kid had it under his coat.—Town Topics.

A Dream of a Hat.

She—I dreamed last night you bought me a new hat. He—Well, that's the first dream of a hat you ever had that didn't cost me money.—Club Fellow.

Death in Roaring Fire
may not result from the work of firebugs, but often severe burns are caused that make a quick need for Bucklen's Arnica Salve, the quickest surest cure for burns, wounds, bruises, boils, sores, It subdues inflammation. It kills pain. It soothes and heals. Drives off skin eruptions, ulcers or piles. Only 25c at All Druggists.

BOSTON & NORTHERN ST. RY. CO.

TIME TABLE
In effect June 25, 1911.
[Subject to change without notice.]

Leave WOBURN CENRTE for MALDEN SQ. at 5.45 A.M., then every 30 minutes to 8.15 A. M., then every 60 min. to 2.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45, 11.15 P. M. SUNDAY at 8.15 A. M., and every 60 minutes to 1.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45, *11.15 P. M. RETURN, leave MALDEN SQ. for WOBURN at 6.45, 7.15 A. M., then every 60 minutes to 3.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45, †11.15, †11.45, P. M. SUNDAY at 9.15 A. M., then every 60 minutes to 1.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.15, †10.45, †11.15, †11.45 P. M.

Leave STONEHAM SQ. for SAUGUS CENTRE, LYNN and SALEM at 6.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes to 10.30 P. M. Leave corner Main and Franklin Streets, Melrose, for Saugus Cenrre at 5.45 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45 P. M. SUNDAY at 8.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes to 10.30 P. M. Leave corner Main and Franklin Streets, Melrose for Saugus Centre at 8.45 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45 P. M. RETURN leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Square at 6 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 11 P. M. SUNDAY at 9 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 11 P. M.

* Melrose Highlands Only.
† To Stoneham Square Only.

GEO. H. GRAY, Supt.

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WITH DR. KING'S NEW DISCOVERY
FOR COUGHS COLDS PRICE 50¢ & $1.00 TRIAL BOTTLE FREE
AND ALL THROAT AND LUNG TROUBLES
GUARANTEED SATISFACTORY OR MONEY REFUNDED.

FOR SALE.
Two House Lots of 7,000 feet each, on Sturgis street, Woburn, adjoining homestead of Benj. Nichols. Will sell for considerable less than the assessed value. No grading necessary. Plenty of stone on premises for cellars. Inquirs of J. A. STOCKWELL, 10 Tremont St., Boston. Tel. Main 2736. jn30 2m

For Real Estate call on Griffin Place at 349 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.,

BULLIED THE CLUB

A London Duelist Who Forced His Way Into Brooks'.

VETOED HIS OWN REJECTION.

After Having Been Balloted For and Unanimously Blackballed He Made Every Member Deny His Vote and Then Declared Himself Elected.

It was a witty bishop who once defined a club as a place "where women cease from troubling and the weary are at rest." Another amusing definition was that given by George Augustus Sala. "A club," said he, "is a weapon used by savages to keep the white woman at a distance." Nowadays, however, as Ralph Nevill remarks in his book, "London Clubs," things are different. "Within the last twenty-five years or so the spirit of London club life has entirely changed. The old fashioned clubman, whose whole life was bound up with one or other of these institutions, is now practically extinct."

Perhaps the most striking story which Mr. Nevill tells regarding Brooks' club is that concerning the famous duelist, George Robert Fitzgerald, who was executed for murder in 1786. No first class London club would admit him. His name does not appear in the club list, though he must in a sort of way be regarded as having belonged to the club. He was, however, in it only once, though it was his boast that he had been unanimously chosen a member.

Owing to Fitzgerald's well known dueling propensities no first class London club would admit him. Nevertheless he got Admiral Keith Stewart, who knew that he must fight Fitzgerald or comply, to propose him for Brooks'.

Accordingly the duelist went with the admiral on the day of the election to the clubhouse and waited downstairs while the ballot was in progress.

The result, a foregone conclusion, was unfavorable to the candidate, not even one white ball being among the black, the admiral having been among the first to deposit his. Mr. Brooks eventually went to tell Fitzgerald, who was waiting in the hall, that there was one black ball and that therefore his candidature had failed.

Thrusting aside Brooks, who protested that nonmembers might not enter the clubrooms, Fitzgerald flew up stairs and entered the room. Walking up to the fireplace, he thus addressed Admiral Stewart.

"So, my dear admiral, Mr. Brooks informs me that I have been elected three times."

"You have been balloted for, Mr. Fitzgerald, but I am sorry to say you have not been chosen," said Stewart.

"Well, then," replied the duelist, "did you blackball me?"

"My good sir," answered the admiral, "how could you suppose such a thing?"

"Oh, I supposed no such thing, my dear fellow. I only want to know who it was that dropped the black ball in by accident, as it were."

Fitzgerald now went up to each individual member and put the same question to all in turn, "Did you blackball me, sir?" until he made the round of the whole club, and in each case he received a reply similar to that of the admiral.

When he had finished his investigations he thus addressed the whole body: "You see, gentlemen, that as none of you have blackballed me I must be elected. It is Mr. Brooks who has made the mistake."

After this nothing more was said by the members, who determined to ignore the presence of their dangerous visitor, who drank three bottles of champagne in enforced silence, for no one would answer him when he spoke.

When he had gone it was agreed "that half a dozen stout constables should be in waiting the next evening to bear him off to the watch house if he attempted again to intrude, but Mr. Fitzgerald, aware probably of the reception he might get, never did."

Apropos of blackballing, Mr. Nevill mentions the greatest instance of blackballing probably ever known, which took place some years ago at a ladies' club, where one candidate received three more black balls than the number of members present—a case of excessive zeal indeed!

The practical joker is naturally not unknown in the most solemn of clubs, and "some irrepressible jokers have paid for their love of fun by having to resign their membership. One of them, whose escapades were notorious in London twenty years ago, sitting half asleep in a certain bohemian club, became annoyed at a very red headed waiter who kept buzzing about his chair. The sight of the fiery locks was eventually too much for this wild spirit, and, darting up and seizing the man, he emptied a bottle of black ink over his head before he could escape. The result, of course, was expulsion from the club, besides which very substantial compensation was rightly paid to the waiter."

To Stop Hiccoughs.

Simple cases of hiccough are often relieved by such measures as sucking ice or taking salt and vinegar, says the New York Medical Journal. Pulling the tongue forward and holding it for some time is an effective procedure. Sometimes obstinate hiccough is relieved when the patient is strong by having him hang with the arms extended and grasping some beam or pole, so that his feet do not touch the floor. With all the abdominal muscles tense, have him hold his breath as long as possible. Sneezing is very efficient in certain cases, since it is the exact opposite to hiccough, being a sudden expiratory act.

McSwiney's Gun.

Near Horn Head, County Donegal, Ireland, there is a hole in the rocks called McSwiney's gun. It is on the seacoast and is said to have connection with a cavern. When the north wind blows and the sea is at half flood the wind and the waves enter the cavern and send up jets of water from the "gun" to a height of more than 100 feet. The jets of water are accompanied by explosions which may be heard for miles.

More Worry.

"I didn't know you admired that official."

"I don't," replied the political manager.

"Then why do you insist on crediting him with a presidential boom?"

"Merely to make his life harder by giving him something more to worry about."—Exchange.

TAP DAY AT YALE.

What It Means to the Juniors Who Have "Made Good."

The three great senior societies of Yale—Skull and Bones, Scroll and Key and Wolf's Head—choose on tap day fifteen members each from the junior class, the fifteen members of the outgoing senior class making the choice. Each senior is allotted his man of the juniors and must find him in the crowd at the tree and tap him on the shoulder and give him the order to go to his room. Followed by his sponsor, he obeys, and what happens at the room no one but the men of the society knows. With shining face the lad comes back later and is slapped on the shoulder and told, "Good work, old man," cordially and who e heartily by every friend and acquaintance—by lads who have "made" every honor possible, by lads who have "made" nothing, just as heartily, for that is the spirit of Yale.

Only juniors room in Durfee hall. On tap day an outsider is lucky who has a friend there, for a window is a proscenium box for the play—the play which is a tragedy to all but forty-five of the three hundred and odd juniors. The windows of every story of the graystone facade are crowded with a deeply interested audience. Grizzled heads of old graduates mix with flowery hats of women. Every one is watching every detail, every arrival. In front of the hall are a drive and room for perhaps a dozen carriages next the fence—the famous fence of Yale—which rails the campus round. Just inside it, at the northeast corner, rises the tree. People stand up in the carriages, women and men. The fence is loaded with people, often standing, too, to see that tree.

All over the campus surges a crowd—students of the other classes, seniors who last year stood in the compact gathering at the tree and left it sore hearted, not having been "taken;" sophomores who will stand there next year, who already are hoping for and dreading their tap day; little freshmen, each one sure that he at least will be of the elect, and again the iron gray heads, the interested faces of old Yale men, and the gay spring hats like bouquets of flowers.

It is perhaps the most critical single day of the four years' course at the university. It shows to the world whether or no a boy, after three years of college life, has in the eyes of the student body "made good." It is a crucial test, a heartrending test for a boy of twenty years.—Mary R. S. Andrews in Scribner's Magazine.

They Were All "Pills."

One of the fashionable east side churches recently witnessed a funny incident at a choir rehearsal. They were preparing for the following Sunday morning a beautiful selection, the first words of which were, "I am a pilgrim." It so happened that the music divided the word "pilgrim" and made a pause after the syllable. The effect was most amusing. The soprano sang in a high key "I am a pil" and then stopped. The tenor acknowledged that he was a "pil," and when the bass came thundering in with a like declaration, "I am a pil," it was too much for the gravity of the singers, and they roared. No amount of practice could get them past the fatal pause without an outburst, and the piece had to be given up.—Musical World.

Clever Dwarfs.

Richard Gibson and his wife, who flourished in the seventeeth century, were a remarkable pair of dwarfs, quite apart from their inches, which combined barely made up seven feet. Both were clever painters of miniatures, and Gibson was drawing master to the daughters of James II. At their wedding, which was arranged by Henrietta Maria, Charles I. gave the bride away, the queen placed a valuable diamond ring on her finger, and Edmund Waller, the court poet, wrote a poem in honor of the occasion. Gibson was seventy-four when he passed away, while his widow died at the advanced age of eighty-nine years.

Madagascar's Two Climates.

The island of Madagascar has two distinct climates, two classes of natives and two classes of fauna and flora. The island is about the size of France. Along the coast it is tropical and malarious, and the natives are darker than in the interior. The interior is a high tableland and mountainous. There the climate is cooler and the natives smaller and lighter in color than on the coast. But in the interior they are more intelligent, and they rule the island.

Obliging.

Excited Author (rushing behind the scenes)—Why are you cutting out the second and third acts of my play? Manager—I am not cutting anything out. I'm merely varying the order of the acts. Several influential persons in the audience have asked me if it would not be possible to have the hero die in the next act.—Chicago Tribune.

Philosophy.

Learn to be pleased with everything—with wealth, so far as it makes us of benefit to others; with poverty, for not having much to care for, and with obscurity, for being unenvied.—Plutarch.

Her Own Introduction.

"When did you first become acquainted with your wife?"

"The first time I disagreed with her after we were married."—Puck.

There's beggary in the love that can be reckoned.—Shakespeare.

Wordsworth's Sense of Smell.

Poets have not failed to do perfumes justice, but one major poet—Wordsworth—went through life without a sense of smell and was not sorry for it. Nature, he told Aubrey de Vere, seemed to him all the more a vision. But once, and once only, did Wordsworth smell, and the prosaic occasion illustrates the unpolished household ways of his time. He sat down with his family to the midday dinner and began to carve a leg of mutton. The leg of mutton was stuffed with onions, and for once, and once only, the sense of smell was revealed to him. The onions, suddenly laid bare, conquered. —London Standard.

Taxed the Beards.

Peter the Great of Russia levied a tax on beards. Finding that his subjects were disposed to keep their beards at any expense of money, he ordered all those he found bearded to have the hair plucked out with pincers or shaved with a blant razor. Russia then became a beardless nation.

SWITCHED THEIR VOTES.

The Incident That Won Tom Corwin's First Fight For Congress.

"When I saw the oil painting of Tom Corwin in the treasury," said an Ohio man, "I could not but recall the story told in Corwin's old home of Lebanon of how he won his first election to congress. He was a young man and already noted as an orator, but he had a hard district and little encouragement for election. He was making his tour of the counties and one night stopped at the double cabin of a farmer known to be a very fervent advocate of political policies of the opposition. Corwin talked politics carefully with the old man and his sons before bedtime, but had little hope of winning a single vote in the household. In the morning the old man took Corwin outside and announced that every voter in the family would be for him on election day. This astonished and delighted Corwin, who could not help but ask why the sudden change of heart.

"The old man told how the opposition candidate had stopped at his house one night the week before and how the host and wife had watched the candidate go to bed. To their disgust, he actually put on a nightgown like those worn by a woman. This disgusted the rugged old pioneer. Then Corwin was told how the old farmer and his wife had watched him go to bed, and as he had not bothered about a nightie they determined he was not taken to frills. Corwin could see the humor of the incident, and in every succeeding speech he told that nightshirt story on the other candidate, holding him up to scorn. The result was a victory for Corwin, and he owed it all to that story of a shirt."—Washington Post.

CORE OF THE EARTH.

It May Be a Mass of Steel Some 5,580 Miles in Diameter.

Various conjectures have been made from time to time by geologists as to the possible condition of the center of the earth. One of the most popular impressions seems to be that the earth's center, or core, is a flaming furnace. At a meeting of the Seismological association at The Hague Professor Welchert asserted that his studies of the varying velocity of earthquake tremors passing through the interior of the globe have led him to the conclusion that the earth consists of a central core of iron or steel, about 5,580 miles in diameter, surrounded with a stony shell 930 miles in thickness. Between the outer solid rind and the inner layer of rock, covering the metallic core, he thinks there is a layer of liquid or plastic material, lying a little less than twenty miles below the surface of the earth.

Men sometimes dream of enormous wealth stored deep in the earth below the reach of miners, but experts now aver that there is little or no ground to believe that any valuable metallic deposits lie very deep in the earth's crust regardless of Professor Welchert's beliefs to the contrary. Such deposits, it is said, are made by underground waters, and owing to the pressure on the rocks at great depths the waters are confined to a shell near the surface. With few exceptions ore deposits become too lean to repay working below 3,000 feet. Nine mines in ten, taking the world as a whole, are poorer in the second thousand feet than in the first thousand, and poorer yet in the third thousand than in the second.—New York World.

Why Thackeray Was Moved to Tears.

A lady, an intimate friend and a frequent visitor at the Thackeray home, called late one afternoon. She was shown into the study, and on entering perceived the novelist himself seated at his desk, his head bowed upon his arms. Fearing she was intruding in the presence of some great and unknown grief, she paused, hesitating. Then, thinking she might be of some help or at least express her sympathy, she stepped forward. Just then Thackeray looked up. His shoulders were shaking, the tears streaming from his eyes.

"Little Nell is dead," he said brokenly.

"Little Nell?" his visitor interrogated.

"Yes, Little Nell," was the answer. "She is dead. I've just been reading it." Before him on his desk lay an open copy of "Old Curiosity Shop."—Ladies' Home Journal.

When Lobsters Were Common.

The lobster was not always the aristocrat of the supper table and the most costly of delicacies. A man who used to live in Maine, but now lives in Ohio, has this reminiscence, according to a writer in the Cleveland Leader: "One day here in Cleveland I took a friend out to luncheon, and suddenly the old appetite for lobster came back to both of us, as we were both born on the Maine coast. We had two full portions, and the bill was $2. And yet as a boy I've seen my father standing on the wharf, bargaining with a fisherman for his lobster catch of the day, and often, for $2 I've seen the lobster fisherman turn over to my father the entire catch, and the whole boatload—250 or 300 big, black lobsters, perhaps—would be dumped on the landing and taken back on our old farm as feed for the pigs.

What He Was Showing.

A young man sitting in a subway car with legs crossed and one foot showing a highly polished shoe and silk sock extended so far into the aisle as to make it almost impossible for people to pass without coming in contact with the obtruding member was brought to a sense of his disregard for others by three young women who sat opposite. One said, "I wonder if he is showing his foot or his shoe?" The second said loud enough to be heard above the car clatter and of the amusement of others, "I think he wants to show his clocked socks—watch it." "No," said the third, "he's only showing his bad manners." The foot came down and was lost in the crowd which got off at the next station.—New York Tribune.

Laughter.

Laughter, while it lasts, slackens and unbraces the mind, weakens the faculties and causes a kind of remissness and dissolution in all the powers of the soul, and thus far it may be looked upon as a weakness in the composition of human nature. But if we consider the frequent reliefs we receive from it and how often it breaks the gloom which is apt to depress the mind and damp our spirits with transient unexpected gleams of joy, one would take care not to grow too wise for so great a pleasure of life.—Addison.

DINED THE AUDIENCE.

And the Treat Proved a Fine Ad. For Liszt and Rubini.

An article in an Italian review contains an interesting story of Liszt and Rubini, the tenor. They were touring together and visited a town where, from the preliminaries which had been arranged, great things were expected. But they were disappointed, for when they entered the hall they found only fifty persons present.

Rubini was furious and said he would not sing, but Liszt calmed him. "You must sing," he said. "This small audience is evidently composed of musical connoisseurs of the town, so we should treat them with respect." Liszt set the example with a grand overture, and Rubini sang to perfection. Liszt gave another piece and then addressed the audience.

Liszt as an orator was as tactful as he had been in the role of pacificator. Addressing his audience of fifty, he said: "Ladies and gentlemen"—there was only one lady present—"I think that you have had enough music. Allow me to ask you to take a little supper with us." After a few seconds the invitation was accepted, and Liszt and Rubini entertained the audience to supper at their hotel, which cost them 1,200 francs.

When the guests separated the hosts thought the affair had been a joke, about which nothing more would be heard, but they decided to give their concert as advertised on the following night. To their astonishment the hall was packed. There was not standing room. The whole town had turned out on the off chance of an invitation to supper.

PATAGONIAN INDIANS.

Customs of the Remnants of a Once Powerful Tribe.

Normally the Tehuelches, as the Patagonian Indians are called, are a peaceable and kindly people, yet they are impulsive, capable of strong prejudices, very revengeful and—often with good reason—suspicious of strangers. They are not to be trifled with and when under the influence of drink are brutal and dangerous. They show love for their children and wives and kindness to their old people. They are divided into numerous tribes or groups, each having its chief or cacique, upon whom the burdens of government rest but lightly.

They believe in a good and an evil spirit, whom they propitiate, and have many stories, myths and superstitions connected with the sun, moon and stars, while the slaying of horses and drinking of blood form a conspicuous part of their superstitions, birth, marriage and death ceremonies, many of which are most repulsive.

When Magellan first passed through the strait there were perhaps no fewer than 10,000 Patagonians roaming from the Rio Negro to the strait, while today, driven back from the littoral to the high pampas and the foothills of the Andes, altogether they would probably not total over 500.—Harper's Magazine.

The Smallest Pension.

Great Britain's pension system is as liberal as may be considering the vast number of persons carried on both the military and the civil lists, but in one case the record for smallness of payment has undoubtedly been established. Various factors enter into determining the amount to be paid sailors, and these factors so combined against one old salt that it was found that he could draw a pension of not any more than fourpence—8 cents—a year. Promptly on each quarter day there comes an official communication transmitting the amount due in the form of postage stamps, and he is granted leave of absence in order that he may convert this into money at the postoffice. Then, after the proverbial manner of sailors, he promptly proceeds to "blow" the entire amount.—New York Tribune.

A Herculean Katydid.

Experiments conducted by a naturalist attached to one of the government's scientific bureaus at Washington adduced an interesting example of the strength of the katydid. He harnessed a katydid to a kind of sled made by folding a piece of ordinary notepaper, and then loaded the sled with various articles. The insect proved able to draw, in addition to the original paper, twelve paper sheets each 3 by 4½ inches, a large screw, two steel pens, a stone weighing two ounces and three and a half lead pencils. When the weight became too heavy to draw otherwise, the katydid got its fore feet over the edge of the table for a better hold, and on the addition of another weight it increased the adhering power of its feet by moistening them in its mouth.—New York Tribune.

Not a Parallel Case.

A writer in the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post tells of a big overgrown, bushful booby of a farmer's boy who was afraid even to speak to a girl, and whose father one day finally lost patience and scolded him roundly for not looking about and finding some girl to marry. "Why," he said, "at your age I had been married three years and had a house and farm of my own!"

"Well, but dad," complained the boy, "that ain't the same thing at all. You only had to marry mother, while I've got to go and hunt up some strange girl and ask her to marry me!"

Conferring a Title.

While he was governor of Kentucky Proctor Knott sent to the Hon. Stoddart Johnston a certificate, officially signed and bearing the impress of the great seal of the state, duly commissioning him as "Mister," which he said was a distinctive and honorable title that no Kentuckian had ever previously borne.

Lost and Found—a Heart.

Nothing seems so hopelessly lost, when it is lost, as a heart; yet nothing, when it is lost, is by the experience of the centuries so absolutely certain of recovery.—Puck.

The Comeback.

Skinflint—I have no money, but I will give you a little advice. Beggar—Well, if yer ain't got no money yer advice can't be very valuable.—Christian Advocate.

A Matter of Color.

"Why do you refer to your youngest son as 'the black sheep?'"

"Because he paints the town red."—Toledo Blade.

You complain of ingratitude. Were you not repaid by your pleasure in doing good?—Levis.

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Damon, Pythias & Co.

How It Became a Corporation With Limited Capital and Unlimited Dividends

By F. A. MITCHEL

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"Mr. Clarkson, I am happy to see you. Be seated. Will told me that you would call. Indeed, he showed me the letter which said you were coming."

The gentleman grew red in the face. "He showed you the letter, Mrs Field?"

"Certainly. Do you suppose men can receive letters that their wives are not permitted to read?"

"But—but Will is only just married, you know."

"Certainly. The day before marriage and the day after marriage are very different. During the first he is single; during the second he is double."

"Good gracious! I did not know that marriage turned an honorable man into a dishonorable one."

"If we can't be honorable toward two persons we must decide in favor of the one to whom we have made definite pledges—that is the wife. However, I will do Will justice to say that he did not show me your letter. I learned of its contents in another way."

"How?"

"I am not prepared to make that clear just now. But enough of my having become aware of your feelings toward the woman who has robbed you of your friend. I can understand those feelings and have a proposition to make. I will divide Will with you. Instead of you and he being Damon and Pythias, we will make the firm Damon, Pythias & Co., I to be the company."

"Two men and a woman!"

"Why not? Will loves you, and you love Will. Will loves me, and I love Will. It only remains for me to love you and you to love me to make a delightful trio."

Clarkson drew a few short breaths and looked about him like one fearing to be caught in a trap.

"Oh, but Will!" he rejoined. "Would such an arrangement please him?"

"He will be delighted with it."

"How do you know that?"

"Before he went away"—

"Went away? Has he gone away?"

"For a month."

Clarkson looked more frightened than ever. The lady continued:

"We had a talk about this letter of yours in which you mourn your friend as lost to you and speak so bitterly of the woman who has taken him away from you. It was decided between us that we should take you into the copartnership."

"Take me in?"

The tone and expression on his face when he said this were so comical that the lady failed to repress a smile.

"Yes, take you in," she repeated.

An idea seemed to strike him, and he brightened. "There's an advantage in that," he said. "Another woman couldn't"— He checked himself.

"Right! I will see that no other woman gets you away from us."

"I rather like that. But tell me about Will. Don't newly married men usually go away on honeymoon trips?"

"They do."

"Well?"

She thought a moment before replying. "Will's affairs are now in his wife's keeping, and some of them—this one particularly—are not to be divulged."

"But I thought I was admitted into the firm."

"So you are. But there is reason in all things. I am to know Will's secrets and yours. You are not to know Will's nor Will yours."

"Well, I like that! Do you call it reason?"

"Certainly. What else would you call it?"

"Oh, I suppose it is—since you say so."

"Now I propose to make up for lost time. You and Will have loved each other since boyhood. Will and I have loved each other for several years. The chain between you and me is alone wanting. It was agreed between Will and me before he left that I was to take you in and form this bond between us."

Mr. Clarkson started and again looked wildly about him.

"I don't know," he said, "that I ever heard of an arrangement like this."

"There's always a first time for everything."

"There's one advantage in it," muslingly, "that I have already mentioned. To be frank with you, I'd rather steer clear of women—matrimonially I mean. It's all right for Will to go in for that sort of thing, but I don't. This arrangement will be a barrier for me, won't it?"

"I'll guarantee that no woman shall come near you. To facilitate matters we will let them all know that you belong to the firm of Damon, Pythias & Co. by making yourself at home here. For a starter Will left a pair of tickets to the theater for tomorrow evening. Have you any engagements?"

"N-n-o."

"Oh, if you don't care to go I can dispose of the tickets." She looked a trifle miffed.

"I shall be delighted."

"Very well. Now we will talk of other matters. It has been quite warm lately, hasn't it?"

"Yes—no. I haven't noticed. How long did you say Will is to be absent?"

"A month."

"Won't you miss him very much?"

"Of course. I love him dearly, as he loves me. But here comes in the advantage of a trio. I shall have you."

Clarkson started as if a bomb had fallen on the floor before him and was sputtering ready to explode. If he had been looking at his companion he would have seen a very animated expression on her face.

"I was not aware, I didn't know," he stammered, "that a lady married to the man she loves could let him go away a few days after the wedding and be contented with the company of his best friend."

"You forget that this is a tripartite arrangement, wherein three persons are made one. But cease to bother yourself about that. The secret of remaining comfortable in this world is not to worry. By this arrangement Will and I have endeavored to obviate the necessity of you and he loving each other. It behooves you to accept the situation and be content."

"You have both certainly been very kind. I shall endeavor to prove myself worthy of your confidence and conduct myself—"

"Conduct yourself! Of course you will. Now don't trouble yourself any more about trifles. Just fall into the situation naturally and all will be well."

He left her, wondering what it all meant. Surely there was some mistake. Was this woman so innocent that she supposed such a partnership as she proposed could endure without danger?

The head of the firm of Damon, Pythias & Co. remained away quite long enough to produce a volcano in the breast of the junior member.

The lady maintained the same position she had taken at the first meeting with Clarkson, talked about love existing between the three of them just as innocently and bore herself just as circumspectly at the last as at the first of Damon's absence. The only difference in her bearing from what he might expect of his friend's wife was a growing disposition to sensitiveness with regard to his treatment of her. In one respect the intimacy was a success. No other woman was permitted to get near enough to Clarkson to endanger his single state. As for the purity of the junior member of the firm and her loyalty to the head of it there was no question.

Nevertheless before his friend Damon returned Clarkson was in love. Indeed, the evening before the arrival of the man who had permitted this unique arrangement Mr. Clarkson made two statements to the lady. The first was that he loved her madly, the second that he proposed to retire at once from the firm and never see her again. He then left her with an expression on her face denoting an internal upheaval, but whether she was offended with him for making the avowal he could not tell.

The next day, while Clarkson was packing a trunk preparatory to a long journey, he received a telephone message from his friend Field, inviting him to a meeting of the firm of Damon, Pythias & Co. at dinner. Clarkson tried to beg off, but failed, and, after numerous excuses which seemed to surprise and offend his would be host, at last consented.

On his arrival Field took him into his sanctum and said to him seriously:

"Bob, before we dine something needs to be straightened out."

Clarkson shuddered.

"Before my departure I was struck by your letter. We both regretted the separation that must naturally result between you and me on account of my marriage, for you know that two bosom friends cannot be the same after the marriage of one that they were before. She said the thing to do was to bring you into the family. When I asked her how we could do that she proposed to marry you to her sister Cynthia. She suggested that while we were on our wedding trip Cynthia should play with you the farce of Damon, Pythias & Co. From what I hear she played her part well, but now that we have arrived at the climax she has broken down completely. She is terror stricken lest you may think she deliberately set out to catch you, whereas she really entered upon it for sport."

When Field began to impart this knowledge Clarkson was looking at him like a beast at bay. As Field proceeded this expression changed to surprise, curiosity, hope, and finally broke into a beautiful smile.

"You'll find her in the library," continued Field. "Go in and straighten it all out. You have half an hour before dinner, and I'm quite sure that's more than enough."

"But do you think"—

"I don't think; I know. We'll celebrate your engagement at dinner. I've ordered the wine on ice."

Clarkson went into the library and in exactly forty minutes emerged with the blushing Cynthia, the smile on Clarkson's face having broadened to radiant joy.

"Only ten minutes late," cried Field merrily. "Bob, this is the real Mrs. Field. Come on; the dinner's waiting, and the wine is icy cold."

When the quartet were seated at the table and all had been served the host took a bottle of champagne from a cooler beside him and, cutting the cord that held the cork, fired a salute in honor of the newly engaged couple. Then, filling all the glasses, he raised his own to his lips and gave the following toast:

"To the Damon & Pythias company."

"Limited," suggested Clarkson.

"Not much," retorted Field.

"There'll be no more capital introduced."

"That may be," said Field, with an idiotic grin, "but think of the dividends."

The Puzzle of the Press.

There used to be an aged elevator man who operated one of the lifts in the house wing of the capitol. Most of his passengers were either representatives or newspaper correspondents. The old man got to know all of the correspondents very well and always had a cheerful greeting for them. It was often noticed, too, that he seemed to be greatly interested in their conversation.

One afternoon, as three of them stepped out of the elevator, Sereno Payne of New York stepped in. As the car went down the old elevator man turned and said:

"Mr. Payne, I can't understand about those newspaper men. They puzzle me."

"What's the trouble with them?" asked Mr. Payne.

"Well, Mr. Payne, every day they ride in this car one feller will turn to another and say, 'What do you know today?' And the other fellow will answer, 'Not a —— thing. What do you know?' Then the first feller will answer, 'Nothing.' And yet, Mr. Payne, the papers are just full of news every day. It beats me where they get it."

"It beats me too," said Mr. Payne.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Old Time Strawberries.

Strawberries have improved very much in flavor since the fifteenth century. Until then the only strawberries eaten were wild strawberries of a kind which would never find a market nowadays. By 1480, however, they were beginning to be cultivated, for Holinshed records under that date a particularly fine crop grown by the bishop of Ely in the grounds of his palace, now covered by Hatton garden.

He quotes the Duke of Gloucester as saying to the bishop: "My lord, you have very good strawberries in your garden in Holborn. I require you to let us have a mess of them." This speech was copied almost verbatim by Shakespeare in "Richard III." Still, even the bishop's fruit would not appeal much to modern connoisseurs, for the garden strawberries at that period were only transplanted wildlings, the plants being sold at about fourpence a bushel.—London Standard.

FOOTBALL IS DANGEROUS.

If You Don't Think So Try to Start a Game in Turkey.

It is, or was until recently, a difficult matter to be a sportsman in Turkey. One Rechad Bey tried it, with a result weird enough to serve as a basis for a detective story or a comic opera.

The young Turk had organized a football team among his friends, together with some Greeks and Armenians, and began practicing. Not very long after, in the middle of the night, police came to his house and carried him off to Scutari. There he was submitted to a long interrogation as to the club and the game of football.

The authorities were convinced that they had found a great plot and that the club must be a secret society. A special messenger was sent for the ball, and that was duly examined and found to be an infernal machine. The rules of the game were considered to be another piece of damning evidence, and still worse were the sweaters and colors of the club.

After long deliberation the culprit was sent to the higher police authorities in Stamboul, who went through a second long examination and came to the conclusion that the empire had been saved from disintegration by the early discovery of a great plot. They dispatched the whole matter to be inquired into at the sultan's palace at Yildiz, and a special commission took the matter in hand.

After much careful thought and examination of the evidence of the crime it was decided that there might not be nothing in it, but that it must not be committed again.—Harper's Weekly.

Origin of the Piano.

The pianoforte was directly evolved from the clavichord and the harpsichord. In 1711 Scipione Maffei gave a detailed account of the first four instruments, which were constructed by Bartolommeo Chrustofori. It was named by him the pianoforte and was first exhibited in 1709. Marius, in France, exhibited harpsichords, with hammer action, in 1716, and Schroter, in Germany, claimed to have invented the pianoforte between 1717 and 1720. Marius was at first generally credited with the invention. Pianos of that period were shaped very much like the modern grand variety. The first square piano was constructed by Frederica, an organ manufacturer of Saxony, in 1758. The first genuine upright piano was invented in England and the United States by John Isaac Hawkins, an Englishman, in 1800.—Detroit Free Press.

The First Money.

Money is mentioned as a medium of exchange in Genesis, chapter 23, and is supposed to refer to a time as far back as 1800 B. C. The coinage of money is ascribed to the Lydians, a people of Asia Minor. It is, of course, quite impossible to fix any definite date for the first coinage. Long before any one thought to coin money it was made out of any durable substance that came to hand, such as leather, iron, tin, bronze and even the hard bark of the trees and stones of the fields. The Hollander, so late as the middle of the sixteenth century, made money of pasteboard. In fact, pretty nearly everything in the shade of lasting material has at one time or another been used as the medium of trade known as money.

Suiting the Action to the Word.

At a lecture a well known authority on economics mentioned the fact that in some parts of America the number of men was constantly larger than that of women, and he added humorously, "I can therefore recommend to the ladies to emigrate to that part."

A young lady who was seated in one of the last rows of the auditorium got up and, full of indignation, left the room rather noisily, whereupon the lecturer remarked, "I did not mean that it should be done in such a hurry."—Judge.

White Specks In Butter.

White specks in butter are sometimes simply fine particles of milk curd, resulting from lack of care in skimming. Sometimes they are small specks of dried cream, having been scraped from the sides of the pan and being too dry to thoroughly soften and mix with the rest.

On the Spur of the Moment.

"Waiter, these eggs are as hard as a stone. I told you not to boil them more than three minutes and a half."

"Yes, sir; that's just the time they were in to a second, but the—aw—water was hard, sir."—Chicago Tribune.

Doing and Thinking.

Mamma—Bessie, why don't you wash the dishes? It is easier to do a thing than to sit and think about it. Bessie—Well, mamma, you wash the dishes, and I'll sit and think about it.

Could Help Her.

Fussy Lady Patient—I was suffering so much, doctor, that I wanted to die. Doctor—You did right to call me in, dear lady.—London Opinion.

What kind of paper resembles a sneeze? Tissue.

Used Another Man's Legs.

In the hall of the house of representatives there is a painting of George Washington. He looks a most commanding person, with the stature of a giant and a faultless physique. But looking at the portrait recently a public man commented:

"That is a good deal of a sham. George Washington never looked like that, though I've no doubt he would have been proud to appear so magnificent.

"Notice the legs," the speaker continued. "They are perfect beauties, but they are not Washington's. They are the legs of General Smith of New Jersey, a soldier of the Revolution.

"It happened this way," he explained in conclusion: "Washington had quite unimpressive legs, and the artist who painted that picture was so dissatisfied with their shape that he persuaded General Smith to lend his faultless members as models. So, while we have the face and torso of our great first president, the supporting legs are those of one of his generals. Long may they stand!"—Washington Post.

As to the Fireplace.

The sides of a fireplace should be well splayed or beveled in order to reflect the heat, says Arts and Decoration. The back should lean forward at the top for the same purpose, and the fireplace should not be too deep. A projecting chimney produces an effect of pushing the guest away, whereas a receding one beckons him nearer to enjoy the hospitality of the open fire. For this reason the inglenook—that is, the fireplace built into the wall of the room—is especially cozy and attractive.

Getting Near to Nature.

It was not always perfectly clear at first thought just what Ben Caldon meant when he spoke. The best a hearer could do was to guess at the most obvious meaning and let it go at that. In the matter of a captive moose, which belonged to Ben, the doctor followed this course. The moose was undoubtedly sick, and a veterinary had been summoned to attend him. Ben went out to the pen to assist the doctor.

"Is he mortal, doc?" asked Ben with extreme concern.

"Are you asking if he is sick?" hazarded the doctor.

"Sure," replied Ben, "only I meant is he goin' to die from it?"

"It's too soon to tell you yet," replied the doctor, "but he has pneumonia pretty badly."

Ben's eyes grew round with surprise. Pneumonia in his experience had been confined to humankind.

"Why, doc," he burst out, "does a moose have features like a grown person?"—Youth's Companion.

First Aid.

Speaking of the necessity for widespread education in first aid to the injured, the St. Louis Times says:

"Perhaps it will not be taken amiss if we call attention to the obvious fact that nine-tenths of all the trouble in the world is due to ignorance of certain simple things. It might even be said safely that all mishaps of whatever kind—mental, physical and spiritual—are due to a want of experience and training. Accidents of a thousand varieties, from drowning to the taking of a dose from the wrong bottle, are in a majority of cases fatal simply because there was not present some one who knew what to do. Injuries which almost tear the body to pieces are curable if the man of training and experience is at hand. The simplest injuries often prove fatal when they are not properly attended to, when the injured person does not get the benefit of a little simple help."

How a Great Surgeon Died.

While Bichat, the famous surgeon, was dying of typhoid fever he turned to an old colleague who was sitting beside his bed and said to him:

"My friend, I am lost, but it is some consolation to know that my case is very curious. During the last few days I have noticed some odd symptoms, and I am studying them carefully."

"Oh, you may recover yet," said the friend.

"That is impossible," replied Bichat, "and if it were not for one thing I would be quite willing to die."

"What is that?" asked the friend.

"I am exceedingly sorry," answered Bichat, "that I shall not have an opportunity to perform an autopsy on myself after my death, for I know that I would make some wonderful scientific discovery."

An hour later he was dead.

Such a Thoughtful Woman.

When the man and woman started down the subway stairs the man felt in his pockets for tickets.

"By George!" he said. "Isn't that a shame? I've got to stop in all this mob and buy tickets."

"Oh, no, you haven't," said the woman. "I have them. When I came downtown I remembered what you said about those people who buy only one ticket at a time making such a nuisance of themselves, so, as I had 15 cents to spare, I bought three tickets. I have two left. We can go right on through."

So the man and the woman drifted along with the pushing crowd to the point where the ticket chopper held them up and demanded tribute. Then the woman looked in her purse for the tickets. Suddenly her face assumed a painful blankness.

"I—I haven't got them," she faltered. "I was in such a hurry when I came through that I must have dropped all three tickets into the uptown box."—New York Herald.

A Note That Was Paid.

History is constantly repeating itself. Once upon a time a landlady in Washington called on President Andrew Jackson and told of a government clerk who owed her a big bill for board. In those days it was easy to have access to the White House. President Jackson listened to her story and advised her to get a promissory note from the clerk and put it in bank. She replied:

"I've done that twice, general, and he won't pay even then."

"Is that so?" said the president in surprise. "Now you go and get his note and bring it to me. I simply want to see it, and I'm sure that the clerk will pay that note. Go and bring it to me."

The landlady did so, and soon returned with the promissory note. The president turned it over and wrote across the back of it his own indorsement: "A. Jackson."

That note was paid at maturity.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Waves In Solid Metal.

As illustrating the advances in metallurgy and engineering it has been demonstrated that solid metals may reveal by their structure the vibrations to which they have been subjected. In explaining this phenomenon experiments have been shown proving that a beautiful wave structure can be imparted to the surface of mercury by the vibrations of a tuning fork, and that even the surface of solid lead which had been subjected to similar vibrations possesses a structure resembling that of a vibrating surface of mercury. Mild steel has been defined as a "solid solution" of iron and carbon, free from cinders. Metallurgists have doubled the strength of steel as it was known in its early days.—Scientific American.

A Joke That Failed.

The clerk of a supply store in southern Colorado did not know Indian nature very well when he invited a Ute chief to a boxing bout. After explaining the use of the gloves, which the chief seemed to readily understand, they went into a vacant room in the rear of the store to spar. The gloves were adjusted, and the clerk invited the chief to hit him. This, of course, he failed to do, as Indians never strike with their hands in conflict. All at once the clerk struck out, and, catching the chief under the ear, landed him on the floor. This was enough. The Indian sprang to his feet, pulled off the gloves, jerked out a knife, and the clerk had to run for his life. Fortunately he managed to keep out of reach until some friends caught the infuriated Indian and held him until he cooled off. Then the clerk explained the joke, but with very poor success. The chief consented to forego vengeance for the insult, but he was never friends with the clerk again.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson V.—Third Quarter, For July 30, 1911.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, II Chron. xxxiv, 14-33—Memory Verse, 21—Golden Text, Ps. cxix, 11—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

We are still in the reign of good King Josiah, and the heart of this lesson is a book, the book of the law of the Lord by Moses, a book concerning which we read in Josh. i, 8, "This book of the law shall not depart out of thy mouth, but thou shalt meditate therein day and night, that thou mayest observe to do according to all that is written therein, for then thou shalt make thy way prosperous, and then thou shalt have good success." It is also written of the blessed man in Ps. i, 2, "His delight is in the law of the Lord, and in His law doth he meditate day and night."

No one rejoiced more than Jeremiah over the finding of this book, for he said, "Thy words were found, and I did eat them, and Thy word was unto me the joy and rejoicing of mine heart, for I am called by Thy name, Lord God of hosts." David could say, "I rejoice at Thy word as one that findeth great spoil" (Ps. cxix, 162). If our hearts are right with God nothing in all the world will be so precious to us as the word of God. Not only will our hearts burn within us when the Spirit opens to us the Scriptures, but there will be a boiling or bubbling up as we hear of things touching the King (Luke xxiv, 32; Ps. xiv, 1).

There is but one principal person in all the book from Genesis to Revelation, even the one who said: "Lo, I come—in the volume of the book it is written of me, I delight to do thy will, O my God! Yea, thy law is within my heart" (Ps. xl, 7, 8). It was for Him that Josiah was king, sitting upon His throne as His representative (I Chron. xxix, 23; II Chron. ix, 8), and the finding of this book must have been to Josiah like a special message from Jehovah. It was in connection with the repairing of the house of the Lord that the book was found, and we are reminded of Hosea vi, 3, "Then shall we know if we follow on to know the Lord." Josiah was earnestly doing the best he knew when by this book the Lord revealed Himself more fully. It is by His word that the Lord always reveals Himself (I Sam. iii, 21). He is the Living Word, and He reveals Himself to us by His written word, in which we see Him and know Him.

When the king heard the words of the book as they were read to him by Shaphan, the scribe, he rent his clothes, for he saw therein his sin and the sin of his people and that great wrath from the Lord was upon them because they had not kept the word of the Lord to do after all that was written in the book (verse 21). There was a prophetess in Jerusalem named Huldah, and to her they went to inquire of the Lord concerning these matters. Let all believing women be encouraged by this and by the remembrance of Priscilla instructing Apollos and by the fact that the first resurrection message was given by the Lord Jesus to a woman and that the first proclamation of the gospel in Europe was at a woman's prayer meeting and also by the story of Philip's daughters and by Ps. lxviii, 11, Rev. Ver., to let the Lord use them as His witnesses as He may lead. The seeming prohibitions in several places refer to order instead of confusion, and to this day in some of the eastern churches the women babble in time of service and even call their husbands by name and ask questions which ought to be asked at home instead of disturbing the congregation. Let all who are taught of the Lord hold themselves ready to teach others at every opportunity, for if ever there was a time when true witnesses were needed it is now, when women as well as men are being so used by the devil against the truth.

How grand to hear this woman of God say, "Thus saith the Lord God of Israel, tell ye the man that sent you to me" (verse 23). To a true servant of the Lord He is all, and to please Him is everything; men are nothing except they glorify God. See the Lord's commendation of Josiah in verse 27, and note his tender heart, his humility and true penitence, and note in Isa. lvii, 15, that He who dwells in the high and holy place also dwells with him who is of a humble and contrite spirit.

Josiah promptly gathered priests and Levites and all the people, great and small, and read in their ears all the words of the book of the covenant, and there they made a covenant before the Lord to serve Him as He required with all their heart and soul, and all the days of Josiah they departed not from following the Lord, the God of their fathers.

In such men as Jeroboam and Ahab and Manasseh we see how much evil one man can do and how farreaching the results, but in such men as Hezekiah, Jehoshaphat and Josiah we see what God can do through even such imperfect men if only sincerely obedient to Him. As this is our last study of Josiah, we must not fail to notice his great passover, the like of which had not been seen in Israel since the days of Samuel (chapter xxxv, 18). That leads on to the passover which our Lord Jesus so greatly desired to keep with His disciples and to its future fulfillment in His kingdom (Luke xxii, 15, 16).

Respect For the Aged.

"What's the matter, Miss Dallington?" asked the village wag. "You never laugh at any of my jokes."

"I have been taught never to laugh at the old and decrepit."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Flow of Solid Metals.

Metals flow into each other just as gases and liquids mix, though more slowly. If a cube of lead is placed on one of gold, the surfaces of contact being kept smooth and clean, and left for a month a small quantity of gold will be found to have penetrated the lead.

Not Playing the Game.

Mrs. Fitz Suburbia—The next door person must be a very suspicious character. Hubby—Why so? Mrs. F. S.—She employs a maid who is deaf and dumb, the mean cat!—New York Journal.

Fire and sword are but slow engines of destruction in comparison with the babbler.—Steele.

The Motto on the Clock.

The old Temple clock in London bears a curious inscription, the origin of which is ascribed to a chance remark.

Some 200 years or so ago a master workman was employed to repair and put in a new face upon the clock. When his work was nearly done he asked the benchers for an appropriate motto to carve upon the base. They promised to think of one. Week after week he came for their decision, but was put off. One day he found them at dinner in commons.

"What motto shall I put on the clock, your lordship?" he asked of a learned judge.

"Oh, go about your business!" his honor cried angrily.

"And very suitable for a lazy, dawdling gang!" the clockmaker is said to have muttered as he retreated. It is certain that he carved "Go about your business" on the base.

The lawyers decided that no better warning could be given them at any hour of the day, and there the inscription still remains.—Harper's Weekly.

The Exceptional Young Man.

The exceptional young man, says Orison Swett Marden in Success Magazine, is the one who looks upon his employer's interests as he would his own, who regards his vocation as an opportunity to make a man of himself, an opportunity to show his employer the stuff he is made of, and who is always preparing himself to fill the position above him.

The exceptional young man is the one who never says, "I was not paid to do that." "I don't get salary enough to work after hours or to take so much pains." He never leaves things half done, but does everything to a finish.

The exceptional young man is the one who studies his employer's business, who reads its literature, who is on the watch for every improvement which others in the same line have adopted and which his employer has not, who is always improving himself during his spare time for larger things.

Labrador's Short Summer.

How brief is the summer on the highlands of Labrador! says Hesketh Prichard in the Wide World. Snow does not melt till July, then with a rush midsummer comes. Grasses and leaves grow almost visibly, the wild cotton soon flings out its little white pennons, millions of berries ripen on the ground, the loon cries, the ptarmigan calls, and you may even see a butterfly balancing in the warm wind. But then also wakens the countless army of hunchbacks, lean and gray mosquitoes, piping blithely for blood. So summer reigns. Then suddenly one day at the end of August, after the sun has sunk behind the barren crags through a balmy warmth of evening, one may wake up to find everything transfigured and the first snow of another season already falling.

Found Out His Man.

A southerner who was visiting St. Louis wandered into the dining room of the hotel and, seeing a negro servant who had all the importance of an army officer standing near the door, asked him who the "head nigger" was around there. The negro stretched himself to his full height and pompously replied that "there ain't no niggers in St. Louis, sah. We is all gem-men of color."

"Well," said the southerner, drawing a $100 bill from his pocket and fingering it, "I expect to be at this hotel for some time and want to make sure that I will be taken care of."

"Oh, sah," said the negro, whose eyes were popping from his head, "did you want to know who the head 'nigger waiter' is? That's me."—Allentown Call.

Where Bluebeard Lived.

Most of our readers have heard of Bluebeard, the enterprising gentleman who made a hobby of marriage and had a way of his own for getting rid of superfluous wives. Probably very few people, however, know that the story has any sort of basis in fact. Yet on the banks of the world famous Bosporus near Constantinople there is situated a picturesque old medieval fortress known as "Bluebeard's castle" and which is said to have been the abode of a terrible old pasha, whose playful little ways gave rise to the story.—Wide World Magazine.

First Calculating Machine.

The first calculating machine was invented and constructed by Blaise Pascal, a Frenchman, in 1642, in which year he was but nineteen years of age. It was made by him with the aid of one workman and was presented to the chancellor of France. During the revolution it was found in a junk shop at Bordeaux and at present is the property of M. Bougouin of that city. All of the four simple mathematical operations can be made with it.

He Didn't Know.

One June day in 1862 near Fredericksburg, Va., General Stonewall Jackson saw one of General Hood's Texans climbing a fence to get into a cherry tree. "Where are you going?" shouted Jackson. "I don't know," replied the soldier. "To what command do you belong?" "I don't know," the Texan replied. "Well, what state are you from?" "I don't know." Jackson gave the man up, but he asked a comrade what it all meant. "Well," was the reply, "Old Stonewall and General Hood gave orders yesterday that we were not to know anything until after the next fight."

The soldier was left to his cherries.

An Innocent Query.

At a dinner party in England the host introduced to the favorable notice of the company, amid murmurs of admiration, a splendid truffled pheasant.

"Isn't it a beauty?" he said. "Dr. So-and-so gave it to me; killed it himself."

"Ah! What was he treating it for?" asked one of the guests.

One Disadvantage.

Potts—It is a great deal better to own your own home and not have to pay rent, isn't it? Lotts—Well, yes, in a general way it is, but it has its disadvantages. A fellow can't go round driving nails anywhere he pleases in the woodwork of his own home, you know.—Boston Transcript.

Her Advice.

"Ah," he said as he led her back to her seat after the waltz, "I just love dancing."

"Well," she replied as she attempted to repair a torn flounce, "you're not too old to learn."

The man with a new idea is a crank until the idea succeeds.—Mark Twain.

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The Got Her Manuscript

George Eliot was always solicitous about her manuscripts and was afraid she should lose them. Blackwood had occasion to send her the manuscript of "Daniel Deronda." She would not have it intrusted to the mail, and Mr. Blackwood said he would send it by his footman the next day.

"Oh, don't," the author said. "He might stop at a public house and forget it!"

Mr. Blackwood explained that this footman was a perfectly sober man of high character and went on to praise the man's virtues, but this did not reassure her at all. "If he is the sort of chivalrous Bayard that you describe," she said, "he is just the kind that would stop and help at a fire."

This was a contingency that Mr Blackwood could not bear to consider He promised that some member of his family would bring the manuscript, and next day, in fact, Mr. Blackwood drove over with it.

Ornamented With Scars.

The natives of some of the islands of the Pacific are always glad to see the doctor on his periodical visits. At Kaiser Wilhelm's harbor the German government has stationed Dr. Heisegang as medical officer. He is a busy man. Natives by the dozen come to him, not to be treated for illness, but to get the benefit of his professional opinion on how to scar themselves artistically. The natives are very fond of scars, and nearly all of them are covered with specimens which have resulted from self inflicted wounds which were kept open by frequent scratching or by the introduction of foreign substances like sand, bamboo, shells and so forth. The excrescence which results from the average vaccination is scratched off at the proper time, and the resulting large scar is very dear to the native. A young islander whose face and body are a mass of cuts, bruises and scars is considered the catch of the season by the dusky belles.

They Couldn't Help It.

During the American invasion of Porto Rico, in the course of the war with Spain, General Tasker H. Bliss with his troops, was stationed near a village held by an overwhelming force of Spaniards. Orders were to keep his "eye peeled" and, if he heard anything suspicious, to fall back about eight miles. Instead of this his men turned in one day and captured the village, chasing the Spaniards out. The next day the commander of the American forces came along to find Bliss sitting in front of the home of the chief man of the village. The commander asked him why he had attacked the Spanish force, when he knew that he was outnumbered. "Couldn't help it," said General Bliss. "You see, my men have been hungry for some days, and the wind blew toward them from the village, and some squaw was frying onions over there. And so"—Argonaut.

Jefferson as an Inventor.

Not many people know that Thomas Jefferson was a great inventor. His inventions were all of articles of everyday use. He devised a three legged folding camp stool that is the basis of all camp stools of that kind today. The stool he had made for his own use was his constant companion on occasions of outings. The revolving chair was his invention. He designed a light wagon. A copying press was devised by him and came into general use. He also invented an instrument for measuring the distance he walked. A plow and a hemp cultivator showed that his thoughts were often on agricultural matters. His plow received a gold medal in France in 1700. Jefferson never benefited financially by his inventions, but believed they should be for the use of everyone without cost.

The Horse's Comment.

The mule, being in a temper, kicked a few boards out of the side of the barn.

"One of those fresh air cranks," commented the horse to itself.—Buffalo

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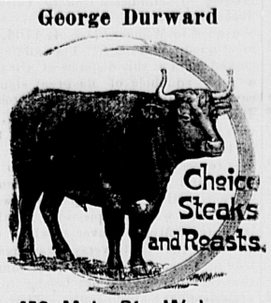
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From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.00, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.20 a. m. 5.30 p. m,

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR
Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.00 a. m., 12.20, 2.30, 3.50, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 6.30 p. m.
For North, direct, 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

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23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
34	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
36	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elilah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Mishawum Road and Washington St.
43	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
45	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. schoolhouse (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
65	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
66	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
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67	Cor. Main and Kirby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
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HER NOVEL

It Was Not a Best Seller, but It Regenerated a Man

By GWENDOLEN WHITING

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Archie Trevor had permitted himself to be drawn into an affair with a woman whom it would not be desirable for him to marry.

Mr. Trevor made up his mind to leave the city in which he resided, remain in hiding for awhile, then take up his abode in another place. The summer season was coming on, enabling him to go to the country, remain there till fall, then turn up in the city of his new residence.

For his temporary abode he selected a secluded spot on Lake B., among beautiful hills. He had artistic tastes that he desired to cultivate, and there were many vistas about the lake that would bear being transferred to canvas. The place was not a summer resort, and he was unlikely to meet any one who knew him. He would pass under the name of Brown so that if his presence was reported among those sojourning in the rural districts his identity would be concealed.

For two or three days after his arrival at the Coventry inn, where he took up his abode, he felt very well satisfied with himself. To be good was a new sensation with him, and he rather enjoyed it. He did more or less daubing, but he had very little artistic talent, and his copies of beautiful scenes in the neighborhood would never have been recognized for the originals.

One morning while he was sketching a girl, whose fashionable attire indicated that she was city bred—she carried a silk parasol covered with expensive lace—came sauntering down the road.

The lady, having literary tastes, was endeavoring to make a name for herself in belles-lettres. She had about as much talent for scribbling as Mr. Brown had for painting. But she had submitted a number of her effusions to her intimate friends, all of whom told her that she was a genius. She had therefore determined to bury herself for the summer among woods and waters to gain the inspiration of solitude and write a novel.

The moment she saw Archie Trevor his face struck her as familiar. Then it came to her that she had seen his photogravure in an art journal, and lastly she remembered that this likeness was that of a celebrated artist. Had Archie been a nobody not even their lonely surroundings would have induced her to break conventional city rules by speaking to him. But, recognizing him, as she supposed, for a genius and feeling that freemasonry which exists among geniuses, barring jealousy, she stood behind him and looked at his picture.

"Excuse me, sir," she said, "but I am a great admirer of the fine arts, especially painting. That bit of farm vista is beautiful. The pile of hay in the center looks so rural!"

"You are mistaken in that pile of hay," replied Brown, rising and pulling off his little felt top covering. "It is a pond."

"Oh, you impressionists!" exclaimed the critic. "What peculiar methods you use for producing effects! Now that I stand farther away from your picture I see a veritable pond, and the swan is perfect."

"That is a boy in a punt."

"Another impressionist method. The light struck the paint glaringly. From this point I see what you intend."

Archie remained silent.

"I should not have known you had I not seen a picture of you," continued the lady.

"A picture of me!"

"Yes, just before coming to the country."

Archie knit his brows. Could his disappearance have caused a commotion? Had his picture been published for his identification? Surely the woman he was trying to break with would not descend to that.

"I confess," said the girl, "that I, too, am incog. I came to the country to get away from the world."

"But how in the world did you get on to me?"

"Oh, you men of genius can't conceal yourselves. Your very presence bespeaks a difference from other men."

"Men of genius!"

"How clever you are in your method of throwing one off the track? That look of surprise is very well feigned."

Archie heaved a sigh of relief. Evidently the girl had mistaken him for some one else.

"You say you are incog.," he ventured. "May I ask the reason for your not wishing to be known?"

"I don't mean that I am passing under an assumed name. I came to the country to write fiction. I am Irene Iddleston."

"Indeed!" said Archie. He supposed that Irene Iddleston was a great novelist and didn't care to display ignorance of her or her works.

"We two, both having artistic tastes, may assist each other in our work. I should be pleased to see you at a farmhouse where I am stopping, Mr. Brown."

Trevor started.

"What surprises you?"

"That you should know my—the name I"—

"Oh, you can't get rid of your identity. You may hide your head, like the ostrich, but you will still be visible."

"I shall be delighted to call upon you."

She described the house where she was staying so that he could find it and passed on. Trevor stood looking after her with a puzzled expression.

"Well, I'll be jinged!"

He sat down on his three legged stool and tried to go on painting. But he was preoccupied with the girl. Finally he sprang up and exclaimed:

"I have it. She's a detective!"

There was no other explanation. The woman he was trying to "shake" had discovered his whereabouts and sent another woman after him. Ten to one this one who called herself Iddleston would try and get some compromising evidence from him that would serve a purpose in a breach of promise suit. Trevor resolved to be wary and if possible pay the detective in her own coin—that is, if she pursued him. As to going to see her, he had no idea of doing that.

But curiosity prevented his staying away.

One day, passing the farmhouse where she stopped, he saw her sitting on the porch driving a pen. Sheets of manuscript were scattered about. A click of the gate caused her to look up.

"Oh, Mr. Brown," she exclaimed gushingly, "how good of you to come to see me! How honored I feel to receive a visit from a celebrated artist—I, who am entirely unknown in my profession."

"Taffy!" muttered Trevor to himself.

"They say," she continued, "that the pen and the brush usually go together. Have you never written anything?"

"Nothing but letters," replied Trevor, with a cunning look.

"Letters! Oh, do let me see some of them. I love to read the letters of literary people."

"I have a few that I once wrote a woman whom I thought I loved. After a little spat between us she returned them."

"The very thing I need for a part of my novel that I am now working upon. In them I shall get that genuine feeling we novelists find it difficult if not impossible to imitate."

Trevor breathed hard. All doubt that Miss Iddleston had been sent to inveigle him into surrendering certain letters he had written and fortunately recovered was set at rest. An idea struck him. The best defense against a woman is the opposite of fighting her—that is, making love to her. He would outwit her in this way. It did not occur to him that by so doing he would get another affair on his hands. Men never really use their reasons about women. They think they do, but they are under the influence of their feelings instead.

Trevor was an attractive fellow, and since he was to Miss Iddleston a celebrated artist he had only to say a few honeyed words and look at her in a melancholy, yearning way to achieve a complete victory. He was not fool enough to give her the letters he had written to another woman; that affair was passed so far as any tender feeling was concerned. Instead, he wrote letters to Miss Iddleston direct. It wasn't necessary for him to write her, for he could see her every day, but she said she needed these letters in her work, so he consented to write a few for her. He intended to refrain from committing himself in any of them, but a man's letters to a woman may be interpreted to mean more than he intends, and he is apt to grow incautious. Trevor had been through the mill before and should have known better. He did know better. The trouble was not in what he knew, but what he did.

A very curious condition existed between Mr. Trevor and Miss Iddleston just before their separation at the end of the summer. Mr. Trevor had treated her as a spy and had taken means to outwit her as such. She considered him a famous artist and an honorable man, whereas he had never achieved anything remarkable and was hiding from a woman he feared.

Then suddenly her eyes were opened to the fact that he had been entirely mistaken in the authoress. Some friends came to see her whom Trevor met, and he became aware that she was an eminently respectable young woman and very highly connected. Moreover, he discovered that he had been caught in his own trap and was in love with her.

What was he to do? Confess? Confess what? That he had taken her for a detective. Suppose he should conceal this, his only reason for permitting her to remain under the impression that he was a great artist. And in any event he must come down from that high position and acknowledge himself simply as one who had begun an attempt to reform.

While he was debating what to do Miss Iddleston told him that her story was completed and that she would like to have his opinion of it. An idea struck Trevor. He told her that he would take it to the city with him, read it and return it with his criticism. He also intimated that he would then have something important to say to her.

Soon after the lady's arrival at home she received the manuscript of her novel with a letter from her critic which said very truthfully that it had excited in him a thrill. It had made a new man of him. Then followed his confession with the statement that without her his regeneration would have been incomplete and hence a failure. With her all there was noble in him would come out.

The young lady suffered a great reaction, but the effect of her literary work brought her around. She married Trevor and instead of writing more novels began the care of children.

A ROPE OF WATER.

Berthelot's Test That Showed Its Tensile Strength.

THE COHESION OF MATTER.

Perfect Planes of Metal or Glass When Brought Into Contact Will Adhere to One Another as Though They Were Glued Together.

It is well known that liquids are among the least compressible of substances; this in spite of the fact that they have the property of conforming to any shape of vessel or of yielding to any forces, no matter how small, which tend to change only their shape.

Thus, to squeeze water into ninetenths of its volume under ordinary conditions would require a pressure of no less than 3,000 atmospheres, or 45,000 pounds, to the square inch. This property of being almost incompressible is best illustrated perhaps by an experiment tried centuries ago, wherein an attempt was made to compress water by filling a leaden shell with it and then, after closing, hammering and squeezing the shell. The only effect of the tremendous pressures produced in this way was to cause the water to penetrate the minute pores of the lead and exude in drops like perspiration on the outer surface of the shell. The same effect was found for a silver shell.

But, while it is a familiar fact that liquids will resist an enormous force of compression, the companion fact that they are also capable of withstanding tension is not so generally known. At first sight this statement may appear ridiculous. When water may be so readily dipped from a pail or poured from one vessel to another, how can it be capable of withstanding tension? If, however, we prevent change of form we find that pure water is capable of bearing fifty atmospheres of tension, or 750 pounds to the square inch.

If it was possible, then, to utilize this property by making a "rope" of water we should find it capable of sustaining a good fraction of the weight that could be borne by an ordinary rope of the same size. But it must be admitted that the task of making a rope out of such material would be rather difficult, to say the least, notwithstanding the fact that it possesses this desirable property of tensile strength. Because of its inability to resist a deforming force it would have to be inclosed in a tube; but, while it would here be in condition to withstand compression, as from a piston in the tube, any attempt at "stretching" the liquid in this way would simply result in pulling away the piston from the water surface.

However, this tensile strength was actually found by Berthelot in the following way: A strong glass tube sealed at one end and drawn out very fine at the other was filled nearly full of water and then closed. The tube was then cautiously heated until the water had expanded and completely filled it. It was then slowly and carefully cooled back to its original temperature, when it was found that the water had not contracted, but still filled the tube.

It is almost a universal law that a small extension in volume of a body requires the same magnitude of force to produce it as to cause a similar amount of compression, the forces, however, being tension in one case and compression in the other. With this law in mind it is readily seen that the water that now fills the tube must be under tension, since previously at the same temperature it did not quite fill the tube—that is, it has actually been stretched or expanded beyond its normal volume for this temperature, and from our knowledge of the forces that would be required to produce the corresponding compression we can figure out what this tension must be.

The ultimate particles or molecules of matter we believe to be held together by powerful forces, known variously as cohesion or adhesion, but being in any case forces of attraction, and these forces tend to prevent any expansion of the matter, be it solid or liquid. It might be thought that these forces would cause two bodies in contact to adhere to each other, but particles have to be so near together to be acted upon by them that it is difficult to bring bodies into such close contact that an appreciable area of one is within this distance of the other.

However, two clean pieces of lead can readily be pressed so closely together that they will adhere, and a set of copper cubes was once made with such true faces that when a dozen of them were piled one on top of the other the series adhered together so well that the whole could be lifted from the top one. But the best example is furnished by pieces of optical glass whose surfaces have been worked so plane that when pressed together they will as readily break at some other spot as at this plane.

Perhaps it is unfortunate that these useful forces, which hold all matter together and keep it from collapsing into impalpable dust, are confined in their action to such a limited range. If this were not so, a break of any sort could be fixed by merely bringing together the broken ends. Glue of any kind would be unnecessary.

But even this state of affairs would have its drawbacks. A book laid on a table would have to be pried off with a wedge, and the same instrument would be required to open it. Everything would stick to everything else, and the pleasure of walking would be lost in the tedious process of prying first one foot and then the other from the viselike grip of the sidewalk or the floor.—Boston Post.

The Ignorant Patriot.

A very raw recruit was being put through an examination in geography wherein he proved himself astonishingly ignorant. At last, after a failure on his part of unusual flagrance, the examiner scowled at him and thundered:

"Idiot, you want to defend your country and you don't even know where it is!"

ROYAL ETIQUETTE.

In England It Assumes a Number of Curious Phases.

THINGS THE KING CANNOT DO

He Is Barred From Accepting Gifts From Individuals, He Must Not Belong to a Club and May Not Marry Without Parliament's Consent.

It may sound a little curious, but there are quite a number of things which, despite his exalted position as sovereign of the realm, King George V. cannot do. These disabilities range over all sorts of matters and concern etiquette, politics, religion and law. To begin with etiquette, it is an established practice that his majesty must never call upon or grant an audience to a foreign monarch except in the presence of a responsible minister. Etiquette also precludes him from accepting a gift which a loyal subject may wish to make him. Should, however, the gift be a joint offering the prohibition does not apply. This enables King George to accept gifts which are subscribed for by a number of people together.

A king never writes a letter to anybody outside his family circle. All other correspondence has to be conducted through one of his secretaries. Nor does King George accept invitations to dine or stop with a subject. What he does when he wishes to pay such a visit is to invite himself. Another strictly observed point of etiquette is that on ascending the throne a king shall withdraw from any clubs to which he has hitherto belonged. Similarly he cannot become a Free Mason, and if he happens to be one at the date of his ascension he must resign from the craft. King George, however, has not been initiated.

Even in affairs of the heart a sovereign must bow to the will of others. Although King Cophetua might have loved and shared his throne with a beggar maid, the royal marriage act would render the occurrence of any such romantic union impossible in England. Members of the blood royal must have the sanction of parliament before they can marry, and this would certainly not be accorded unless the birth and position of the lady were beyond reproach.

An English king's position toward the law is somewhat peculiar. Theoretically he is above the law. In practice, however, he has to obey it, just as have his subjects. He must observe the established legal system of the country. Any royal proclamation which he issues is only binding in so far as it is founded upon an existing law. It cannot alter the common law or create a new offense, nor can a king set up private tribunals, such as the star chamber, or add to the jurisdiction of a court. By a special act of parliament it has also been decided that if his majesty were to lose an action brought against him by the revenue authorities he would be liable for the payment of costs.

By the law of the land the king cannot possibly commit an offense. Any injury or wrong suffered by a subject at his hands has to be attributed to the "mistake of his advisers;" hence it happens that King George is the only person in Great Britain who cannot arrest a suspected felon, even if such a one were to be seen by him entering Buckingham palace or Windsor castle. The reason for this is because no action for wrongful arrest could lie against him, and therefore if the person arrested by him were proved innocent there would then be a wrong without a romedy. Another legal disability of the king is that he is barred of all rights in matters relating to land after a lapse of sixty years. He is also prohibited from serving on a jury or from giving evidence.

Until so comparatively recent a period as 1870 if a subject were convicted of treason or felony the king could claim his property. Another lapsed prerogative of the crown is one known as "corody." During its existence a king who wanted to advance the interests of a royal chaplain could compel a bishop to support such a clergyman until a benefice had been found for him. Nowadays he has not even the right of founding a bishopric or creating ecclesiastical jurisdiction. Similarly he must always be a member of the Church of England and cannot change his religion.

The theory that the king "reigns, but does not govern" is amply borne out by the political system of the country. While the members of parliament are his majesty's "faithful commons," they have certain privileges which he himself does not possess. Thus King George can summon or prorogue parliament at will, but he cannot prolong it beyond a definite period. Similarly he is absolutely debarred from imposing any sort of taxation whatever without first securing the consent of parliament. So jealously guarded is this privilege that a king cannot create new officers with new fees or annex new fees to existing officers, as such a course would be considered as imposing a fresh tax. In bygone times, however, when an English monarch was in want of funds he would levy taxes right and left and without asking anybody.

The francise does not extend to English monarchs. King George is one of the few men possessing a genuine stake in the country without the privilege of recording a vote. — London Bellman.

God pays, but not every Saturday.—Alphonse Karr.

The Gloomy Englishman.

The sap may be wildly running, the birds may be making love, and the sun brilliantly shining in a sky of exquisite blue, but in the heart of the average Englishman there seems a perpetual Good Friday, and in his mind the fixed idea that life is one long, unending Monday morning and the month eternally November.—London Tatler.

RAILWAY SIGNALS

"Fireworks" That Serve as Train Protectors.

CODE OF TORPEDO AND FUSEE

Messages These Audible and Visible Danger Signs Convey to the Engineer—The Use of Pyrotechnics as Signals In the Naval Service.

"Pop, pop," or perhaps a single "pop," sharp and distinct like that of a giant firecracker heard not only on the Fourth of July, but on every day in the year, Sundays included. What did it mean? And on almost any night as I look out of my window I see the edge of the wood or the fields lighted up by red or yellow fireworks. Why this strange illumination?

As all these queer happenings took place on the railroad a few rods from my house I made inquiries of the railway officials, and here are some interesting facts about the use of these curious "fireworks."

The general superintendent of the New York, New Haven and Hartford railroad explained as follows:

"Our rules provide for the use of detonators, commonly known as torpedoes, as audible signals and of 'fusees' as visible signals.

"These torpedoes are attached to the top of the rail on the engineer's side of the track by two small flexible metal straps, which are easily bent around the ball of the rail, as shown in the picture, and hold the torpedoes securely in place until exploded by the first train passing over this track.

"The explosion of one torpedo is a signal to stop; the explosion of two, not more than 200 feet apart is a signal to reduce speed and look out for a stop signal.

"The fusees are of similar construction to the well known Roman candle used for fireworks celebrations, except that they burn a steady flame without explosions. A sharp iron spike at the bottom end will usually stick in the ground or in the cross tie when thrown from the rear of a train and holds the fusee in an upright position, where it is more plainly visible.

"A fusee must be lighted and left by the flagman whenever a train is running on the "time" of another train or behind its own time and under circumstances which call for such protection.

"A fusee on or near the track, burning red, must not be passed. When burning yellow the train may proceed with caution when the way is seen and known to be clear. Standard fusees burn red for three minutes and yellow for seven minutes and can be seen for quite a distance.

"You will gather from the above explanations that the red glare of a flaming fusee on or near the track warns the approaching engineer that a preceding train has passed over his track less than three minutes ahead of him, and under no circumstances must he pass this signal while burning red. When the flame turns to yellow he may proceed with caution, only as the way is seen and known to be clear, keeping in mind that when the fusee changed from red to yellow he was exactly three minutes behind a preceding train, which may have stopped within a short distance or may be proceeding at an unusually slow rate of speed."

The superintendent of the Shore line division, another branch of the same railroad, gives this additional detail regarding torpedoes:

"When a train stops upon the main line and requires protection against a following train the flagman goes back a specified distance and places one torpedo. He then continues a farther distance back, placing two torpedoes. As soon as the train he is protecting is ready to start the engineer blows a specified whistle signal, which is a notice to the flagman to return to his train. On the way back he picks up the one torpedo, leaving two on the rail to warn the engineer of an approaching train that another train is a short distance ahead and to give the flagman time to run back and get aboard of his own train."

Of the use of fireworks as signals in the navy the chief of the bureau of construction and repair of the navy department, Washington, makes the following statement:

"All modern ships are fitted with electric signals, and the use of such signals is general in the naval service. In the case of small vessels having no electric installation and also for use in case of the failure of the electric signals the navy has a system of colored stars in connection with rockets for the purpose of signaling.

"These are in no sense the ordinary commercial fireworks, but are manufactured by the service for naval use exclusively.

"There are no photographs of this system of signals for distribution. The apparatus consists of a specially designed pistol from which are fired cartridges containing the colored stars that are used in the service code."—New York Mail.

Mighty Arcturus.

Arcturus is one of the most brilliant stars that we can see in the heavens. Its diameter is 62,000,000 miles. The light that comes to us from it is over 200 years old when it enters our eyes. The sun is distant 93,000,000 miles. Then compare eleven minutes with 200 years.

Truth is as impossible to be soiled by any outward touch as the sunbeam. —Milton.

Right Living.

To be honest, to be kind, to earn a little and to spend a little less; to make upon the whole a family happier for his presence; to renounce when that shall be necessary and not to be embittered; to keep a few friends, but these without capitulation; above all, on the same grim condition, to keep friends with himself—here is a task for all that a man has of fortitude and delicacy.

The Woburn Journal

Telephone 55.
Residence 280.

FRIDAY, AUG. 4, 1911

NOT A WALKOVER.

United States Senator LaFollette from Wisconsin does not accept the story that President Taft is to be renominated by acclamation, or any other method, at the National convention to be held at Chicago next year. That, his friends say, is the programme; but the other side are equally sure that it can't be carried through.

The friends aforesaid say that President Taft is working back into the good graces of the stalwart Republicans but his joining drives with the Democracy to secure the passage of the Canadian Reciprocity bill does not warrant such a conclusion to our way of thinking. Reciprocity was not a Republican measure, nor was it favored by LaFollett, Cummins & Co.; but contrariwise, the President and other misnamed Republicans contend that it was adopted in the Senate by Democrats, and Governor Foss says so, too. Where, then, is Mr. Taft's strength in the convention, if any, coming from?

PRESERVE IT.

The Boston *Globe* of August 1, 1911, contained a vast gathering of facts and figures concerning Boston and its environs "within 50 miles," containing a population of 3,500,000, which make mighty interesting reading (H. Greeley) for the present generation, and will prove of the highest value to the historian who tells the people, 50 years hence, what Boston was in 1911, when on one August day the National Association of "Ad" Writers met in annual convention there for a frolic.

Preserve last Tuesday's *Globe*.

AT LAST.

At 7 o'clock Friday evening, July 28, 1911, the Massachusetts Great and General Court came to an end after the longest session it ever held. When prorogued by Governor Eugene N. Foss the Court had held 216 Legislative sessions since Jan. 1, 1911, which broke all former records, but not in the number of calendar days, for the Butler Legislature of 1883 was of the same length.

It closed with the silly horse play of a mock session, as usual.

☞ It looks now as though Mayor Murray is bent on making an economy record for this, his probable last, year of occupancy of the Chief Executive chair. He watches the city's expense accounts closely and uses the pruning knife whenever an opportunity offers. The Departments are warned to go slow and carefully husband their appropriations; for, he says, the city is in financial straits just now. There are unexpected bills to pay, and the authorities refused to increase the borrowing capacity of Woburn. In his efforts to establish an economy record is it not possible for him to go too far? Cutting down expenses is not always the best thing to do. The School Board asked for money to repair buildings. The Mayor thought we couldn't afford it. May it not have been that the Board were as capable of judging correctly of the condition of the city finances and needs of the schools as he was? It has long been claimed that "two heads are better than one."

☞ The 7th annual convention of the National "Ad." Writers Association, which closes today, have been having the time of their lives in Boston since last Tuesday morning. Delegates to the number of 3,000 representing Clubs scattered all over the Union and Great Britain are present and being royally entertained by the wideawake, openfisted citizens of the most famous and popular convention city in America. We observe with pleasure that Mr. Thomas J. Feeney of Woburn who is General Advertising Agent and Manager of the New England Telephone and Telegraph Company, Boston, is Secretary of the Finance Committee of the General Entertaining Committee, and of the Copy Competition Committee.

☞ From the report of the Board of Assessors it is learned that the Woburn tax rate this year is $20.30, or 50 cents on $1000 more than last year. The Board did well to keep the figure from going higher.

☞ The total State Tax this year is $5,000,000, or $500,000 less than was expected, and first reported. Of this sum Woburn will be compelled to pay $16,855, the same as last year.

☞ The City of Woburn is assessed $2785.71 to help pay for the Charles River Basin between Boston and Cambridge.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements

— Mr. and Mrs. B. H. Nichols of Warren avenue have gone to their farm at Hope, Maine.

— Rev. Fred M. Estes and family left yesterday for their summer home at Laurel Park, Northampton, Mass.

— Rev. H. B. Williams, D. D., pastor of the Woburn First Baptist church and family are visiting in York State.

— The annual Woburn Merchants Day is to be observed next Wednesday, Aug. 9. It is not to be celebrated on so elaborate a scale as on some former years.

— The Montvale Parish are to observe their annual Field Day in Pavilion Park, Montvale, tomorrow, Aug. 5. Great preparations have been made for it.

— Continued ill health, which his hosts of good friends regret, compelled Mr. James T. Freeman to sell his Salem street home in Woburn and move to Medford.

— The rock blasting heard just after 6 o'clock evenings is at the Twombley Ledge on the West Side of Winchester. It is not allowed earlier in the day than 6 P. M.

— Business men will find the professional card of Mr. M. J. Mulkeen profitable reading these vacation times. He is a safe man to employ in the business he advertises to do.

— Past Chief C. A. Campbell of Clan MacKinnon has been selected a delegate to represent the Clan at the meeting of the Royal Clan to be held in Boston on August 15, 1911.

— After attending the funeral of his aunt, Mrs. Judge J. G. Maguire, the JOURNAL received a pleasant call from Mr. John P. Delaney, Jr., of Beachmont, a former JOURNAL office student

— Locomotive Engineer Charles Josiah Chase of the B. & M. Co. and Mrs. Chase take their joys, and mosquitoes and short commons amid the rustic scenes of "The Old Granite State."

— Mr. George H. Taylor, the Boston Clerk and Towanda Clubman, will enjoy the delights of a well deserved vacation outing. His estimable spouse and amiable daughter Marian have had their'n.

— Cottages, cabins and bungalows abound in the Billerica woods and are occupied by scores and hundreds of owners and guests every week from Saturday night to Sunday night, and are greatly enjoyed.

— Mrs. Minnie Shay and young daughter of Worcester visited Mr. Bryan McSweeney and daughter Abby McSweeney, at their home on Monroe street, this city, last week. It was a pleasant gathering for all concerned.

— Mrs. Jennie K. Adams, a former highly respected resident of Woburn and one of the founders and early Presidents of the Woburn Woman's Club, visited her sister, Mrs. Capt. W. C. Parker of Arlington Road last Sunday.

— Teachers of the Woburn schools now stand a fair chance of getting more pay for their services than they have been having. A step by the City Council looks that way, and the additional money is pretty sure of coming in due time.

— Mr. Carl Jaquith, an officer in the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank, and Mrs. Jaquith are taking their vacation comfort in the good old Pine Tree State. They display excellent sense in making choice of where to go for a vacation outing.

— Civil War Veteran Bod Beadle and other Groveland farmers were permitted to pursue their peaceful vocations by the Red Brigade Cavalry squad who raided that town for deserters, recruits, or grub, last Friday, July 28, and who when they left were headed towards the Hannah Dunstin Monument in Haverhill.

— Master William Flagg, 8 years old, son of Mr. and Mrs. Walter C. Flagg of 17 Mt. Pleasant street, this city, was run over by B. & M. cars, while attempting to cross the Eames & Carter sidetrack by crawling under them, last Monday morning, and died before reaching the Choate Hospital, to which he was taken when found lying unconscious on the track.

— From 6 a. m to 6 p. m. Friday, July 28, strong 4 inches of rain fell here, a phenomenal quantity in so brief a period, and did thousands of dollars worth of good. The downfall was not only constant during the 12 hours, but it was copious almost beyond belief. It broke an exceedingly prolonged and severe drouth, and filled many souls with cheer and hope. More of it wouldn't be refused.

— Mr. Thomas Heartz of Bennett street returned from a month's delightful journey and visit to friends and relatives in Denver, Colorado, and Deshler, Nebraska, early this week. On their return, Miss Gertrude, who accompanied her father, switched off at DesMoines, Iowa, for Minneapolis, Min., where she was to visit a relative before coming back to Woburn. Mr. and Miss Heartz speak highly and admiringly of the Western country.

—It is believed by many people that more real pleasure can be secured by frequent trolley trips to the beaches, and vastly more genuine comfort derived from the ride, the bath, and the shore supper, than in any of the multitudinous ways a majority of the people adopt to obtain them. Supt. Myers has frequent requests to take pleasure parties to the shore, which he promptly fills and satisfies his patrons. A trolley beach visit on a bright, still moonlight night is the height of enjoyment, so those who have tried and prefer them to any other kind of a vacation outing insist.

— Woburn has two natural observatories from which views of the most picturesque scenery in Boston's beautiful suburbs are obtained; we mean, of course, Rag Rock and Horn Pond Mountain. Two such lofty peaks, commanding a territory so extensive, presenting rural scenes so enchanting, are hard to be found within 10 miles of the Massachusetts State House and that fact is known and appreciated by people who make pilgrimages to them to enjoy the spleudid scenery of groves, meadows, streams, ponds, farms, etc., spread out before his delighted gaze. Our citizens do not value these natural elevations which present such widespread and delightful landscapes as highly as they deserve, and seldom make visits to the peaks for the pleasure the high hills afford of viewing some of the most beautiful and captivating country scenery on the Atlantic Coast.

— Typical dogdays weather has prevailed here all this week.

—The Winchester Traders Day was held last Wednesday at Bass Point.

— The Entertainment Course by the North Congregational church is to open on Sept. 20 with a lecture.

— Edward Johnson took an auto party to the Boston and Detroit double header ball game last Wednesday.

— Union Services will be held at the First Church Sunday morning at 10.30. Dr. Norton will deliver the sermon.

— Joel L. Barrett of this city passed a successful examination for admission to the Massachusetts Bar in Boston last Wednesday.

— Parson Norton, his worthy Deacons, and the rank and file of the Woburn First Congregational church, ought to take a lively interest in Mr. W. R. Cutter's article in this week's JOURNAL.

— Yesterday we received the following note from F. Percyval Lewis, Organist, of date Aug. 2: "I am attending an Organists' Convention and enjoying the seashore life at Ocean Grove, New Jersey. My mother is having a delightful rest among the fir-balsams, etc., on the cool coast near Harrington, Maine.

— Through the columns of a part of our city newspapere the Board of Trustees have notified its customers that the Woburn Public Library will be open for business every day during the remainder of the present summer just as it has been heretofore. If the Board had gone a step further and ordered that the Library should be opened and closed at the same hours on every day of the week (Sundays excepted,) instead of on different hours on different days, they would have pleased the people greatly. Fix the hours alike for all the days, and then let them stand year in and year out.

— Tavern and boardinghouse keepers and amusement purveyors at the beaches have had no reason to complain of the weather so far this season. It has been all they could reasonably ask for, and the beaches have never had bigger crowds of visitors than this summer. Last Sunday more than 75,000 people were pleasure seekers and bathers at Revere Beach alone, while Nantasket had probably twice that number, and seaside resorts all along the New England Coast were crowded; and it was not a real hot "beach day" either—a day to drive everybody from the cities to the shores —but a nice, cool comfortable one.

— Dr. Benjamin Cutter, mentioned in last week's JOURNAL, father of Mr. William R. Cutter, Librarian Emeritus of the elegant and costly Woburn (Charles Bowers Winn) Public Library, was born at West Cambringe (Arlington,) Mass., in 18.3, and died at Woburn in 1864. His residence here was in 1832, his dwelling being directly west of the Boston & Maine Railroad station, in which the first shoe ever made by machinery was produced. His son, Ephraim (Doctor at West Falmouth) was born in the same house in 1832, and his uncle, Amos Whittemore, of West Cambridge made the historic shoe by machinery invented by him.

— Lawyer Samuel W. Mendum of Woburn and Boston thinks New England is good enough for him and his'n, but he and Mrs. Mendum, and the son, having returned from California a few days ago after a delightful visit of two months at San Diego and other principal cities and parts of that State, he is ready and willing to make oath that the great Pacific State of fruits, flowers and earthquakes comes the nearest to being a second to Massachusetts and Maine in all that makes life desirable of any Commonwealth in this "Land of the Free, and Home of the Brave." The simple truth of the matter is, Sam was all carried away with California.

— If there should seem to be a dearth of city news in the JOURNAL at present and a couple or 3 weeks to come, don't blame the Reporter, poor fellow! for he isn't to blame for it; he gathers up all there is stirring, but there is no home news for him to report. July is, by far, the slowest, dullest and quietest summer month the newsgatherer has to deal with, for everybody, especially, the gossips and newsmongers, are away at the seashore, or in the mountains, or camping in the forests, or fishing in Maine streams, ponds and rivers, and the Reporter finds nothing for his pen to record.

— If the stories we hear about illegal rumselling in this city at the present time are true, or anywhere near it, then it is high time for Chief McDermott and his men to bestir themselves, get a move on, and make raids. What are our temperance societies doing? Why don't they gather up their loins, gird on their armor, don their helmets, and pitch into the work of temperance and moral reform? Some of them seem to think that a season of prayer and "light refreshments" in the vestry on city election day is all they are called upon to furnish; and if prayers and ham sandwiches win the contest for prohibition, then they turn themselves into a Mutual Admiration Society and rejoice together; but if the election goes the other way and they are beaten by the rummies, then they sigh, weep, and gnash their teeth in unison. Why don't they work?

— There was a plesant party of Roxbury friends and relatives at the residence of Mr. Hugh Martin, the efficient and popular Superintendent of Woburn Highways, on Harrison avenue, last Sunday which was highly enjoyed by every member of the gathering, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Curry and family, Mr. and Mrs Edward Butler, Mr. and Mrs. William Butler, Mr. and Mrs. John McCusker and family, Miss Margaret McManus, Mr. Charles McManus, Mr. Duncan Gillis, Misses Mary and Katherine McMinon, Anna Jordan, Alice Butler, Anna McCusker, Alice Fitzpatrick, Mollie Fitzpatrick and Mr. Hugh Fitzpatrick. With vocal and instrumental music rendered by Katherine McMinon, Alice Fitzgerald, Anna Jordan and Molly Fitzpatrick, and a generous spread of good things, a happy afternoon was passed by the party.

— Its present proprietor bought and took possession of the Woburn JOURNAL 31 years ago today.

— Harry Blye, the well known hardware merchant, and family are back to their home again.

Boston Theatres.

B. F. KEITH'S THEATRE.

Next week Mr. Keith will return to modern vaudeville with an all-star bill of present day artists. One of the principal features will be Valerie Bergere and company in a new comedy, "She Wanted Affection." This is said to be one of the funniest and at the same time one of the best of the many sketches that Miss Bergere has produced, and her part particularly is very well suited. Another popular legitimate player is Georgie Lawrence, who all last season was at the Park Theatre in "The Commuters."

Life Saved At Deaths Door.

"I never felt so near my grave," writes W. R. Patterson, of Wellington, Tex., as when a frightful cough and lung trouble pulled me down to 100 pounds, in spite of doctor's treatment for two years. My father, mother and two sisters died of consumption, and that I am alive today is due solely to Dr. King's New Discovery, which completely cured me. Now I weigh 187 pounds and have been well and strong for years." Quick, safe, sure its the best remedy on earth for coughs, colds, lagrippe, asthma, croup, and all throat and lung troubles. 50c & $1.00. Trial bottle free. Guaranteed by All Druggists.

Mrs. Maguire.

Her numerous friends were sorely grieved to learn of the passing away at the family home, No. 113 Montvale avenue, last Friday night, July 28, 1911, of Mrs. JOANNA FRANCES MAGUIRE, wife since 1874 of Hon. John G. Maguire, Associate Justice of the Fourth East Middlesex Judicial District, to whom, and the two sons, W. Frank and James Leo, the sympathy of the people is extended in their sorrow for the loss of a dutiful companion and kind mother. She had not had good health for several months, but her sudden death was a severe shock to her friends and acquaintances.

Mrs. Maguire was born in Boston to Mr. and Mrs. James Delaney, and her age was 60 years. She was a sister of Mr. John P. Delaney of Beachmont, formerly a respected resident of Woburn, and James P. Delaney of Waltham, and of Margaret of the latter city.

The funeral was held at St. Charles Catholic church on Tuesday morning, August 1, 1911, at which a solemn High Mass of Requiem was sung by Rev. James J. Keegan, celebrant, assisted by Rev. Francis Russell as Deacon, and Rev. Walter Fegan as Sub-Deacon. The pallbearers were: Dr. W. H. Keleher, Dr. Peter A. Caulfield Dr. Charles T. O'Brien, Charles F. McDermott, Dennis C. Walsh, and John Moore. The interment was in Calvary cemetery.

The funeral was attended by a large number of those who had known and esteemed the deceased when she was active in the discharge of the duties of life and their friend and constant associate.

A great abundance of beautiful flowers was contributed at the funeral.

Mr. and Mrs. Maguire came to and settled in Woburn in 1878.

Old Timers Week at Boulevard Theatre.

The management of the Medford Boulevard Theatre announces that for the week commencing August 21 that rustic resort at the portals of the Middlesex Fells will have an Old Home Week combined with a performance of Old Time artists and performers in acts that are dear to the heart of all theatre goers. Many well known and recognized vaudevillians with meterious records in the annals of the stage have already been engaged and the whole should combine to make one of the biggest and best shows of the season. Special feature days are in contemplation.

The famous and favorite inimitable Dutch comedian, Phil Ott, with his superb company of comedians and musical comedy experts will appear at this woodland theatre during the week of August 14.

Tortured For 15 Years

by a cure-defying stomach trouble that baffled doctors, and resisted all remedies he tried, John W. Modders, of Moddersville, Mich., seemed doomed. He had to sell his farm and give up work. His neighbors said, "he can't live much longer." "Whatever I ate distressed me," he wrote, "till I tried Electric Bitters, which worked such wonders for me that I can now eat things I could not take for years. Its surely a grand remedy for stomach trouble. Just as good for the liver and kidneys. Every bottle guaranteed. Only 50c at All Druggists.

Burlington.

This town once more demonstrated its regard for General Taylor's "Old Home Week" by observing "Old Home Sunday," and celebratiug it in due and regular form. The church was again the scene of the special exercises last Sunday, July 30, which was baudsomely decorated for the occasion, and special music was provided. A fine and bounteous collation was enjoyed by a large enthusiastic and happy assembly, which included some of the oldest persons in this town.

Falls Victim To Thieves.

S. W. Bends, of Coal City, Ala., has a justifiable grievance. Two thieves stole his health for twelve years. They were a liver and kidney trouble. Then Dr. King's New Life Pills throttled them. He is well now. Unrivaled for Constipation, Malaria, Headache, Dyspepsia. 25c at All Druggists.

Water Necessary For Crops.

A grass plant will in the course of a hot day exhale its own weight of water, and a young leaf of wheat or rye exposed to the sun may even exhale its own weight in an hour. Experiments summarized by Storer indicate that "more than 300 pounds of water pass through a plant and are transpired from its leaves for every pound of dry matter fixed or assimilated by the plant." In Wisconsin, King found the mean amount of water used by barley, oats, corn, clover, peas and potatoes in producing a ton of dry matter ranged from 270 tons for corn to 576 tons for clover, "the average for the six crops being nearly 450 tons, or four acre inches for each ton of dry matter." — Agricultural Department Year Book.

Cotton Mather

AND CERTAIN ITEMS RELATING TO THE HISTORY OF THE WOBURN FIRST CHURCH.

The genial editor of the WOBURN JOURNAL has in divers times past, out of the goodness of his heart, favored me with space in the columns of his estimable paper, to present certain discoveries in the history of the Woburn First Church, which, from the difficulty in procuring them, and the extremely rare occasions that occur in finding them, lead me to contribute them to the public; or to that certain portion of the public who may find interest and value in them.

These are more important since they relate to a long bygone period of Woburn.

Cotton Mather was a rigid Puritan, a root of the old stock, which held New England as a religious oligarchy; though a slight change had come over the face of public opinion before his death. His Diary has recently been printed, or the printing begun, since another volume will follow, under the auspices of the Massachusetts Historical Society.

Cotton Mather was pastor of the largest church in Boston, then, as now, the New England metropolis. He was the most eminent clergyman of his time in America for scholarship and the number of his printed compositions.

He was also an energetic bigot, and about equally admired and hated by his contemporaries.

On the whole, his intentions were to do good. Among other things, his activities led him to Woburn, where from his Diary we find mention of some things here now well-nigh overlooked or altogether forgotten, or, indeed, from the absence of other equally authentic records, in danger of being absolutely lost.

And it is with the desire of presenting some of these entries and making my own comments upon them, that I have written this article.

Mather seemed to have the spiritual interests of the towns immediately about Boston much upon his heart and thoughts, and therefore:—

Diary of Cotton Mather. P. 474.

[In the spelling and capitalization of the original.]

"24*d.* 1*m.* *Wednesday.* [March 24, 1702-03.] The Flock at *Woburn*, being destitute of a Minister they referred it unto me to appoint a Time, when I would come and pray and fast with them, to obtain from our ascended Lord, *a Pastor after His own Heart.* I did appoint this Day: and it prov'd a very Comfortable Day. There was a vast Assembly of People, among whom I carried on the bigger Part by far of all the Duties of the Day, with a very great assistance from the Lord. None of all the Devices of Satan, can prevent the Lord's using of me in Services for His dearest Name and giving me to find a strange Respect among this People above any man in all the Land."

This assertion is certainly not very modest, but it is characteristic.

The subject is continued on page 504, same Diary:—

24*d.* 1*m.* *Wednesday.* I preached, at a Fast kept by the People of *Woburn*, praying for Direction in their Choice of a Pastor, on Eph. 1, 9. The use of the Dispensacion of the *Gospel.*

This refers to the interval between the settlement of Rev. Jabez and Rev. John Fox. The records of the period are lost beyond recovery and the above said is a new fact concerning it.

The character and the careers of the Rev. Jabez and Rev. John Fox are well known to the readers of the History of Woburn. They were both good and well-educated men, graduates of Harvard College, and in regular standing among the ministers of the vicinity. Both were undoubtedly *orthodox*, after the manner of Mather, but very much less distinguished. Both were of an eminent family, a fact made much of in provincial circles. The people looked then to the Monarchy of England for their hereditary rulers. The father died of the smallpox in the winter of 1702-03, and left his pastorate vacant, and the son, and successor, died at a period much later, or in the year 1756. These two ministers were the second and third pastors, settled successively over the church of Woburn.

Again:—

Diary of Cotton Mather. P. 514.

"21*d.* 3*m.* *Monday.* [May 21, 1705.] A very wicked Fellow in the Church of *Woburn*, exposing himself by his wickedness to the Censure of the Church, he applyed himself unto me, among others, to consider his Case, in hope of some releef. When I had considered it, I rather approved the Proceeding of the Church and advised him unto Repentence."

This would surely, it seems, in all reasonableness for an ordinary member, to have been sufficient, supported by such eminent authority. But the applicant did not evidently think so; and the diary continues:

"Hereupon, he wrote a Letter of Lyes, Reproaches, and Calumnies against myself particularly unto some other Pastors and Churches to obtain a Council. Some of the Pastors had so little witt and Grace, to read this Letter in their Congregations."

Cotton Mather mentions the effect upon himself of these false representations thus read aloud; but his observations we omit.

In worldly wisdom the pastors of these country congregations were not much in advance of their people. No wonder small quarrels arose into prominence much beyond their real importance. Mather's sarcasm was well deserved.

Again:—

Diary of Cotton Mather. P.577.

"1706. 3*d.* 10*m.* *Tuesday.* [Dec. 3, 1706.] Tomorrow there is to meet at *Woburn* a Council of the Neighbor-Churches, about the Differences and the Disturbences arisen there. [Both his health and the funeral of his sister that day prevented his attending.] I have poured out many poor prayers before the Lord for that Church; that Peace might be restored unto it, and the glorious Gospel and the Kingdom of the Lord in it might be freed from its present Encumbrances. [Mather devotes a day to pious meditation on the subject and keeps a night vigil also, which he describes.] It pleased the Lord to interpose beyond expectation, and bring the Affayers of *Woburn* into a comfortable condition, and putt an end unto the Division there, with the Confession and Repentance of those that occasion'd it."

This looks as though something very serious had occurred. The result of this council is preserved. The trifles which vex men often lose their force and vitality when viewed from a different point of perspective, or after the lapse of a longer period of time. Time softens.

That a promiuent Boston clergyman should devote days and even nights, to "pious meditation" on the subject of a quarrel (in words, not blows) between two members (masculine) of a remote Woburn church, displays a peculiar sensitiveness on his part, which the modern mind, educated in vastly different lines, can scarce understand.

And there is no need of uttering any apology for any of the parties, except possibly the church, which as an organized body had proceeded too hastily to adjust the matter according to its own ideas, by using the instrument of excommunication against one of the two contending members, a proceeding which was later reversed, as being too severe.

The church was believed to be in Mather's day the "visible body of Believers," representing the Kingdom of God on Earth, and to be excommunicated, or cast out from it, was equivalent to being shut out from Heaven itself. This was the one thing that made the sentence already passed upon the culprit so serious. This is what made Cotton Mather believe that the soul that was cast out of the church was cast out of heaven literally, and lost, as the sailor is lost who falls overboard into a deep sea.

The result of this Council of eight churches is mentioned in the *New England Historical and Genealogical Register*, XIII. 31. See also Savage's *Genealogical Dictionary*, and Hurd's *History of Middlesex County* (article *Woburn*) i 381. The Council was convened in Woburn, Dec. 4, 1706, as mentioned by Mather. The affair is looked upon at this distance of time as a petty squabble of no great significance. In that day it appeared to be different. Major James Converse, a very prominent citizen, was one of the parties. The council was called by the reverend pastor and church of *Oburn* and the dissatisfied brethren—three parties. The points were these. It was the question whether the oath of Major Converse, which occasioned the controversy was really true or false. The Council determined that this question did not belong to an ecclesiastical body to settle. They decided that it was wrong for Jacob Wyman, the principal offender, a well known citizen of Woburn, to form a charge of perjury against Converse and then to prosecute it as he did before the pastor, and they advised said Jacob Wyman to acknowledge this wrong act to the church. The council decided further that the pastor and church were wrong in bringing the matter into a course of ecclesiastical proceeding, and especially in their act of excommunicating said Jacob Wyman; and upon his making an acknowledgement, the pastor and church were advised to restore him to their communion.

After some advice on the subject of excommunication and church contentions, the result of the council closes with some words of admonition to the "Christian brethren in *Oburn*" to be of a forgiving Spirit.

In the absolute absence of church records at this period in the history of the Woburn First Church, it is remarkable that so much of this case has been preserved. The Church people as an organization had evidently exceeded their authority. Their ecclesiastical proceedings in punishing a supposed offender had been irregular, ill considered, and hasty in separating from their number a previous member of their body, however great his offense might be considered previously. That they were directed to receive him again to themselves in good and regular standing, on his making acknowledgment, covers much. Thus the weight of the case was transferred to the ecclesiastical offender and the church was slightly censured.

Converse, however, was now beyond all earthly reach. He had died during the previous July.

There is very little doubt in my own mind that the second selection from Mather's Diary has reference to the third. That the "very wicked Fellow in the Church of *Woburn*," who had exposed himself by his wickedness to the censure of the church, was Jacob Wyman. Mather is always very free with his epithets, and those were "wicked," or "wretches," who opposed themselves to him, either in belief or action. We have shown what was the public complaint against Wyman, and how steps were taken "meet" for his repentance, which accorded with Mather's advice. Converse was a gentleman, says the venerable historian Sewall, who "for a succession of years, appears to have faithfully and acceptably discharged various civil trusts reposed in him by the town." This was his general reputation. He was also most celebrated for his services to his country in the military. He was certainly a very brave soldier, and personally known to Mather, who made him the hero of his *Decennium Luctuosum*, (A Melancholy Decade) or a history of the war with the New England Indians, between 1688 and 1698. The scene of his most notable exploit, everyone knows, was the memorable action at Wells, Maine, which forms a chapter of Mather's book.

Jacob Wyman was the youngest son of John and Sarah (Nutt) Wyman. He was a tanner, and married, firstly, Elizabeth Richardson, and, secondly, Mrs. Elizabeth (Richardson) Coggin, her cousin, and died May 2, 1752. He was the father of thirteen children, had two sons who died early, one being a graduate of Harvard College, and another son Ebenezer, a graduate, who became the minister of Union, Conn. One of his sons, Peter Wyman, was the ancestor of the late respected Miss Susan Edgell, and lived on the old homestead.

This homestead is traced in direct descent from John Wyman, the father of Jacob, to Jacob's son, Peter Wyman. The deed is before us, under date of February 3, 1741. It was a deed of gift, in consideration of parental love, good will and affection. The deed is not exactly legal, because the parcels are not conveyed until after the said father's decease. The estate was at present Central Square and another part also in Wilmington. The homestead in Woburn consisted of a dwelling-house and barn and outbuildings, and about twenty acres of land. It was particularly bounded, one side being on present Main and Wyman Streets. There were other specifications, but these were the principal ones.

The father owned a tanyard and barkhouse on the premises. One of the sons, named Izaiah, was still living unmarried. Much more is given concerning this property in Woburn Historic Sites, pp. 20-23. Jacob Wyman's house was known for many years as a landmark.

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DAY SCHOOL.

When you get ready to put your boy in the best private day school in New England, where he can be trained either for business, college or fitted for some definite occupation, send for a catalog and learn of the remarkable opportunities that we have to offer. People in moderate circumstances can afford this school. In fact, no one can afford to do without its services. A letter or telephone will bring printed matter.

Address Frank Palmer Speare, Educational Director, Y. M. C. A., 10 Ashburton Place, Boston, Mass. Telephone, Haymarket 145.

GEORGE W. MEHAFFEY, Gen. Secretary. ARTHUR S. JOHNSON, President.

This was the man who was the "disturber in Israel." He appears to have been possessed of the average amount of property and character, but the date of his birth and the place of his burial are not precisely known.

WILLIAM R. CUTTER.

Very Particular.

"Mayme is a crank on having things harmonize, isn't she?"

"Yes, to such an extent that she won't use rats because she has mouse colored hair"—Baltimore American.

Glory, ambition, armies, fleets, thrones, crowns—playthings of grown children—Victor Hugo.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. B Williams, D. D.
12 M., Sunday School
At 5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the Pastor, Rev. Stephen A. Norton, D. D.
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 6 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
7 P. M. Evening Service.
Wednesday at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, Main Street
Rev. F. M. Estes, Pastor.
SUNDAY SERVICES:—
Preaching, 10.30 A. M.
Sunday School, 12 M.
Preaching, 7 P. M.
Prayer Meeting, Wednesday, 7.45 P. M.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Service in Five Cents Savings Bank Building, Room 13, very Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Spirit."
Reading Room open to the public Tuesdays and Fridays from 2.30 to 4.30.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notice 10 cents a line.

In this city, July 21, Leo O'Brien, aged 3 months, 12 days.
In this city, July 26, John H. Devine, aged 40 years, 10 months, 26 days.
In this city, July 27, John W. Cox, aged 52 years, 1 month, 6 days.
In this city, July 28, Joanna F. Maguire, aged 61 years, 4 months, 14 days.
In this city, July 29, Margaret Clarke, aged 89 years, 4 months, 14 days.
In this city, July 31, Willie Kulikowsky, aged 4 months, 29 days.
In this city, July 31, William I. Flagg, aged 8 years, 9 months, 15 days.

A. F. ANDERSON,
FLORIST
Plants, Cut Flowers, and Floral Designs for All Occasions.
14 Montvale Ave., - Woburn.
Telephones: { Store 243 M / Greenhouses 112 W

Mortgagee's Sale
— OF —
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Anton Hansen of Woburn in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts to Gershom G. Bassett of Lowell, in said County, dated June 11, 1897, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 1892, Page 269, for breach of condition of said mortgage deed, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction on the premises, on

TUESDAY, August 15, 1911,

at three o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular, the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, and therein described as follows:—

Beginning at the southwesterly corner of the premises in the easterly side line of a private street leading southerly out of Green street and at land of Roderick Mechenneau, from thence the line runs northerly by and with said private street, thirty nine (39) feet to a stake at land of the grantee; thence turning the line runs easterly on and by said land of the grantee, eighty-nine and 15-100 (89.15) feet to a stake at land now or formerly of David Chamberlain; thence turning the line runs southerly on and by said land of Chamberlain, thirty-four and 1-100 (34.1) feet to said land of Deschenneaux; thence turning the line runs westerly, on and by said land of Deschenneaux, eighty-nine and 44-100 (89.43) feet, to the point of beginning. Containing about 3258 square feet.

Saving and reserving that a strip of land eight feet in width on the westerly part of the premises hereby granted, along the private street above named is forever to be kept open for use as a sidewalk.

The premises will be sold subject to unpaid taxes and other municipal liens, if any; and $100 will be required of the purchaser at the time and place of sale. Other terms will be made known at the time and place of sale.

EDWARD F. JOHNSON, Assignee
and present holder of said mortgage.
Woburn, Mass., July 21, 1911.

Mortgagee's Sale
— OF —
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Carmine Scelzi to Nora Flaherty, dated September 28th, A. D. 1908, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 5618, Page 589, for breach of the conditions contained in said mortgage deed, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction upon the premises hereinafter described, situated in Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts on

Monday, the twenty-first day of August, A. D., 1911,

at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, and therein described substantially as follows: A certain parcel of land with the buildings thereon, standing, situated on the southerly side of Mountain street in said Woburn, containing nine thousand two hundred and thirty-five (9,235) square feet more or less, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Northerly on said Mountain street about sixty-four and 9-10 (64.9) feet; Easterly by land now or formerly of Ruth Gilman about one hundred forty-three and 4-10 (143.4) feet; Southerly by land now or formerly of William H. Gilman, about sixty-four and 5-10 (64.5) feet; Westerly by land now or formerly of Luther C. Newton about one hundred forty-five and 2-10 (145.2) feet. Being the same premises conveyed to said Carmine Scelzi by Nora Flaherty by deed dated September 17th, 1908. Said premises will be sold subject to all unpaid taxes, outstanding tax titles and municipal liens if any, which may be upon the premises. A deposit of One Hundred ($100.00) Dollars will be required at the sale; the balance in ten days upon passing papers at the office of John G. Maguire, No. 420 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

NORA FLAHERTY, Mortgagee.
Woburn, Mass., July 26th, 1911.


PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restores Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp disease & hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists

Summer Drinks!

Chelmsford Ginger Ale $2.50 case $1.00 rebate for empty case and bottles.

Moxie 20c bottle, $2.25 case. 50c doz rebate for empty bottles.

Lime Juice 10 and 25c bottle.

Grape Juice 25c bottle.

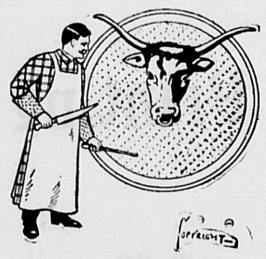
Hire's Root Beer Ext. 15c bottle
Colman's " " " 10 "

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House,
FRED. STANLEY
351 Main Street.
TELEPHONE 242-3.

OUR Store Policy

has always been to carry the standard and desirable goods in every line. That is why we chose Kodaks for our photographic department. You will never regret the purchase of a 3A Folding Pocket Kodak—$20.

Whitcher's
PILL BOX
LET US SHOW YOU.



BEEF DIET
is always allowable. Prime roast steaks, and beef stews never go out of fashion,
BUY BEEF
and you won't want the services of a doctor but seldom. Long lived people are beef eaters. Get beef of us and you'll have the best at least cost.

Linnell's Market,
1406 Main Street, Woburn.
Telephone, 314-1

BOSTON & NORTHERN ST. RY. CO.

TIME TABLE
In effect June 25, 1911.
[Subject to change without notice.]

Leave WOBURN CENRTE for MALDEN SQ. at 5.45 A.M., then every 30 minutes to 8.15 A. M., then every 60 min. to 2.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45, 11.15 P. M, SUNDAY at 8.15 A. M., and every 60 minutes to 1.15 P. M , then every 30 minutes to 10.45, †11.15 P. M. RETURN, leave MALDEN SQ. for WOBURN at 6.45, 7.15 A. M., then every 60 minutes to 3.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45, †11.15, †11.45, P. M. SUNDAY at 9.15 A. M., then every 60 minutes to 1.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.15, †10.45, †11.15, †11.45 P. M.

Leave STONEHAM SQ. for SAUGUS CENTRE, LYNN and SALEM at 6 30 A. M., and every 30 minutes to 10.30 P. M. Leave corner Main and Franklin Streets, Melrose, for Saugus Centre at 5.45 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45 P. M. SUNDAY at 8 30 A. M. and every 30 minutes to 10.30 P. M. Leave corner Main and Franklin Streets, Melrose for Saugus Centre at 8.45 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45 P. M. RETURN leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Square at 6 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 11 P. M. SUNDAY at 9 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 11 P. M.

* Melrose Highlands Only.
† To Stoneham Square Only.

GEO. H. GRAY, Supt.

EAMES & CARTER,
— DEALERS IN —
Coal, Coke and Wood
335 Main Street.
Elevator on Prospect Street.
Telephone connection

KILL THE COUGH AND CURE THE LUNGS
WITH DR. KING'S NEW DISCOVERY
FOR COUGHS COLDS PRICE 50¢ & $1.00 TRIAL BOTTLE FREE
AND ALL THROAT AND LUNG TROUBLES
GUARANTEED SATISFACTORY OR MONEY REFUNDED.

For Real Estate call on Griffin Place at 349 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

WINCHESTER.

Glad of the big rain.

Return of vacation outers may soon be looked for.

Wonder what our esteemed Democratic citizens, think of their Governor Foss now?

Home hypereritics find fault with our taxrate; but they can't do so for 1911, for it is only $17.

Of the State Tax of $5,000,000 this town will be called on to shell out $18,480—a pretty stiff assessment; but we are good for it.

George S. Littlefield, Judge, will never get cloyed of trolley trips, seemingly. He takes them early and often, and appears to grow fat on them.

Judging from their journalistic productions a stranger would conclude that no two men in this town think alike, or agree on anything of a public nature.

The government Postal Savings Bank is to be established for business on Aug. 19. At least that is the word Mr. Hitchcock sends. I doubt if it does a rushing business.

The Fortnightly don't like the unnecessary delay of the Selectmen in furnishing street receptacles for rubbish. The ancient saying is: "Great Bodies move slowly."

The Woburn Brass Band, Thomas J. Marrinan Leader, gave a splendid openair concert in the summer series here last Saturday afternoon. It is said to be one of the best bands in the State.

The Baptist church is to keep open house during August while the pastor is serenely taking his vacation delights at Wilson Cottage, Jackson, N. H. Likewise the S. S. will be held every Sunday.

I think I announced in the JOURNAL a week or two ago that Wednesday, Aug. 2, had been the date, and Bass Point the spot fixed on for Traders' Day. There were to be athletic games and a Beach dinner.

Mistaken.

Witness—He's a dirthy, mane little wretch, yer honor; a low—

Magistrate—Silence, witness!

"Well, yer honor, it's the truth."

"Doesn't matter. We want none of it here."—London Telegraph.

Sounded Ominous.

"Dad, can I take a post graduate course in biology?"

"That depends, daughter," replied the old man cautiously. "What do you want to buy first?"—Pittsburg Post.

It is easy to take a joke in the spirit in which it is intended if it is on the other fellow

Wife Got Tip Top Advice.

My wife wanted me to take our boy to the doctor to cure an ugly boil, writes D. Frankel, of Stroud, Okla. I said 'put Bucklen's Arnica Salve on it. She did so, and it cured the boil in a short time. Quickest healer of Burns, Scalds, Cuts, Corns, Bruises, Sprains, Swellings. Best Pile cure on earth. Try it. Only 25c at All Druggists.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT,

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Carleton Warren, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS certain instruments purporting to be the last will and testament—and one codicil—of said deceased have been presented to said Court, for Probate, by John W. Johnson, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, without giving a surety on his official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the fourteenth day of September, A. D. 1911, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation, once in each week, for three successive weeks in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court, and by mailing post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-sixth day of July, in the year one thousand nine hundred and eleven.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Bernard Sealley, late of Woburn in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court for Probate, by A. Herbert Holland who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, without giving a surety on his official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-sixth day of September, A. D., 1911, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted,

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days, at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this nineteenth day of July in the year one thousand nine hundred and eleven.

F. M. ESTY, Asst. Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To all persons interested in the estate of Betsey W. Roundy, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, Charles H. Brigham, executor of the will of Charles D. Adams, who was the trustee under the will of said deceased, has presented for allowance, the first account of his trust under said will.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge in said County, on the twelfth day of September, A. D. 1911, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.

And said executor is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to all persons interested in the estate fourteen days at least before said Court, or by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate seven days at least before said Court

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this eighteenth day of July in the year one thousand nine hundred and eleven.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

FOR SALE.

Two House Lots of 7,000 feet each, on Sturgis street, Woburn, adjoining homestead of Benj. Nichols. Will sell for considerable less than the assessed value. No grading necessary. Plenty of stone on premises for cellars. Inquirs of J. A. STOCKWELL, 10 Tremont St., Boston.
Tel. Main 2736. ju30-2m

LEGISLATURE PROROGUED

Session Breaks All Records In History of State

VETO OF THE ELLIS MILK BILL

Sharp Protest In Eastern Part of Commonwealth—Far Reaching Legislation Enacted, This Session, Including $9,000,000 Boston Harbor Bill

The veto of the Ellis milk bill by Governor Fass has aroused a storm of protest in this section of the commonwealth. The bill was a combination and modification of one framed by a legislative recess committee of 1910 and another proposed by the Milk Consumers' association. Both bills aimed to protect the public health, as well as the Massachusetts producer of milk. It has been fully recognized not only by the dairy bureau but also by the members of committees which have considered this matter that milk production is primarily a health question and must be considered accordingly. Some members of the committee, however, believed and declared that as the problem of milk inspection is primarily a health problem, the proper place for its administration is with the health authorities.

The view taken by the members of the dairy bureau after carefully studying the matter, did not meet with the approval of the farmers or milk producers, for at the hearing at the state house there seemed to be as much opposition to the bill proposed by them as to that proposed by the Milk Consumers' association, thus putting the farmers apparently in the attitude of opposing any further legislation looking to the protection of the public health, an attitude which would be honestly repudiated by a large majority of them as individuals.

How the Governor Changed

That this bill met with the approval of the governor cannot be questioned. Not only was his personal assurance given to this effect, but his message to the legislature accompanying the report of his expert, Dr. Chapin, recommended legislation almost exactly in line with it.

The bill went through the legislature so nearly unanimously that not even a rising vote was called for, while the senate passed it by a vote of 16 to 6.

Friends of the bill think it is exceedingly unfortunate that political expediency should have induced the governor at the last moment to veto it and the house to refuse to pass it over the veto.

With the report made by Dr. P. H. Mullowney, inspector for the Boston board of health, showing that the conditions surrounding the production of milk for the Boston market are from two to four and one-half times as bad in other states (which supply two-thirds of the milk for Boston consumption) as in our own state, it does not seem likely that consumers will be satisfied until laws are passed controlling this production, and that when the producers in this state who do their own thinking also realize what this means to them, they will gladly co-operate instead of opposing such legislation.

The Appointment of Minard

The appointment of Asa R. Minard by Governor Foss to the position of supervisor of small loans under the act passed this year has caused a great deal of criticism. The act is designed to prevent the high handed operations of loan sharks in this state and a strong man was needed to start the work. It is very evident that Mr. Minard is not regarded as such by those who know him best and it seems apparent to many that his appointment was dictated wholly by political consideration. Mr. Minard has posed as the organizer of the Progressive Republicans in 1909, a body of men who supported Eugene N. Foss in his candidacy for lieutenant governor largely because of his advocacy of reciprocity with Canada.

However, there were some who believed that Governor Foss meant what he said when in his inaugural message he declared in favor of a business administration. Even the Progressive Republicans are not satisfied with the selection of Mr. Minard. They take issue with the statement that he was one of the original Progressive Republicans. They insist that he has no political activity and is unknown politically outside of the city of Medford, where he resides. They also declare that a year ago last fall, immediately after the nomination of Mr. Foss for lieutenant governor, James H. Stark, John MacGall, and others, called a conference at Young's hotel to launch the Independent Republican movement known as the Progressive Republicans. They declare that Mr. Minard was not present and was not in the country at that time. He had, as they insist, moved to Canada some time previously, and it was after this meeting that he turned up saying that Mr. Foss had telegraphed him to come to Boston. He suddenly appeared on the scene and made haste to get into the independent movement for Foss.

Last fall Mr. Minard attempted to get the Progressive Republicans again to take off their coats for Mr. Foss, but they had become closer acquainted with that gentleman and refused to do it. Thereupon Mr. Minard tried to organize what he called the Progressive Republican league. The attempt was not a success. The larger part of the original Independent Republicans was composed of British American citizens, and it has been sought to create the impression that Mr. Minard was a most influential man among this element. Those who claim to know insist that Mr. Minard has absolutely no business qualifications for the position to which he has been nominated by Governor Foss.

Foss and Lefgislature Break Records

The great and general court has finished its work and been prorogued. The session parallels that of 1883, having sat for 206 days. However, the record of this session breaks all others in the number of matters considered, the number of messages from the governor, the number of vetoes, the number of bills passed over the governor's veto, the number of bills and resolves approved by the governor, as well as in the number of bills and resolves which were permitted by the governor to become law without his approval. He has signed 719 acts, 152 resolves, vetoed 19 acts and 6 resolves, and allowed 28 acts and 5 resolves to become law without his signature. In the closing hours of the session a redistricting committee to sit during the recess was appointed consisting of Senators Blanchard of Somerville, Tolman of Gouncester, Barnes of Weymouth and Schoonmaker of Ware, Republicans; Lomasney of Boston and Quigley of Holyoke, Democrats; Representatives Wolcott of Milton, Quinn of Pittsfield, Haigis of Montague, Tufts of Waltham, Stevens of Dracut, Wells of Haverhill and Bean of Cambridge, Republicans; Dean of Wakefield, Hurlburt of Worcester, Brophy of Boston, Conway of Boston, Meaney of Blackstone, Parks of Fall River and Bartlett of Plymouth, Democrats.

Big Measures Which Became Law

Some of the important acts passed were these: An appropriation of $9,000,000 for the improvement of Boston harbor; workingmen's compensation law by which workers may be compensated for accidents without the delay incidental to law suits; a law for the supervision of the small loan business; bills for new transit tunnels and subways and for the extension of the elevated leases and rentals of existing tunnels; providing for the direct nomination of all elective state officers; limiting the personal expenses of candidates in primaries and elections; anti-injunction act giving alleged violators of injunction decrees the right of trial by jury; the fifty-four-hour bill for women and children; measure for the consolidation of the Boston Elevated and West End Street Railway; provision for increase of number of justices of the supreme and superior courts; authority for the Boston and Eastern Railroad company to proceed with construction of the electric road from Boston to Beverly; measure increasing the salaries of Boston primary school teachers.

FOILING THE PICKPOCKET..

What to Do When Your Hat Is Tipped Over Your Eyes In a Crowd.

For a man there is only one really safe pocket, and that is a pocket which few men except experienced race goers have their suits supplied with. It is a breast pocket inside the waistcoat, and it should have a buttoned flap, for without the button even this hiding place is unsafe.

The second best place for carrying money is the trousers pocket, especially if the owner is rather stout. And the left hand pocket is better than the right. A skilful thief standing behind you may insinuate his right hand into your right hand pocket easily, but the left comes awkwardly to him.

For safety's sake the pickpocket seldom works single handed. He usually works with a couple of "screens," who plant themselves in front of the intended victim. If the "job" is a difficult one they carefully jostle him at the critical moment in order to distract his attention. This jostling is usually called "working the ramp."

A favorite trick in a dense crowd is to tip a man's hat over, as though accidentally. His hands naturally fly up to set it right. Instead they should go straight to the watch and the money pocket. If your hat is knocked off in a crowd make sure your money pocket is safe before troubling about the hat. If you are quick enough you may catch a hand there.

The trained pickpocket's fingers are almost as delicate and sensitive as those of a skilled pianist. To become an expert demands long practice. But the expert could with or without the shelter of a newspaper go through one by one, every one of a man's twelve or sixteen pockets except that one inside the waistcoat if he knew it to be worth his while. Three years ago a man was sentenced for training young pickpockets. He used clothes dummies with bells so arranged that they rang when the picking was clumsily done.—Exchange.

JUST A LITTLE GIFT.

The Present an Economical Duchess Made to Her Rich Friend.

Recently when the wealthy Mlle. de R. was to be married one of our good duchesses had to make her a present, just a little present. The duchess thought it would be useless to expend much money for a person so rich. She thought if she would look through her vast mansion she would be able to find something, some trinket, to which the addition of her card would give sufficient glory. She finally found in her writing desk an insignificant cameo that she had once worn.

The following day she received from her young friend a letter of enthusiastic thanks: "Oh, you have been very foolish! This is too, too beautiful," etc.

"She is making sport of my little present," thought the good duchess.

Then came a second letter, this time from the husband who was to be: "How can we thank you? We are delighted! This will spoil us."

"The impertinent fellow!" said the duchess. "He wants me to understand that I have been niggardly."

Nevertheless she went to pay a visit to the R.'s before the marriage. There, in the midst of her presents, exposed in a most prominent place, she saw the little cameo placed upon her card. An old gentleman approached her. He is a member of the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres.

"What a wonderful present you have given these children, Mme. la Duchess," he said. "For forty years we have been seeking for this very cameo. It is of the era of Trajan, and this trinket is valued at 200,000 francs."

Ah, the poor duchess!—Col de Paris

A Novel Fine.

An Englishwoman in the Rivera stepped on the footboard of a train, intending to enter the carriage, but found the door locked. The train started suddenly and she recognized that she would have to travel on the footboard until the next station was reached. A man who saw her plight crept backward on the footboards, stepping from carriage to carriage with some peril and supported her with his arm until the next station was reached, half an hour later. The woman was fined several francs for "illegally traveling outside the train." The rescuer disappeared without leaving name or address.

PERFECT HEROISM.

Rare Courage of Dr. Franz Mueller In His Tragic Death.

Heroism has been defined as "the brilliant triumph of the soul over the flesh"—that is to say, over fear—fear of suffering, of sickness, of isolation and of death. An instance of this dazzling and glorious concentration of courage is given in Mr. Frederick Rowland Marvin's book, "The Excursions of a Book Lover."

Dr. Franz Mueller of Vienna, who fell a victim to the bubonic plague when that disease was first under bacteriological investigation in that city in 1897, contracted the malady from bacilli in culture tubes. When he became certain that he was infected, he immediately locked himself in an isolated room and posted a message on a window pane:

"I am suffering from the plague. Please do not send a doctor to me, as in any event my end will come in four or five days."

At once a number of his associates, all of them young physicians, with much to live for and with full knowledge of the chances to which they would expose themselves, stepped forward and not only offered their services, but in some cases begged to be sent to Dr. Mueller. The patient refused to permit it and died alone within the time predicted.

At the end he wrote a farewell letter to his parents and placed it against the window so it could be copied from the outside and then burned the original with his own hands, fearful that it might be preserved and carry out the mysterious and deadly germ.

VANILLA BEANS.

They Are Not Beans at All, but Pods Filled With Tiny Seed.

The vanilla plant is the only orchid of any industrial value. As orchids go, the plant is not unattractive, for the foliage is much greener and more enduring than in the case of most of the species. It is a climber, and when the leaves are fresh it brightens a small tree trunk wonderfully. The Vanilla planifolia, to give it its full name, is a terrestrial parasite. It climbs from the ground, but once established has feeding stations on the bark all along the line. The leaves—long, very smooth and light green—are alternate, and at the axil of each is a sucker a few inches in length that fastens itself securely to the tree, lying flat against the bark.

The blossoms are inconspicuous. It is the resultant pods that are the vanilla of the industrial world. They are slim pods six to eight inches long and when dried for the market are of a rich, deep reddish brown. These are called vanilla beans, but without warrant. They contain no bean; the seed in them is as fine as dust. These seeds are the black specks that are usually found in the finest grade of vanilla ice cream, the best chefs the world over preferring to grind the "bean" rather than use the extract. Vanilla is found growing wild in the Bahamas, West Indies and Central America. In Madagascar and some of the neighboring islands it has been introduced and now forms an important article of export. But American vanilla is the best.—Harper's Weekly.

Played No Favorites.

John Addison Porter, once secretary to the president, overdrew his account on one occasion, when he went off on a vacation, and Comptroller Tracewell disallowed it. When Secretary Porter returned to Washington he told the president about it, and President McKinley telephoned to Tracewell to come to the White House. On his arrival there Tracewell was asked why he had disallowed that account, and he replied:

"I disallowed it, Mr. President, because it is my duty as comptroller of the treasury to protect the money of the people from every kind of misconstruction of the law. If you should draw one month's salary in advance I should certainly disallow it."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Into the Next State.

A disheveled citizen rushed into the police station and shouted for vengeance.

"The motorcar that hit me five minutes ago was No. 41144," he sputtered. "I can prove that he was exceeding the speed limit, and I want—I want"—

"You want a warrant for his arrest?"

"Warrant, nothing! What good would a warrant do me at the rate he was going? I want extradition papers."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Bumps on the Head.

The lump raised by a blow on the head is due to the resistance offered by the hard skull and its close connection with the movable elastic scalp by many circumscribed bands of connective tissue. The result of a blow when the scalp is not cut is the bruising and laceration of many of the small blood vessels or capillaries. Blood or its fluid constituent, serum, is poured into the meshes of the surrounding connective tissue, which is delicate, spongy, distensible and cellular, and the well known bump or lump is quickly formed. This cannot push inward at all and naturally takes the line of least resistance. Similar bumps may be formed on the skin in exactly the same way, for the shin bone also is covered only by skin and subcutaneous connective tissue.

The First Iron Bridge.

The first iron bridge ever erected in the world and which is in constant use at the present time spans a little river in the county of Salop, on the railroad leading from Shrewsbury to Worcester, England. It was built in the year 1778 and is exactly ninety-six feet in length. The total amount of iron used in its construction was 378 tons. Stephenson, the great engineer, in writing concerning it said, "When we consider the fact that the casting of iron was at that time in its infancy, we are convinced that unblushing audacity alone could conceive and carry into execution such an undertaking."

Fartile Socotra.

Socotra, a large island in the Indian ocean, is one of the least known of the inhabited parts of the world. It is mountainous, but very fertile, and in ancient times was famed for frankincense and myrrh, aloes, dragon's blood and spices. But now Sumatra and South America produce more dragon's blood.

Revenged.

"Johnny, I have great news for you. I am going to marry your sister. What do you think about that?"

"I think it serves her right."—Houston Post.

THE SERENADE.

An Old Romantic Custom That Has Fallen Into Desuetude.

In recalling the serenade of the Philharmonic society to Mlle. Nilsson I am reminded of a custom now fallen into desuetude, but which at the time I speak of (1870) was a favorite method of bestowing a marked compliment upon any one whom you wished particularly to honor.

The serenade was not only offered to visitors of distinction, but prevailed extensively as a delicate attention which you might pay to the lady of your choice. It was thought the proper thing at that period for a man to engage the best brass band he could afford and to proceed with it after midnight to the house of his preferred and then to stand beneath the windows while the musicians played their most sentimental and sonorous selections. It was not an uncommon sound even to hear a double quartet of male voices, with a French horn thrown in, singing beneath the windows of some favored damsel, while paterfamilias or the butler made ready some light refreshment for the donors of this graceful compliment.

These romantic attentions have taken flight with the advent of electric lights, elevated railroads and other voices of the night, but even New York had a few hours of stillness after midnight, and the night watchman lent an indulgent ear to these revelers, who would doubtless be locked up as disturbers of the peace did they hazard such an enterprise under our modern regime.—Richard Hoffman's "Musical Recollections."

HE WAS THANKFUL.

But Still He Thought There Was a Little More He Might Get.

Old Simon, as we will call him, is quite a character in his way. He believes in asking for a thing until he gets it, and then—well, he is immediately in need of something else. He has lived on the same estate all his life, and until quite recently he was paying a merely nominal rent—£1 a year—for the small cottage he occupied.

Simon, however, wasn't quite satisfied. Whenever he paid an installment of his rent he called his master's attention to the fact that this thing wanted doing and that thing wanted doing to the property. At length Simon's master decided on a bold move. The next time Simon turned up with the quarter's rent and the usual list of suggested repairs the owner was prepared to meet him.

"Look here, Simon," he remarked. "I've been thinking the matter over, and in recognition of your long and faithful service I'm going to make you a free gift of the cottage you live in. From this moment it's yours to do as you like with. Now, what do you say to that?"

"Thank 'e, sir—thank 'e," returned the old fellow. "An' now, sir, what about that bit o' paint for the back door? Ye'll throw that in, o' course?"—London Answers.

Waterlogged Servians.

An Englishwoman traveling in Servia thus gives a striking glimpse of her own prejudices and tastes. "The Servians drink too much cold water, and they drink it till they are pulpy. An average Serb drinks enough cold water for an English cow. I doubt whether the language contains an equivalent for 'bad training,' for when I tried to explain the idea it created surprise. A doctor told me he had never heard the theory before. To him it seemed a natural and wholesome habit. Moreover, he added, 'there is plenty,' and seemed to think it was rather wasteful to leave any unswallowed. To me it explained the lack of activity. The nation is waterlogged. All day long and every day the Serb calls for a glass of cold water, and when he has drunk it he calls for another. Perhaps owing to this he has little space for alcohol. At any rate, I never saw a drunken man, even among the peasants."

Washington and the Artists.

Writing to a friend May 16, 1785, Washington thus described his experience with portrait painters:

"I am so hackneyed to the touches of the painter's pencil that I am now altogether at their beck and sit like patience on a monument while they are delineating the lines of my face. It is a proof among many others of what habit and custom can effect. At first I was as impatient of the request and as restive under the operation as a colt is of the saddle. The next time I submitted very reluctantly, but with less flouncing. Now no dray moves more readily to the thrill than I do to the painter's chair."

Infinitesimal Webs.

Mexico, the land of Montezuma, prickly pears, sand, volcanoes, earthquakes, etc., has many subtropical wonders both in vegetable and animal life. Among these latter is a species of spider so minute that its legs cannot be seen without a glass. This little araneida weaves a web so wonderfully minute that it takes 400 of them to equal a common hair in magnitude.

A Great Descent.

"I can trace my descent from Homer," said Lord Slatey proudly.

"Indeed," replied Miss Cresse, who didn't seem to be at all impressed. "It is certainly a great descent."

Shopping.

First Lady—Mrs. Smith is too young to go shopping alone. Second Lady—What is that? First Lady—She's liable to get excited and buy something.

Test For Butter.

Here is a test for butter so simple that any housewife can put it into successful practice: A clean piece of white paper is smeared with a little of the suspected butter. The paper is then rolled up and set on fire. If the butter is pure the smell of the burnt paper is rather pleasant, but the odor is distinctly tallowy if the "butter" is made up wholly or in part of animal fat.—Chicago News.

Butter In Pie.

A bit of butter about the size of a large bean improves the filling of a lemon pie, making it richer and smoother. Sometimes as much as a spoonful is used. A Frenchman often adds a tiny bit of butter to a cherry pie, and an apple pie is also improved in the same way.

She Knew!

Dentist (to old lady who wants tooth pulled)—Do you want gas, madam? Old Lady—Well, I should say so. I don't propose to stay in the dark with you or any other man.

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QUICK WON

Though There Was a Beginning to the Courtship Some Time Before

By F. A. MITCHEL

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The summer was drawing to a close. The leaves had not yet taken on their autumn colors, but that haze one so often sees during the close of the hot months hung about the hills and the valleys.

A gentleman whose apparel bore a distinctive foreign cut alighted from a train at a railway station and, leaving his belongings, set out on a road leading to an attractive country place. On reaching the gateway, flanked by stone pillars, he noticed on one of them a sign, "No Trespassing."

He proceeded up the walk toward the house and, reaching a terrace where through trees he could see an attractive vista, sat down on the grass, took out a cigarette and began to smoke. He was aroused by a feminine voice behind him.

"Did you not see the notice that no trespassing is allowed on these grounds?"

The gentleman arose and uncovered with ceremonious politeness.

"I did," he said.

"Then I do not understand why you should avail yourself of the place for lounging."

"To tell the truth, I have a strong prejudice against such notices."

"Why so?"

"For several reasons. Firstly, I question the natural right of any one to appropriate to his or her exclusive use any portion of the planet. But this is based on philosophic principles too deep to enter upon just now. Secondly, there is, I think, selfishness in refusing others the enjoyment of attractive and restful grounds."

"Perhaps if you owned a place like this and saw persons camping on it and injuring things you would feel differently."

"That would not alter the case, as I have stated it. I am capable of putting myself in your place and can appreciate your feeling."

"Oh, we don't own the place; we merely rent it."

"What kind of a person is the owner?"

"I don't know, never having seen him. He is a noble, good man."

"Is he handsome?"

"Why do you ask that?"

"A woman's idea of a man is often influenced by such matters."

A trifle of indignation flashed in her eye. "I assure you," she said, "that it is a very much more valuable trait than physical beauty that has prejudiced me in favor of Mr. Chenowoth."

"Chenowoth! That's an uncommon name. I am in very close touch with a man of that name."

"Our Mr. Chenowoth is abroad."

"That's where I met my Mr. Chenowoth."

"He's been traveling in Switzerland. We had a letter from him dated Geneva yesterday. He was to sail immediately for America."

"I made an ascent of Mont Blanc with my Mr. Chenowoth not a month ago."

"What's your friend's first name?"

"Bert."

"Albert? Our landlord is Albert B."

"That's it—Albert Borland Chenowoth."

"Isn't that strange that you should know him so well? Now, are you surprised that I have spoken so highly of him?"

"I certainly am surprised. I never saw anything in him to warrant such an encomium."

"You didn't? You are not very loyal to your friend."

"I didn't say he was any especial friend of mine."

"You said you are in very close touch with him."

"Did I? That doesn't necessarily mean that I admire him. But I am open to conviction. If you will give me your reasons for your own admiration you may succeed in planting it in me."

"Perhaps we had better go up to the house, since you know our landlord so well. I shall be pleased to offer you some refreshment."

"Thanks very much. I will go with you with pleasure."

When they were comfortably seated in the drawing room the lady said:

"Now I will tell you why I so admire Mr. Chenowoth. We and Mr. Chenowoth have a mutual friend, Mr. Chard. Father is a retired clergyman, and such, though they may be of the kingdom of heaven, are not usually burdened with worldly goods. Mr. Chenowoth had an opportunity to rent this place for a good sum. Mr. Chard, thinking it would be vacant, tried to get it for father for a nominal rental. When Mr. Chenowoth heard about it he told Mr. Chard that father might have it. What do you think of that?"

She gave a triumphant glance at her companion.

"Oh, Chenowoth, I suppose, feels that every well to do person should respect the cloth, and there's no better way of accomplishing that than by doing one's duty to the cloth. Chenowoth is a church member, and it is no more than right that he should give his share to the church's support. In letting your father have this place at a nominal rent he merely gave his share. I've no doubt he cut off some other contribution in the same line to make up for it."

"Well, I do think"—

She stopped. Words did not come fast enough to express her condemnation of such pessimism.

"There may be another reason for his action," continued the stranger, "a selfish reason. Now I think of it, he told me that he had heard of a very kind act by a young lady; that he had seen this lady at some function or other and had conceived a great admiration for her. He had asked to be presented to her, but just as the presentation was about to take place the girl took her departure. Chenowoth sailed the next day for Europe. I shouldn't be surprised if this girl and you were one and the same person. If so there was no generosity at all in your landlord's act. He simply made a gift to a lady he admired. We can all do that."

This statement seemed to interest the girl immensely. "Did he tell you her name?" she asked.

"I think I would know it if I heard it—it wasn't Cathorne, was it?'

"Seems to me it was something like that. Now, I remember; the first name was Marcia."

The lady's face was suffused with a becoming blush.

"Is that your name?" asked the stranger.

There was no reply, no need of a reply; the blush told the tale.

"I regret to have made a real trespass," he added, "not on Mother Earth, which we should all own in common, or that part of it which Chenowoth considers he owns, but on a private affair of yours. Now let us turn the subject on to something else."

But Miss Cathorne's feelings did not appear to be at all injured by the trespass, and she showed no disposition to change the topic of conversation.

"What kind of a looking person is Mr. Chenowoth?" she asked.

The stranger glanced at her with evident surprise.

"Why do you look at me that way?" she asked, with a slight blush.

"When you first spoke of your landlord"—

"Please don't call him our landlord; call him Mr. Chenowoth."

"Well, when you first spoke of Mr. Chenowoth, you said his looks were of no especial moment."

"I said that his kind heart was of greater importance."

"Well, all I have to say about Chenowoth's appearance is that he is a very ordinary looking man."

"Tall or short?"

"Rather on the beanpole order—something like me."

"Intellectual?"

"No. A theorist; very impractical. There's a bit of romance in his composition; just the fellow to perpetrate such a thing as he has in your case."

"Don't call it a thing, please; it's very lovely."

A maid came to the door and said the gardener would like to see Mr. Chenowoth.

"Mr. Chenowoth!" This came from Miss Cathorne. The stranger's face took on a very disturbed look. "Mr. Chenowoth is not here," continued Miss Cathorne. "He may be here, though some time next week."

"David says, miss, that he saw Mr Chenowoth coming up the walk with you."

The lady looked puzzled. The stranger arose from his seat, walked to a window and looked out. The gardener, who had been standing at the front door, came to the drawing room, and, making his way to the stranger, said enthusiastically:

"How do you do, Mr. Chenowoth? I'm mighty glad to see you back to the old place, sir."

"David," said the stranger, offering the gardener his hand, "you've given me away. I took a fancy to remain incog. for awhile, and you've spoiled it all."

"I don't know what that is, sir. When did you get back?"

During this bit of welcome landlord and tenant were, to say the least, an interesting sight. Chenowoth, who had drifted into the deception and thought that he could give the cause of his liberality without detection, was quite dumfounded at this exposure. He had forgotten that the gardener always went with the place. As for Miss Cathorne, she turned alternately red and white and didn't seem to know whether she was herself or some one else. When Chenowoth got rid of the gardener the two stood at either end of the room, both studying the figures of the rug.

Finally the man stole a side glance at the woman. Then he stole another and another. There was no evidence in her appearance that she would reopen the conversation. He must do so himself. But what was he to say? He had never intended such a denouement. It had all been so delightful, this talking about himself to one who did not recognize him, that he had been led, as it were, to the coping of a roof, where he had danced along at a giddy height with no more consciousness of his position than a somnambulist. He had been awakened by the gardener, and now the question was, Would he lose his balance?

Presence of mind saved him. He had brought on a premature love affair. The only thing to save him was to push forward to an immediate climax. Since he could not think of anything to say that would untie the knot, he yielded to an impulse of something to do. This was well, for in love impulses in the right direction are trump cards. He walked slowly across the room, and as he did so she half turned from him. Coming up behind her, he took her hand.

It was not withdrawn.

LIQUID PORES.

An Entertaining Experiment With Alcohol and Water.

It is not easy to imagine liquids as having pores, though this seems to be the case as shown by certain familiar experiments. When a certain amount of powdered sugar is slowly poured into warm water, the water will dissolve the sugar and appear to absorb it without increasing its volume. Similarly, when alcohol is poured into water the resulting volume is less than the sum of the two volumes.

For instance, if fifty parts of water and fifty parts of alcohol be mixed together they will make only ninety-four parts. Apparently one of the liquids has entered into the "pores" of the other. This experiment, as commonly performed in laboratories, consists in putting measured quantities of the two liquids together, but the effect would be far more striking were it possible for students to see one of the liquids actually "soaking" into the other. This can be done in the following way:

Take two glasses, one filled to the brim with water and the other with alcohol. In order to show the effect to better advantage, color the alcohol with red ink. The glasses should not be over full—that is, the surface of the liquid should not bulge above the rim of the glass. When everything is ready, place a sheet of paper over the glass full of alcohol, and with a hand on the paper to keep it down on the rim of the glass invert the tumbler, and the liquid will remain in the glass, owing to the air pressure on the paper. Now place the inverted tumbler over the glass full of water and carefully draw out the paper. This can be done without spilling a drop of alcohol, and yet as soon as the paper is removed the alcohol will commence to drop. Owing to the fact that it is colored it is possible to see the alcohol actually "soaking" into the water, while tiny air bubbles that were formerly contained in the "pores" of the water rise slowly to the top of the tumbler. This will continue for some little time until a considerable air space forms in the top of the tumbler.

THE KING'S CHAMPION.

Westminster Hall, Where His Challenge Used to Be Uttered.

Westminster hall, in London, was built originally by King William Rufus (1056-1100) and tradition goes that the oak of its ceilings was brought from the forest of Shillelagh, in Ireland, timber which possessed peculiar properties rendering it hateful to spiders and their webs. Richard II. transformed the hall. Leaving the old walls standing, he buttressed them strongly and raised over them the magnificent roof of oak which is still extant and intact. It is ninety-two feet high. The length of the hall is 200 feet, its breadth sixty-eight feet. It was large enough for mounted men to enter in order to challenge any who would dispute the rights of the king, a ceremony that is quaintly described as follows on the occasion of the coronation of Richard III. and Queen Anne in 1483:

"In the afternoone the King and Queene entered the hall, and the King sate in the midle, and ye Queene on ye left side of the table, and on every side of her stoode a Countesse, holding a cloth of Pleasance when she listed for to drink. And on the right hand of ye King sate ye Archbishop of Canterbury. The ladyes sate all on one side in ye midle of the hall, and at the table against them sate the Chancellor and all the Lords. And at the table next the cupboard sate ye Mayor of London. * * * At the second course came into ye hall Sr. Robert Dimmock, the King's Champion, making Proclamacion that whoever would say that King Richard was not lawfull King, he would fight with him at the utterance, and threw down his gauntlett, and then all the hall cryed King Richard.

"And then one brought him a cupp of wine covered, and when he had drunk he cast out the drinke and departed with the cupp. * * * At the end of the dinner the Mayor of London served the King and Queene with sweete wine, and had of each of them a cupp of gold and a cover of gold. And by that time that all was done, it was darke nighte, and so the King returned to his chamber, and every man to his lodging."

The last time that the hall was the scene of the challenge of the king's champion was at the coronation of George IV.

Bell With the Wail of a Child.

A queerly shaped gong which occupies a position of honor in the center of the city of Seoul, Korea, is said to be one of the largest in the world and is called "the bell with the wail of a child in its voice." When first cast the bell sounded with a harsh and cracked note, and the superstitious emperor, fearing an ill omen, consulted with his magicians. These gentlemen held a long confab and finally stated that the bell would never sound right until a live child was given to it. The mass was then melted again, and a live baby was thrown into the molten metal. The wail of agony uttered by the little tot as the bronze engulfed it seemed to be repeated every time the bell was tolled, and today the Koreans still claim that the wail of a child can be heard in the voice of the metal.

But She Wasn't Satisfied.

Lady Jekyll, who was fond of puzzling herself and others with such questions as had been common enough a generation before her, in the days of the "Athenian Oracle," asked William Whiston of berimed name and eccentric memory, one day at her husband's table, to resolve a difficulty which occurred to her in the Mosaic account of the creation.

"Since it pleased God, sir," she said, "to create the woman out of the man, why did he form her out of the rib rather than any other part?"

Whiston scratched his head and answered: "Indeed, madam, I do not know, unless it be that the rib is the most crooked part of the body."

"There," her husband said, "you have it now! I hope you are satisfied."—Southey's Doctor.

The Retort Sarcastic.

"That new family next door borrowed our ax again this morning," his wife told Jones.

"Well, why did you lend it to them," he complained.

"How could I help it?"

"You might have given them some kind of an excuse."

Mrs. Jones waxed sarcastic.

"Yes," she snapped, "I might have told them that you were going to use it—or some other crazy, impossible thing."—Youngstown Telegram.

All Up With Him.

"You had a high old time in Europe?"

"Yes," replied the returned tourist; "I had. I was done up at Monte Carlo, held up in the Apennines and laid up in Rome."

Her Ability.

"Are you able to keep your servants any length of time?"

"Let me see. I've had my husband six years."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Keep your heart high. That is the sum of philosophy.—Cousin.

Egyptian Smokers and Madness.

An Egyptian smoker of hasheesh is even a more helpless slave than the Chinese opium fiend. He knows that in the end he will become a madman, yet he rushes toward the awful goal with unrelaxed speed. With the strange exaltation which first comes to the smoker he feels himself floating from cloud to cloud or alighting in the gardens of palaces all his own. Most of the hasheesh which Egypt consumes comes from Greece. From the husks of the hemp seeds and the tender hops of the hemp plant the Greeks manufacture a greenish powder whose fumes bring the ecstasy its victims desire.

Shapely Swedes.

The Swedes are probably the tallest people in Europe and have on the whole erect, handsome figures. To some extent this advantage is due to physical exercise, for Swedish gymnastics are compulsory in the elementary schools, and the system is much used in other schools and colleges.—London Telegraph.

Not Hail, but Farewell.

Raggles (cheerily)—Good mornin', boss. Farmer—It wouldn't be "Good mornin'" if I offered ye work. Raggles—Right ye are, boss; den it ud be "Good day."—Boston Transcript.

In riches dishonestly come by the heirs of the third generation shall not rejoice.—Solomon.

THE TALE OF A PIG

Chief Justice Marshall's First Case as a Lawyer.

HE OUTWITTED A DEADBEAT.

When Marshall Sued Old Haskin Smiled, When the Case Was Won and Payment Claimed He Laughed, but When the Climax Came He Wilted.

Chief Justice John Marshall's first case as a lawyer was tried in Fauquier county, Va. It was the suit of Cohn versus Haskin, and the descendants of the great interpreter of the constitution delight to this day to tell of the subtle strategy whereby the budding jurist achieved victory over that case hardened deadbeat of a Haskin person.

This same Haskin, it appears, was a man possessed of property. But he was also possessed of a shrewd knowledge of the law. He kept all he had in his wife's name, excepting what the statute exempted from seizure for debt.

In an evil and absentminded moment Cohn, who ran a general store in Haskin's neighborhood, trusted him for sugar and coffee to the amount of $11. This was years before the eruption of young Marshall into the law, and in the interim Cohn had given the claim for collection to every young lawyer in the county to cut his teeth on. Swiftly following Marshall's unfurling of his shingle to the Fauquier winds came Cohn with his claim. Even the callow attorney recognized it as a veteran among claims. However, having nothing else to while away the time, he took the case, Cohn promising him all he could get out of it, which showed Cohn's valuation of it as an asset.

Young Marshall promptly brought suit, at which Haskin smiled. When judgment was obtained, Marshall rode out in person to Haskin's place and demanded payment, at which Haskin laughed.

And while Haskin chuckled the keen eye of the young lawyer wandered about the farmyard. He saw one plow, which was exempt under the law; also one harrow, also exempt; also a huge leviathan of a pig drowsing lazily in a pen—a very Gargantua of a pig.

"That's the only pig I got," volunteered Haskin, reading the lawyer's thought for Haskin, also law wise, knew that under the statute he was entitled to one pig exempt from seizure for debt.

The future chief justice rode home pondering deeply. Next day he was seen strolling around the outskirts of the town looking into casual pigsties and keeping his thoughts to himself.

One noon shortly after a youth, trudging along the big road in front of Haskin's house, stopped to ask for a bite to eat. Over his shoulder he carried a gunny sack. Haskin handed him out a pone of bread and a chunk of meat and then demanded a quarter for the repast. "I haven't got a quarter," replied the youth; "thought you would give a feller a little snack like that."

"Not much," growled Haskin. "What you got in that bag?"

"Nuthin' but a month old pig," answered the youth. "Say, if you gimme a quarter in money I'll give you the pig and we'll call it square."

"I reckon you stole that pig," commented Haskin, "else you wouldn't sell it so cheap. Here's your quarter; gimme the pig."

The youth disappeared with the quarter, and Haskin, with the content of one who has driven a hard bargain, carried the shote over to the barnyard and spilled it into the pen where lay the porcine Gargantua. Coincidentally there rose out of the alder bushes adjacent the forms of young Marshall and another man—the other man was the constable. In his hand he held a writ of execution. He climbed solemnly over into the pigsty and, pointing to the fat porker, said:

"I levy on that pig in the suit of Cohn versus Haskin," and he waved his hand to a man who was waiting with an empty wagon down the road.

"But that pig is exempt," exclaimed the irate Haskin. "The law allows me one pig."

"You've got him there," answered the constable, pointing to the shote as he trussed up the big fellow and called to the man in the wagon to lend a hand. "You can't make your selection for exemption after the levy's made."

"But the fellow that sold me that shote stole him," urged Haskin, growing desperate. "I can't own a stolen pig."

"All right," put in young Marshall, wholly unperturbed. "Mr. Constable, just arrest him for receiving stolen goods."

But Haskin had fled to the safety of his back porch, seeing which the constable, Marshall and the man in the wagon hustled the complaining porker aboard and drove away, leaving the bewildered Haskin to ruminate at leisure over the intricacies of the law which permits a man to keep even his religion in his wife's name, but ravishes away his choicest pig from under his very nose.

And, concluding, the multiple descendants of the great John also delight to tell how that pig sold for $19.85—enough not only to pay the ancient claim, but to satisfy exactly the demands of court and constable for costs, leaving not a penny over for the grief stricken and wicked Haskin.

To which the reader may add, "And they all lived happily forever after"—except Haskin.—New York Times.

The Ready Romancer.

"Clumsy of you to fall overboard," said the critical friend.

"I didn't fall overboard," replied the man who never confesses to a mistake. "The biggest fish I ever saw swam alongside, and I couldn't resist the temptation to dive for him."—Washington Star.

Reprehensible Absentmindedness.

"Why are you so very angry with Walter?"

"He proposed to me last night."

"What of that?"

"Nothing. Only I accepted him the night before."—London Stray Stories.

Discounted.

Man With Wooden Leg—Your charge for cremation is exorbitant. Porter at Crematory—Well, we will throw off 10 per cent in your case on account of your wooden leg.—Mergendorfer Blatter.

I hold all indulgence of sadness that has the slightest tincture of discontent to be a grave delinquency.—Eliot.

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson VI.—Third Quarter, For Aug. 6, 1911.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, Jer. xxvi, 7-19. Memory Verses, 13, 14—Golden Text, Ps. xxvii, 1—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

Jeremiah was a faithful messenger of the Lord God of Israel and coveted only the approval of Him who sent him. He was therefore hated by the false prophets and by all who would not submit to God. The Lord told him that it would be so when He called him to be a prophet and said: 'Speak unto them all that I command thee; be not dismayed at their faces. They shall fight against thee, but they shall not prevail against thee, for I am with thee, saith the Lord, to deliver thee" (Jer. i, 17, 19; xv, 20).

After he had been eighteen years a prophet (compare Jer. i, 2; II Chron. xxxiv, 1) and Jehoiakim was now king, his brother Jehoahaz having reigned only three months (II Chron. xxxvi, 1-4), the word of the Lord came again to Jeremiah saying, "Speak all the words that I command thee to speak unto them; diminish not a word" (Jer. xxvi, 2). Because of Jeremiah's faithfulness in delivering the Lord's message against the city and the temple the priests and the prophets took him and gathered the people against him to put him to death (verses 7-11). The reason of their hatred is seen in the description given of them in previous chapters. "A wonderful and horrible thing is committed in the land—the prophets prophesy falsely, and the priests bear rule by their means, and My people love to have it so." "Every one, from the least even unto the greatest, is given to covetousness; from the prophet even unto the priest, every one dealeth falsely." "Both prophet and priest are profane; yea, in My house have I found their wickedness, saith the Lord" (Jer. v, 30, 31; viii, 10; xxiii, 11). See the same state of affairs described in Isa xxix, 13; xxx, 9-13.

With such an alliance against God on the part of the people and their teachers we cannot wonder at their persecution of such a man of God as Jeremiah. It has always been so, and the Lord Jesus when on earth said that it would be so throughout this age also (Matt. x, 16-18; John xv, 18-21; xvi, 1-3). We cannot be faithful to God and on good terms with the world, lying in the wicked one. Back of all persecutors of the people of God we must see the great persecutor and destroyer, the father of lies.

In verses 12 to 15 we have Jeremiah's defense, and his only plea is, "Of a truth the Lord hath sent me unto you to speak all these words in your ears." He did not fail to exhort them to amend their ways and their doings and to obey the voice of the Lord their God, and then he added, do what you please with me, but know that if you kill me you will kill an innocent man.

The princes and the people then took Jeremiah's part against the priests and the prophets because he had spoken in the name of the Lord their God, and they recall the fact that in the days of Hezekiah the Prophet Micah was a faithful witness for the Lord of hosts against Jerusalem, but that Hezekiah, instead of killing him, repented before the Lord, and the Lord kept back the evil which otherwise would have come upon them. Micah told them plainly that they judged for reward, taught for hire and divined for money, yet professed to lean upon the Lord (Mic. iii, 11). Hezekiah knew this to be all true, and he humbled himself before God and repented.

The last part of our lesson chapter tells of another true man of God who prophesied as Jeremiah did, and when Jehoiakim sought to kill him he fled into Egypt, but the king had him brought back out of Egypt and put to death. The difference in the fate of these two men makes us think of James, the brother of John, whom Herod killed with the sword, and Peter, who was saved from a similar fate by an angel (Acts xii). It is always a gain for a true child of God to die, but it is sometimes better for the people of God on the earth and for sinners who may through them be saved to continue yet awhile here (Phil. i, 20-26).

Jeremiah was a prophet of the Lord for forty years until Judah was fully carried captive in the days of Zedekiah, and he seems to have had to contend with lying prophets all the way through, to one of whom the Lord told him to say, "This year thou shalt die, because thou hast taught rebellion against the Lord." So he died that same year (chapter xxviii, 15-17). We can always safely leave ourselves in the hands of the Lord, but we cannot do otherwise than believe and obey Him. The illustration of the Rechabites, who obeyed Jonadab, their father, in the matter of drinking no wine, having no vineyards and building no houses, as recorded in chapter xxxv, was a very striking object lesson and a stinging rebuke to God's disobedient people, but they did not lay it to heart.

What an old story it is, but what a sad story, that people will profess in words to be the Lord's people, but in their lives deny Him by covetousness and worldliness and self seeking and pleasing, as if they could deceive God, who reads the heart, and to whom all things are naked and open.

Newfoundland.

In spite of ease and swiftness of communication we break down over the pronunciation of names that lie outside our front door. There is Newfoundland. Our earliest speculation in American settlers. But you can't pronounce it so as to satisfy everybody. A visitor has protested. The name has three solid syllables. One must win. In English mouths the accent is generally put on the second syllable, for the dogs found their day. That is wrong, quite wrong. But do you know whether you should say "Newfmln" or "Nfnland?"—London Chronicle.

Wasted Effort.

"Sorry, Bill, I can't come to the theater with you tonight. Now, don't look so cross. You ain't cross, really, are yer, Bill?"

"No, I ain't exactly cross, Liz, but still it is a bit aggravating for a chap to find he's washed his face and hands for nothing, ain't it?"—London Telegraph.

EARLY DAYS OF COACHES.

When Complaint Was Made That "the World Runs on Wheels."

John Taylor, an English poet, known as the "water poet," who died in 1654, had this to say about the use of coaches:

The superfluous use of coaches hathe been the occasion of many vile and odious crimes, as murder, theft, cheating, hangings, whippings, pillories, stocks and cages, for housekeeping never decayed till coaches came into England, till which time those were accounted the best men who had the most followers and retainers. Then land about or near London was thought dear enough at a noble the acre yearly, and a ten pound house rent now was scarce 20 shillings then. But the witchcraft of the conch quickly mounted the price of all things except poor men's labor and withal transformed in some places 10, 20, 30, 40, 50, 60 or 100 proper serving men into two or three animals—videlicet, a butterfly page, a trotting footman, a stiff drinking coachman, a Cook, a Clark, a Steward and a Butler, which hathe enforced many a discarded tall fellow (through want of means to live and grace to guide him in his poverty) to fall into such mischievous actions before named, for which I think the gallowses in England have devoured as many lusty valiant men within these thirty or forty years as would have been a sufficient army to beat the foes of Christ out of Christendome and, marching to Constantinople, have plucked the great Turk by the beard; but, as is aforesaid, this is the age when wherein the "world runs on wheels."

KEPT HIS MOUTH SHUT.

The Lady Guaranteed Silence, and She Made Good.

Unexpectedly an uptown pastor who encouraged congregational singing gained a new parishioner. Keen though his delight in hearing his people sing, there was one member of his flock whose endeavors he never encouraged. But the man sang without encouragement, much to the discomfiture of pew holders anywhere near him, who claimed that his loud, unmusical voice threw them out of time and tune.

Repeated complaints convinced the minister that somebody would have to assume the responsibility of silencing the ambitious singer. He decided that the man's wife was best fitted for the job. Owing to a difference in religious views husband and wife attended different churches, but the minister knew her, so he called and explained his predicament. She was genuinely surprised.

"Do you mean to say he sings?" she said.

"Tries to," amended the pastor.

She thought a minute. "I shall have to come there to church," she said.

"I shall be glad to see you," said the minister. "But what effect will that have on your husband's singing?"

The look she gave him was more significant than words, and they meant a good deal.

"John will never open his mouth when I am around," she said.

And John never has.—New York Times.

Easy to Identify.

A Chinese prince in this country visited police headquarters in New York and was much interested in the thumb mark records preserved there as a method of identification for criminals.

"We have used thumb marks for several thousand years as seals on mercantile and other papers," the Chinaman told the man in charge of the thumb mark bureau, "but we do not use them in any other way."

"How do you identify your criminals?" asked the thumb mark man.

"Oh, we have a very simple method of identification—we cut off their heads."—Saturday Evening Post.

NOISY BUTTERFLIES.

One Species Produces a Sound Like the Snap of a Whip.

One does not think of butterflies as making any sounds, nor of caterpillars as noisy creatures, yet according to the late Samuel Hubbard Scudder in "Frail Children of the Air," the careful student will find some use for his ears when observing the habits of both. Says the author:

It is a fact that certain butterflies produce sound during certain movements. The "whip" butterfly when surprised makes a noise like the snap of a lash by opening and shutting its wings in quick succession. Some hibernating butterflies when disturbed make a faint hissing sound by slowly depressing and raising their wings. The noise thus produced resembles that made by blowing slowly through closed teeth. Other sounds resemble the friction of sandpaper.

A large number of caterpillars make sound by striking the head against the leaf on which they are resting or by swinging the head from side to side, catching the mandibles in the roughness of the leaf or on the silken threads spun on it. It is said that a certain kind of chrysalis when disturbed emits a slight, sharp chirp or clicking noise.

A Hard Face.

Bobby's papa, who is a naval officer, took him to call upon the family of a brother officer who had just returned from a cruise to the tropics.

Among the treasures exhibited was a large red and blue parrot, whose appearance and conversational powers proved most fascinating to the little boy. While the grownups were engaged in talking over old times Bobby, left to his own devices, drew nearer to the parrot's cage, bent on making friends.

Presently there was a squawk from the parrot and a little frightened cry from Bobby, who ran to his father, exhibiting a bleeding forefinger.

The little man was brave, though, as befitted the son of a sailor. He brushed away his tears and said:

"Gee, papa, but that bird has a hard face!"—Harper's Magazine.

Tips to Travelers.

Take a candle in your bag and a box of safety matches. When they are wanted you will be glad they were put in. The space required for them is small. A passenger on a steamer that was wrecked had a small candle, which enabled her to collect some of her most valuable possessions when the lights went out after the collision. Carry a few pens in your bag if you do not use a fountain pen. You will find that it is worth while, as the pens provided at some hotels and other public places are often so bad that it is impossible to use them with any satisfaction.—San Francisco Chronicle.

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THE HANDY MAN.

His Job of Varnishing the Door Was Not a Howling Success.

Mr. Brewster thought his front door looked as though a coat of varnish would do it no harm and resolved to do it himself to save the expense of a painter.

Finding an old "golden sirup" tin in the yard, he went off to the shop for some "best oak varnish." He placed it in the pantry for the night and was up early next morning and by half past 12 had got the door finished.

"I don't like it now it's done," he said to his wife.

"It's bad varnish," replied she. "He's sold you the wrong sort of stuff."

He thought so, too, and went back to the shop, taking what was left with him.

"This is funny varnish you sold me," said he. "It's dull, sticky stuff."

After examining it the shopman said: "This is not what I sold you. This is sirup!"

It then dawned on him that he had got hold of the wrong tin, and he went back home to explain to his wife, who at once said: "Good gracious James! And I've made the pudding with the other tinful!" Then, after a moment's pause, "You'll dine today on roast mutton and varnish pudding!"—Pearson's Weekly.

The Gallery Gods' Applause.

Lawrence Barrett once told of a conversation he had with Edwin Booth. The latter had been congratulated upon an ovation given him by a crowded house on the opening night of an engagement. "The sweetest music to my ears," said the great tragedian, "is the shouting of the boys in the gallery. I know they are not applauding because I have a reputation or because they wish to make a display. They simply give vent to their natural enthusiasm. When they shout I know that I am giving a good performance. As for the parquet, it may clap its hands out of politeness. A dramatic critic who had certain notions as to how a line should be read will applaud if I read it his way; otherwise he will remain quiet. I can never analyze the applause of the front rows, but the gallery is sincere in its likes or dislikes."

Shakespeare's Education.

Shakespeare could not have been an educated man, that is, in the academic sense of the word, for he was a mere youth when he went to London from Stratford and had had, up to that time, only such mental training as he could pick up in the schools of his native town. It nowhere appears that he attended school after leaving Stratford. And yet, as Matthew Arnold says, he lived during his London residence "in a current of ideas in the highest degree animating and nourishing to the creative faculty in a society permeated by fresh thought, intelligent and alive." And he used not only the ideas which he imbibed as they floated around him, but all the learning he could pick up without neglecting his calling.—New York American.

Drawing the Disease Out.

The Chinese have a curious custom of trying to cure a sick man. A friend of the patient obtains a straight branch with a few leaves and twigs at the end. On this he hangs a mirror of polished steel, and under that one of the sick man's coats. Then he goes for a short walk, a priest in the meantime performing a ceremony. The coat, being carried in this way, is supposed to draw the disease from the sufferer.

Just So.

"He doesn't really love you. He's after your money."

"But if his love were not genuine how could he put so much fervor into his wooing?"

"Oh, a man can dig up considerable fervor when he has to marry money or go to work."—Exchange.

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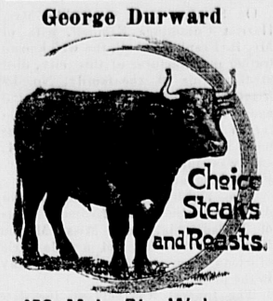
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"I'm sorry, miss, to have to tell you that I'm going to leave you."

A girl of twenty, whose red and white complexion bespoke Irish blood, stood before her mistress, fingering her apron with evident embarrassment.

"Why, Maggie, what have I done?"

"Nothing, miss."

"Then why are you going to leave me?"

"Well, miss—the truth is—why, miss—I'm going to be married."

"Oh, I see. Who are you going to marry, Maggie?"

"Jim Doolan, that works in the Ainsworth factory."

"The Ainsworth factory?"

"Yes, miss."

Margaret Etheridge, the girl's mistress, was interested in the Ainsworth company as a stockholder and through its president and manager, Richard Ainsworth.

"I'm sorry to lose you, Maggie," said Miss Etheridge, "but if you are going to be married, you can depend upon me to give you whatever you will need in the way of clothes, household linen and other things, to enable you to set up housekeeping."

"Thank you, miss."

Maggie was married and went to live with her husband in a small suit or rooms. Jim's wages were not very large, but the couple made them do very well till the first child came, when they were obliged to take a backward step financially by incurring a considerable bill for medical attendance. Then Jim was taken sick, and that increased the indebtedness.

Meanwhile Richard Ainsworth had been pressing an unsuccessful suit with Miss Etheridge. He had greatly increased the output of the Ainsworth company since he took the management, and to the book value of the stock 50 per cent had been added. Indeed, Richard Ainsworth had come to be considered one of the smartest young business men in the state. But there were differences between him and Margaret Etheridge that prevented her from accepting him. Those business qualifications for which the world applauded him did not appeal to her. She did not understand the methods by which that silent partner, capital, was made to absorb the lion's share of the profits of a business. She saw the operatives—men, women and children—going to the works early in the morning and, having worked hard all day, return in the evening to their shabby homes to repeat the process day after day. The were working to pay dividends on her stock, while she, who did nothing, lived in affluence. It seemed to her that there was something wrong. She appealed to Richard Ainsworth for an explanation, but his explanations were not satisfactory. His reasons convinced her, but her heart, her sense of justice, were unmoved by them.

"Why can't you pay your operatives enough to enable them to live more comfortably?" she asked Mr. Ainsworth.

"Because of competition."

"Explain."

"Other concerns would be able to undersell and we would be forced out of business."

"Why not appropriate a portion of the dividends, which are enormous, to the operatives?"

"Because of several reasons, the most pertinent of which is that the stockholders would object."

"I am a stockholder. You may cut my dividends in half, giving one half to the operatives."

"You are one among hundreds; the rest, instead of being willing to give up their profits, are howling for more. My dear Margaret, you don't understand such things."

"Does anybody understand them?"

"Yes, one—Providence."

One day Maggie Doolan sent a pitiful message to Margaret, scrawled in pencil on a bit of paper, saying that she was ill, her husband was away at his work all day, the children had no one to take care of them, and Jim's wages were pledged for debts. Besides this, there was nothing to eat in the house. Margaret immediately sallied forth with a well filled purse and, stopping at the provision shops by the way, carried comfort to the distressed. As she was coming away, Jim came in with a rueful countenance and, throwing himself into a chair, dropped his head in his arms on a table.

"What is it, Jim?" asked his wife in a frightened tone.

"The strike is on," was the mournful reply.

"Oh, heavens!" cried Maggie in dismay.

"What are the hands striking for?" asked Margaret Etheridge.

"Ten per cent advance all around."

"And do you mean that you will have no income whatever till the matter is settled?"

"I do."

"How much do you earn?"

"Twenty-one dollars a week."

"Very well. Every weekly pay day I will send you a check for that amount."

Margaret left, leaving a relieved and thankful household behind her.

The strike proved to be a prolonged one. One evening while it was in progress Richard Ainsworth and Margaret Etheridge were sitting in her home discussing the matter.

"Why do you not give the men what they demand?" she asked.

"For a number of reasons—first, if I do within six months they will make another demand, and so on until we pay them so much that we can't manufacture at a profit. This will drive us out of business and them out of employment."

"Why can't a compromise be effected?"

"The question is a difficult one to answer. If these men were represented by one of their own number a compromise might be effected. But they are represented by one or more persons whose interest I don't consider their interest. The questions between the laborer and the capitalist are those constantly arising between partners in business. Whenever the interests of persons and peoples are intertwined there can only be loss to both in a want of harmony. When the capitalist is unjust to the laborer he in the long run injures his business. When the laborer is excessive in his demands upon the capitalist he injures the business in which he is a partner."

Ainsworth had scarcely spoken the last word when there was evidence of a commotion without. Some one cried:

"Hurrah for the strike sympathizer!"

Ainsworth and Margaret looked at each other wonderingly.

"Where's the leddy? Come out!"

There was a ring at the door bell. Margaret chose to answer the summons herself. A workman stood at the door, who, pulling respectfully the rim of his tattered hat, said to her:

"There's a lot of us here, miss, that hearin' ye have contributed to the strikers' fund by paying Jim Doolan's family his weekly wages, have come to thank ye. Would ye mind showin' yourself on the porch?"

Margaret went out and saw a crowd of upturned faces, lighted only by a street lamp.

"Three cheers for the leddy strike sympathizer!" cried the man who had brought her out.

The cheers were given with a will, and when quiet was restored Margaret said:

"I can't say exactly that I am a strike sympathizer, but I can say that I am a sympathizer with you and your families. I am a stockholder in the Ainsworth company, and if by throwing off all my dividends except what I need to keep body and soul together I could end this strike I would do so."

"Good for you!" "Let the other stockholders do the same!" "For God's sake, end it!"

"How would you like to make me your representative to confer in your name with the management of the Ainsworth company with a view to a compromise?"

"Bully!" "Go ahead!" "Do't!"

Margaret's introducer held up his hand for silence and said:

"All in favor of Miss Etheridge representing us say aye."

There was a wild shout of ayes. No noes were called for or given.

"Very well," said Margaret. "Tomorrow morning at 10 o'clock I will be ready to receive a committee of men who are workers, men who have been supporting their families by their labor in the works of the Ainsworth company. Don't send any one else. If you do I shall decline to act for you."

She withdrew, followed by wild shouts from laborers delighted with the novel plan of endeavoring to secure their demands through a stockholder and a woman. In ten minutes more the neighborhood was deserted.

The next morning Richard Ainsworth was at Margaret's home some time before the appearance of the committee and was shown into a room by himself, ready to decide upon any proposition that might be made. When the committee arrived they were placed in the drawing room. Margaret entered and said:

"Make your demand."

"Our only demand," replied the spokesman, "is for 10 per cent advance."

"If the raise is granted, how long before a demand will be made for another raise?"

The committee conferred and finally agreed to pledge themselves that no new demand should be made within two years.

"How is the management of the company to be assured that you will keep this pledge?"

After another consultation the spokesman said, "Every operative will sign a written pledge to you, and you can give your word to the management."

"Very well. Wait here."

Withdrawing, Margaret went into the room occupied by the manager and made him the proposition.

Now Richard Ainsworth had a shrewd head in more ways than one. He could see an opportunity when it presented itself, and he saw one now.

"Margaret," he said, "the terms are accepted on one condition."

"What is it?"

"That you make an additional pledge."

"What pledge?"

"To become my wife."

Margaret was not ready to give a definite answer. She tried to satisfy him with an evasion. All to no purpose. He stood firm as a rock. Either the stipulation must be introduced into the agreement or the strike must go on. Finally she put out her hand and turned away her face. Ainsworth took the hand and sealed the contract with a kiss.

That night there was a demonstration about Margaret Etheridge's home, and nothing would satisfy the demonstration except carrying their representatives in a chair on their shoulders around the factory and home again.

WASTED ELOQUENCE.

His One Great Speech Was Wholly Lost on President Cleveland.

Colonel Franklin Pierce Morgan of Washington and New York never made but one great speech, and the story of it is pathetic. His audience was Grover Cleveland, then president of the United States, and his purpose was to secure a pardon for a murderer named O'Neil, in whom the colonel had become interested.

"I'll never forget that day," said the colonel in telling about the incident. "I had told Dan Lamont the day before that I intended to ask Cleveland to pardon O'Neil, who was a creature of the dark places at times, but a pretty good fellow at that. Cleveland had taken the precaution to send to the department of justice and get the papers in the case.

"I got up early the next morning, had a massage and was feeling tiptop. I got in to see Cleveland, and I spoke twenty minutes. Never in my life, before or since, have I been as eloquent as I was pleading for that fellow O'Neil. The end of every sentence I uttered brushed the edges off a cloud. I concluded my argument confident that I had swept the president off his feet.

"'Mr. Morgan,' he said, 'is that all you have to say on behalf of your friend?'

"'Mind you, he said 'friend.'

"'Yes, Mr. President,' I said, 'I think that's all.'

"'Mr. Morgan,' he replied, 'never as long as I am in the White House shall that consummate scoundrel—consummate scoundrel, mind you—get out of the penitentiary.'

"What's the use of eloquence, anyhow?" concluded the colonel.—Buffalo Express.

AN ARTIST OF NERVE.

Remarkable Daring and Coolness In an Alpine Accident.

The architect Viollet le Duc was one day on the Schwarzenberg glacier at a height of about 9,000 feet, accompanied by Baptiste, the guide, who marched in front. The two men were attached to each other by a rope, as is usual in Alpine mountaineering.

The guide had passed over a crevasse, but when M. Viollet le Duc attempted to cross it he failed and fell into the abyss. The guide tried to pull him out, but instead he found himself gradually descending.

The architect perceived that his companion if he persisted in the attempt to save him would surely share his fate, and he asked if Baptiste had a family.

"A wife and children," was the answer.

"Then," said Viollet le Duc quietly, "I shall cut the rope."

He did so and fell, but a block of ice thirty feet lower down stopped his descent. When Baptiste saw this and that for a time the danger was lessened he went in search of help and returned with four stout peasants. Three hours afterward Viollet le Duc was extricated.

In spite of his perilous position the ruling passion was strong with the artist, for, although he was almost covered with icicles from the dripping water, he had contrived to make drawings of the novel effects he was able to perceive.

Stewed Apples.

To stew apples so each quarter is unbroken and so clear one can almost see through it is an art, and yet it is a simple thing to do if one only knows how. Peel tart apples very thin, cut them in quarters and remove the cores and seeds. As fast as you can peel and quarter them drop the apples in a saucepan in which you have already placed cold water to the depth of two inches. When the apples are all in, put the saucepan over a slow fire, cover it till the water reaches the boiling point, then remove the cover and let the apples simmer almost imperceptibly till you can pierce them easily with a broom splint; then sprinkle the sugar over them and let them just simmer until it is all melted. Remove the saucepan from the fire and let it stand where the apples will get cold before turning them into a dish for the table.

Why the Spider Was There.

When Mark Twain in his early days was editor of a Missouri paper a superstitious subscriber wrote to him saying that he had found a spider in his paper and asking him whether that was a sign of good luck or bad. The humorist wrote him this answer and printed it:

"Old subscriber—Finding a spider in your paper was neither good luck nor bad luck for you. The spider was merely looking over our paper to see which merchant is not advertising, so that he can go to that store, spin his web across the door and lead a life of undisturbed peace ever afterward."

Nursery Windows.

If the nursery window is not protected by outside bars hammer a large screw or nail into the groove of the lower sash, so that the window cannot be raised more than six inches. If the top sash is drawn down this is quite enough for ventilation, and, no matter how ingenious or venturesome the little ones may be, they cannot wriggle through the lower opening.—Philadelphia Press.

Maybe Mary Was Too Sedate.

Mrs. Nuwed—Mary, for dinner I think we'll have boiled mutton with caper sauce. Are there any capers in the house? Mary—No, ma'am. Mrs. Nuwed—Then go out in the garden and cut some.—Harvard Lampoon.

Putting In a Sting.

Maud—Jack is telling around that you are worth your weight in gold. Ethel—The foolish boy. Who is he telling it to? Maud—His creditors.—Denver Times.

How He Escaped.

"What do you think. A fellow stole a drum from the orchestra yesterday."

"Did he get off?"

"Yes, saw a cop coming and beat it."—Exchange.

CURIOUS RESERVOIRS.

The Use to Which Baobab Trees Are Put In Africa.

People of the Kordofan province, Africa, use baobab trees as reservoirs for the scanty water of that district. The trees have to be prepared carefully for this use. The large branches are first cut off near the trunk. If this is not done the trunk is apt to split as soon as it is hollowed out. A hole is cut in the trunk, generally just above a branch, which serves as a platform for the man who is filling the tree, and the interior is hollowed out. Round the bottom of the tree a shallow basin some twenty or thirty feet in diameter is made, in which the rainwater collects. As soon as there is a storm the people go out and fill their trees. The water so stored remains perfectly good until the end of the next hot weather or even longer. A few trees, naturally hollow, have a hole at the top between the branches and fill themselves, the branches catching the water and acting as gutters. These are called "haga," and are highly valued.

The system gives a cistern twenty feet high and from eight to ten feet or even more in diameter. Owing to the labor involved in preparing and filling the trees water is usually bought and sold, and on the main roads where there is much traffic, as between Nahud and Jebel el Hilla on the way to El Fasher, the capital of Darfur, the people do a regular trade by supplying merchants and travelers with water.

The bucket, called a "dilwa," consists of a piece of leather suspended by strings six inches long from a piece of wood bent in a circle, to which the rope used for drawing the water is fastened by three or four strings. On reaching the bottom of the well the leather opens out and collects the water, however little there may be.—Chicago News.

FAIRLY WARNED.

The Old Crook's Advice to His Brilliant Young Pupil.

"All this easy talk about 'honest graft,' said an author, "makes me tired. There isn't any such thing. 'Honest' graft is on a par with the point of view of an incorrigible old crook I ran across when I was doing police work on a Chicago paper years ago. The venerable reprobate had a son about eighteen years old, whom he had carefully trained to follow in his own footsteps. They lived together, and every night the old man used to make the boy fork over the proceeds of the day's pocketpicking, allowing him just enough to live on.

"Finally the young crook began to rebel inwardly, and one night, after a particularly good day's haul, he secretly pawned a diamond scarfpin and kept the money himself. He gave the old thief the rest of the swag, however, and it was so goodly a pile that he opened his heart and handed the astonished boy $5 and told him to go to a prizefight or somewhere and enjoy himself. So the boy began to put on his only glad rags. But he seemed strangely silent and distraught. The old man noticed it and demanded to know what was the matter and if the $5 wasn't enough, and so on.

"Suddenly the lad burst into tears. 'Guv'nor,' he sobbed, 'I ain't no right to this five spot. Here's $10 I got on a pin today, and I was goin' to hold it out on you.'

"The old crook took the money and gazed with sadness upon his child. 'Son,' he said, 'I want to tell you one thing. Take it from me, folks that gets money that way will never, never come to no good.'"—New York World.

Flowers and Blood.

A superstition dating from olden times exists to the effect that roses and flowers generally attain greater beauty in soil fertilized by blood, especially by human blood, than elsewhere. Persons who have visited Newmarket, England, know of the so called "bloody flower of Newmarket," which is found nowhere else than in the old moat, now filled up, and in which, according to tradition, a very large quantity of human remains is interred. These flowers bloom in June and July and by the bloodlike hue of their blossoms suggest the name which has been given to them.

Pat Scored.

An Irishman named Pat Carr was met by an Englishman one day, who said to him:

"What's your name?"

"Carr," said Pat.

"Well, well," said the Englishman; "you're the first car I ever saw going without an ass, so you're a great sight to me."

"Begob!" said Pat. "You're not the first ass I saw going without a car, so you're no sight to me."—London Globe.

Consulting the Sage.

No Korean couple would think of marrying without consulting the sage, who fixes the happy day for them. This he does simply by adding the bride's age to the bridegroom's, and, after determining which star rules the destiny of their united ages, he decrees that the wedding shall take place upon the day sacred to that star.

Courting Celebrity.

"I want to do some one thing that will cause me to be talked about," said the energetic and ambitious man.

"That's easily arranged," answered his wife. "Merely move into a strange neighborhood."—New York American.

The Resemblance.

Teacher—If the earth were empty inside it would resemble— Scholar—A razor, miss. Teacher—A razor? Why, Teddy? Scholar—Because it would be hollow ground, miss.—London Telegraph.

Easier.

The Landlady—At our table, Mr Bjinks, it is customary to return thanks at each meal. The New Boarder—That's fine. I like it lots better than paying cash.—New York Journal.

It is the people who know how to rest who do continuous good work.—Hurraden.

AN OLD GOLD BRICK

Used For Fleecing the Innocents a Generation Ago.

THE PATENT SAFE SWINDLE.

It Was a Plausible Trick That Generally Caught the Coin and Sent the Bewildered Victim Out of Town In a Hurry For Fear of Arrest.

Although the essentials of imposture remain unchanged from generation to generation, so that the rogue of today would have no trouble in recognizing his counterpart of the seventeenth century, nevertheless there are fashions in thievery, as in everything else. Old tricks are cast off like threadbare coats in favor of newer ones, and these in turn are discarded when publicity has rendered them familiar and therefore less effective, but plausibility and address are the indispensable qualities of the gentry who live by their wits.

The newest type of confidence man is the get-rich-quick individual who breathes of money and wouldn't turn his hand to a small "job." He angles for victims with new corporations and great business ventures for bait, but he is the same man who a generation ago raked in the sheckels by means of the patent safe game. This game is now an outworn fashion. But it had its points.

Let us suppose a countryman, carpetbag in hand, to have alighted at the union station and set out to see the sights. Although his name is conveniently printed on the outside of his bag or set down in a legible hand on the hotel register, he is amazed to find himself hospitably greeted by an utter stranger, who knows his name and the town from which he hails. The stranger is an old friend whom the countryman is ashamed to think he cannot remember—place is the word. But the stranger is very affable and lays himself out to entertain the newcomer. They stroll about town in company, visit a bar or two, exchange reminiscences and at the end of a few hours are bosom companions. The stranger invariably pays the score, has a lordly disdain of money; good fellowship is its own reward.

The two stroll by devious ways until finally while they are walking arm in arm down a quiet bystreet the stranger's eye is caught by a curious object lying on the pavement. He pauses to examine it. It is a miniature globe about the size of a billiard ball. The stranger turns it over curiously in his fingers and finally sees that it is fitted with a small plug, which comes out under pressure. Continuing his explorations, he then unscrews the top of the plug, takes out a piece of crumpled paper, shows his dupe the empty box and throws the paper on the ground. There is a similar bit of paper in the small chamber at the end of the plug, but this the countryman does not see. The two then stroll on, discussing the mysterious ball.

Presently they come upon a worried looking man, who is studying the ground with a face the pattern of despair. The roper observes him and wants to know whether he has lost something.

"Lost something, indeed!" says the man. "Why, I've lost an invention of mine that I wouldn't have taken $10,000 for. It was a patent fire safe which would save hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of papers and valuables every year. I was just on my way to Blank & Blank's, the safe manufacturers, to get one made, and here I have lost the model."

The roper is evidently much touched by the inventor's distress. He produces the wooden globe and is immediately overwhelmed with expressions of gratitude.

"But what good is that invention of yours?" asks the roper.

"Well," says the inventor with pride, "you see, it is set on props. When there is a fire all you have to do is to knock out the props and the safe rolls down an incline right out of the building as neat as you please. There's a box inside to hold the papers. There is a paper in this box right now."

At that the roper winks slyly at the farmer and whispers in his ear, "I'll make him a bet on that piece of paper."

"Come," says the roper, "that's a pretty tall yarn. I don't believe there's any paper in that ball. I'll bet there isn't a scrap of paper in it."

"I'll bet you $1,000 there's a paper in it," says the inventor, much incensed.

"I haven't that much with me," says the roper, "but I'll just bet you a hundred on it." With that he takes out a number of bills, say $50 or so, and a bank check for the other $50. To his friend the farmer he says, "Will you just lend me $50 on this check until I can get to my hotel?"

The farmer sees that his friend is sure to win. He advances the $50, when, behold, the inventor draws out the plug, removes the concealed paper from its small chamber and collects the bet. The roper is decidedly crestfallen, but while he is still lamenting his folly a policeman rushes up, charges him with gambling and makes a grab for him. Roper flees, but the farmer is caught. After protesting his innocence the farmer is allowed to depart. Still fearful of arrest, he flees the city. When he presents his check he discovers that roper, inventor and policeman are all confidence men who have enriched themselves at his expense.—Chicago Record Herald.

Light Men.

At a certain hotel in Liverpool an Englishman, an Irishman and a Scotsman were arguing as to which of their respective countries had the lightest men.

The Irishman led the argument by saying:

"We have men of Cork!"

"That may be," said the Scotsman; "but we have men of Ayr."

"Well," said the cockney, "that is very light, but we have 'lighter' men on the Thames."

The Woburn Journal

Telephone 55.
Residence 280.

FRIDAY, AUG. 11, 1911

UNJUST TAXATION.

After four years of labor and several millions of dollars spent on its construction the Charles River Basin was completed in 1910 and accepted by the State. Hon. Joshua Bennett Holden, an eminent Boston Lawyer, capitalist and politician, a native of Woburn, was one of the members of the State Board of Commissioners under whose direction and authority the Basin was built. Just why and how the Commonwealth shouldered the great work and payment for it nobody outside the State House fully understands. It was done solely for the benefit of Boston and Cambridge, and it was only fair and just that those cities should pay for it.

The State, or Park Commissioners of the Metropolitan System, (it is hard to say which) thought differently, and decided that all the towns and cities in the Metropolitan District which would be benefitted by the Basin should contribute each its proportion towards the cost of building and maintaining it, and on that decision the Assessors proceeded to assess those towns and cities which the Commission, or State authorities, or the Park Commissioners, concluded would be benefitted by the Basin the amount required for this year's expenses, and notify those unfortunate municipalities of the exact extent to which they had been victimized.

Last week Woburn's Board of Assessors were informed that the amount of the tax for this city had been fixed at $2,785.71, in spite of the fact that George W. Norris, Esq., as City Solicitor, had early in the proceeding, notified the C. R. B. Commissioners that Woburn should not be included in the enterprise but exempt from all connection with it solely on the ground that the city, by no possibility, could receive the least benefit from it.

The taxpayers in the towns and cities that have been assessed for this purpose are indignant and will resist payment of the tax to the bat's end. Woburn tradesmen, manufacturers, the Business Men's Association, are bitterly opposed to the tax, and will refuse to pay it.

The assessment is unlawful; it cannot be enforced, say good lawyers. Who are to decide whether or not a town or city is benefitted by the Basin, and how?

The Basin tax on Winchester is $3,330; that of Wakefield is equally high, and both towns have been heard from on the subject. They are up in arms, and will resist payment.

Steps are soon to be taken to present this subject to the proper authorities, and to adopt plans to bring organized opposition to bear on it, and combine to fight the unjust and illegal tax in the Courts, if need be. At least, we have been so informed.

WILLIAM P. FRYE.

After nearly 50 years of faithful and fruitful service in Congress, the last 30 of which were in the Senate, of which he was Protem President for a long period, William P. Frye died at his home in Lewiston, Maine, where he was born about 80 years ago, last Tuesday, Aug. 8, 1911.

He was one of the ablest members of the U. S. Senate, and even Champ Clarke, present Speaker of the National House of Representatives, a rank Democrat, said of Senator Frye: "I have always estimated his integrity as perfect, and his ability as great."

Senator Lodge said of him: "I do not think there was ever a man in the Senate more generally beloved."

ANOTHER TERM WANTED.

Joe Henry Parker, Jr., is seeking the Democratic nomination for another term in the Legislature. This was foreshadowed in a highly laudatory sketch published in an esteemed cotemporary, with portrait, the other day. He will capture it with ease, no doubt, for direct nominations have shown the politicians of their strength, as certainly and effectively as as the lap of Delilah robbed the son of Manoah of his, and the rank and file of the Democracy, the great majority are for Representative Parker first, last and all the time.

☞ Woburn's City Officials are opposed to the Charles River Basin tax on this city teeth and toe. Major H. C. Hall, Clerk of the Board of Health; Hugh D. Murray, Mayor; Arthur E. Gage, Chairman of the Board of Assessors; City Solicitor Sullivan, are outspoken and bitter against the unjust and illegal tax.

☞ The Middlesex County G. A. R. Association are to have an excursion to Bass Point on Aug. 30. Woburn members will be on hand.

THE TAX RATE.

To those taxpayers who are familiar with the financial condition of Woburn—its resources and expenditures for the present year—were not surprised when the Board of Assessors reported an increase of 50 cents on $1,000 over the tax of 1910, which was $19.80, while it is $20.30 this year, but wondered how the figure was kept so low, especially when it was found that $7,000 more money must be raised to meet this year's ordinary and extraordinary demands than was necessary in 1910. The total sum to be raised by taxation this year is as follows:

State tax	$16,885.00
County	10,880.58
Metropolitan sewer	11,883.88
Metropolitan park	6,212.61
Charles river basin	2,785.71
State highway	101.50
Executions	800.00
City budget	190,430.00
Overlayings	3,903.20
	$243,782.48

There was a shrinkage of $95,664 in the amount of personal property returned for assessment, due to dullness in and falling off of the leather factory products which, but for the favorable circumstance of an increase of $171,960 in real estate valuation, would have caused a much higher rate than $20.30 for Woburn this year.

Pessimists may take a different view of it, but, all the same, the increase of this city's taxrate for 1911 and the decrease of the amount of personal property given in for assessment, has no significance so far as the real condition of the city is concerned. These rates and returns vary from year to year without any apparent cause, and nothing is thought of it. Returns of personal property are a mighty uncertain quantity on which to base taxation, or judge of a city's wealth; and many causes often contribute to a necessary advance of the taxrate.

Real estate alone furnishes a true basis, and according to the report of the Assessors on its conditions, this city is prosperous, and far from being taxridden, as some people would have us believe.

It is undoubtedly true that the present Democratic city administration are spending more money than there is any need of, and in some respects, are wasteful and extravagent; nevertheless, we believe in giving the devil his due.

GOOD WORK.

The JOURNAL is not quite so vain as to credit itself with prompting Chief McDermott's successful liquor raid the other day; but, it was a mighty good job that he and his faithful officers did in the way of ferreting out and bringing violators of the law to justice, for which all decent people thank them heartily.

We would respectfully suggest to the Chief that there are in this city a few more rum joints that are ripe for his official attention.

☞ The weather last Wednesday was made especially for the benefit and pleasure of the men of this city who observed in due form and enthusiastically Woburn Merchants Day, for it was exceptionally fine for dogdays and altogether lovely. The Day is an annual and although, a movable feast according to the Scripture definition of that term, its celebration is always in the summer time. It is not confined to merchants, but any respectable male member of the community with the necessary amount of coin (35 cents on Aug. 9) is eligible to membership. A great many Woburn merchants, mechanics, professionals, and plain citizens, took in Merchants Day last Wednesday Aug. 9, and enjoyed it immensely. The crowd went to Rowe's Wharf in Boston, or some other, by B. & N. streetcars in the morning, thence by steamer across the Harbor to Nantasket Beach, where they had a bangup dinner and spent the time delightfully in games, sports, bathing, etc. At a seasonable honr towards evening Supt. Myers's trolleys took the company back to Woburn everyone of them perfeetly satisfied with the keeping of the Woburn 1911 Merchants Day.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements

J. G. Maguire—Mort. Sale.
J. G. Maguire—Citation.
Edison Elec. Ill. Co.—Light and Power.

— Labor Day will be here in less than 3 weeks.

— Miss Anna Dowd of the *News* goes on her vacation tomorrow.

— Read what G. R. Gage & Co. say in their ad about their August Sale.

—Guy Marion and companion have returned from a highly enjoyed visit to the "horse latitudes," meaning the W. Is.

— John Maguire and Daniel Callahan of Harrison Ave. will start tomorrow for two weeks vacation in the Pine Tree State.

— Uncle Sam didn't think it was Capt. Wyer's duty to shut up shop here last Wednesday; so, the P. M. kept open house that day.

— Mr. James F. McGovern, 17 Church avenue, Janitor of the Public Library in this city, went out on vacation last Monday morning. He repaired to Clinton that day to visit the Library in that place, and teach its Janitor how to do things.

— Col. Cyrus Tay of Woburn, died at the Soldiers Home in Chelsea, on Thursday afternoon, Aug. 10, in his 85th year.

— The Fire Department, of which Mr. Tracey is Chief Egineer, have lately bought a pair of fine horses for Hose 1. Mayor Murray, after a trial, says they are O K.

— Dr. Henry G. Wyer of St. Louis is visiting his former home, his father, Capt. E. F. Wyer, P. M. and family, and old friends and acquaintances in Woburn and vicinity.

— The Field Day of St. Joseph's Parish at Pavilion Park, Montvale, last Saturday, was a grand affair. The attendance was large and everything went off as smooth as oil.

— Lawyer James E. Feeney is away on his vacation outing, or has been, or is to be soon. Vacationists are so much like the Irishman's flea that it won't do to try to locate them.

— Alarm from box 65 at 5 35 Monday evening was for a fire that destroyed the boiling shed of the Ballard patent leather factory on Jefferson ave. in which two employees were severally burned.

— The Woburn Board of Aldermen and guests, about 25 strong, took their annual day off last Tuesday on Concord River and had the time of their lives. The Aldermanic capacity for food and fun knows of no limits.

— The Christian Endeavorers of the North Congregational church are holding their regular Sunday evening meetings on the church lawn at 5 45 o'clock during the month of August. The Society are flourishing like all possessed.

— By order of Mayor Murray City Hall and every office in it were hermetically sealed on Merchants Day. Thus, in the Mayor's judgment, there ought to be more holidays here in Woburn. Business is getting to be merely a side issue here now.

— Mrs. Hortense (Charles H.) Taylor of 23 Pleasant street is the very welcome guest of her cousin, Mrs. Jane Greenleaf, at North Berwick, Maine. When a girl Mrs. G. was a pupil in the Woburn public schools and a chum of Hortense Littlefield.

— The season for "roasting ears," new cider, huckleberry dropcakes, succotash, Crosby sweet corn, is here, or soon coming, for which, we hope, everybody will be prepared. In days long gone by, "muster gingerbread" was the chief attraction at annual trainings.

— Dr. J. Henry Hutchings and mother, Mrs. George H. Hutchings of Main street, have returned from an automobile tour of nearly 1,000 miles through New York, Vermont, Connecticut, and Western Massachusetts—the famous Berkshire Hills therein being the veritable Garden of Eden.

— Mrs. Thomas Heartz and daughters Elsie and Angie leave their home on Bennett street tomorrow for Look-Away Inn at Pine Point, a seaside resort in Scarboro, Cumberland County, Maine, where they will fish, sail and bathe for the next two weeks. Look-Away Inn is a popular hostelry.

— The Warren Academy Free Industrial School, Mr. Frank Carter, Principal, closes this year's term today. The 20th public exhibition of its work is in progress at the Academy on the hill, at which there is a large attendance of people interested in the School, which includes about the whole city.

— The organizing of a Grange here was a real hit. Mr. Fred F. Walker, Master, had a good deal to do with getting it up. He is Chief of the Cattle Bureau of the Massachusetts Agricultural Department, and a farmer and dairyman of wide and favorable repute. Likewise, an enthusiastic Granger.

— Rumors to the contrary, notwithstanding, Mr. Angelo Crovo has not bought Mr. Fowler's icecream business. His fruit trade, which is constantly increasing, is all Mr. Crovo cares about carrying on at present. He has a bunch of smart, likely boys, with business qualities, who will take the "Old Man's" place shortly and make things lively.

— Woburn merchants had a habit 15 or 20 years ago of giving the people of the surrounding towns, cities, and country sides a summer day streetcar ride to Woburn and a reception at their stores, and the same was enjoyed annually by merchants and people alike. It was a pleasant and profitable custom for all concerned: why not revive it?

— At his request, Col. Cyrus Tay, 86 years old, a Veteran of the Civil War and prominent G. A. R. man, went to the Soldiers Home in Chelsea to reside a few days ago. On Saturday, Aug. 5, he fell and broke one of his hips at his home, the residence of a daughter, Mrs. Herbert Bagnell, on Eaton avenue and wished to be taken to the Home. Dr. Lane attended to him.

— The following Woburn people were obliged to remain all last Sunday night on the excursion steamer Dorothy Bradford from Provincetown to Boston which was unable to enter the Harbor on account of the dense fog. They slept on deck of the steamer: Lulu Kenney, Jennie Lynch, Annie Ring, Mary Walsh, Annie Harkins, Gertrude Lynch, Bernice Fezette, Gertrude Thompson.

— The JOURNAL took great pleasure in commending Mr. George Buchanan, the other week, to the public, as an expert Horticulturist and Agriculturist, and as a gentleman who, with a few more years over his head, would fill that Government Bureau with great credit to himself and profit to the Nation. Since he took pains last week to show us some tomatoes from his garden we feel more fully convinced than ever before that he would fill the office admirably.

— Melrose Highlands is a famous place for raising prize winning violets. We were furnished conclusive evidence of this last Sunday when the Misses Frances and Christine Wellock, bright and pretty little daughters of Captain Samuel Wellock, a Boston Pilot, as his father was before him, and Mrs. Minnie Crowell Wellock, brought us a generous bunch of them for our especial delight. We never saw larger or handsomer violets, and were grateful to our young and thoughtful friends for them.

— Heat and humidity combined managed to make last Wednesday, Aug. 9, one of the most uncomfortable days of the season.

— Failing in their strike for more pay, 2 Yankees, one Swede, 3 Italians and 7 Greeks returned to their work at the factory of Beggs & Cobb last Wednesday.

— Mr. Frank A. Winn of Highland street, a Veteran of the Civil War, a printer in the service of the Boston *Transcript* for half a century, or more, and ex-Alderman of this city, finished his vacation last Saturday, and in a few days thereafter returned to his case in the *Transcript* composingroom where he has established a record for length of service which very few Boston printers, if any, can equal. His record embraces also, application to business, superior workmanship, sobriety, good manners, and the highest esteem of his employers and fellow craftsmen.

— Last Tuesday evening a grand reception was given in G. A. R. Hall, 420 Main street, to Color-Sergeant George A. Campbell, U.S.A., retired, by Charles H. Moloy Camp 42, S. W. V., which was a well attended and pleasant affair. Among the gentlemen who made speeches were Col. E. J. Gihon, Commander-in-Chief of the Spanish War Veterans; Mass. Dept. Commander, A. B. Patten; Frank G. Thompson of Malden, one of the heroes of the illfated battleship Maine that was blown up by the Cubans at Havana just before the opening of the Spanish War, and which is now being raised. By these and all others the reception was fully enjoyed.

— When, on their delightful trolly trip from Woburn to Portsmouth, N. H., last Wednesday, Aug. 9, they disembarked at that historical old city by the Sea, near the Kittery Navy Yard, at which the Treaty of Peace between Russia and Japan was ratified a few years ago, "The Lady of Doughty's Falls" and her companion, Mrs. T., found themselves bathed in bright sunshine, and remembered the weather threatenings of a few hours before, they must have felt in their souls, and said to each other: "Yea, verily, Hortense, these encouraging words of the Poet concerning the sometimes mysterious ways of the good Lord must be true: "Behind a frowning providence He hides a smiling face."

— The lawn party given by the Tabernacle Society of St. Charles church, on the St. Charles Parochial School grounds under the personal direction and management of Rev. James J. Keegan, Pastor, on Aug. 4, was the grandest outdoor entertainment, for young and old, particularly for the children, that has been enjoyed here this summer. Rev. Fr. Keegan spared no pains or money to insure its perfect success, both of which investments paid a handsome dividend in the shape of attendance, and the great pleasure derived by everyone present. He took especial care to make the little ones happy, in which he succeeded to the highest degree. The "Punch and Judy," the dancing, the marching, the singing, etc., kept up until near midnight, were enjoyed immensly by the hundreds of attendants.

— At 11 45 o'clock last Saturday evening, Aug. 5, while gathering up and arranging his goods preparatory to closing the store, 349 Main street, Mr. John F. Halliday of the firm of Cuneo & Halliday, fruiterers at the above number, and talking with an acquaintance, suddenly fell to the sidewalk and received serious injuries. It was supposed that he was attacked by weakness or dizziness which caused his fall and rendered him unconscious from the shock and blow on his head. Doctors Conlon and Lane were immediately summoned by Mr. Collins, who was conversing with the young merchant when he fell, and on their arrival ordered him conveyed to the Choate Hospital, where he still remains. Mr. Halliday is 30 years old next month, a nephew of Mr. Charles P. Buckley, former driver for many years of the hook and ladder truck of Montvale avenue. He is a young man well liked and highly esteemed.

— Mr. Daniel N. Hood, Professor of Music, late organist at the First church of Woburn, left here last Monday, in company with his brother of Hamilton, who is a large manufacturer of rubber goods, for a vacation ramble down the St. Lawrence River and elsewhere. They reached Lake George in Northern New York on Monday evening, from which point, after a visit among its scenic beauties and charms, they were to strike Montreal, which fine city they would make their stopping place until ready to go somewhere else. Their next objective point, according to the itinerary laid out before starting, would be Quebec, including the famous Falls of Montmorency, and delightful scenery along the banks of the mighty St. Lawrence, and, perhaps, the fashionable summer resort of the Quebec bonton; and after that, home, by the way of New York City. They expected to be gone about a fortnight.

—The JOURNAL would find it pretty hard scratching to get along if it didn't have Mary Ellen, Janitor John Connolly's granddaughter, to give it a helping hand now and then. She and the old paper get on together very nicely, and are quite chummy, but uncle George Buchanan, farmer and gardener, is preferred by the young lady because he raises fine fruits, flowers and vegetables, while the JOURNAL raises only the ire of the Woburn Democrats and other sinners. At 12 M. last Wednesday, Mary Ellen fetched from uncle George's blooming garden a bouqnet which made Editor's heart leap for Joy. There were not less than 20 different kinds of flowers in it, the centrepiece being an old-fashioned sunflower as big over as a pewter platter, and the seeds of the others were brought over, probably, by the Pilgrims in 1620, and planted on Plymouth Rock—some say Provincetown. A peck measure wouldn't begin to hold the bunch of blooms of ancient origin that Mary Ellen brought. But the JOURNAL must not forget to mention the fact that the big bouquet was accompanied by the first cucumber raised from the campaign garden seeds sent to Church avenue by Congressman S. W. McCall of this District last spring. It was a splendid cucumber, and if Mr. McCall will send some more of the seed next spring, he can have every vote in Woburn in 1912.

— Individual and family economy in the use of water did their perfect work in this city last July. Engineer Pollard at the pumping station says that 6,025,390 gallons were saved in July 1911 over the corresponding month in 1910, all from proper caretaking by the water users The amount pumped daily last month was 2,444,409 gallons, while in 1910 the daily consumption was 2,638,777 gallons, a daily average saving of 194,368 gallons. These figures show what can be done by the people in the way of economy when they set out.

— Sensible to the last, Mr. and Mrs. John F. Peterson of 19 Beacon street, are using and enjoying their vacation in short trips to the beaches, hills, groves and parks, instead of packing up, locking the doors, and occupying summer resorts not half so pleasant and comfortable as home. When a right bower at the Boston Branch "Our John" was a daily morning visitor to Court End (meaning Church avenue, etc.) and a prime favorite with the mistresses and maids he met there; while Mrs. Peterson, who John was fortunate in capturing for a wife, is a genuine Kennebecker. They went to Lowell on pleasure bent yesterday.

— At a fire in the patent leather factory of the Ballard Japanning Co. on Jefferson avenue at 5 30 P. M. last Monday three of the employees were badly burned by the explosion of a large kettle of patent leather composition and consequent fire. The men injured were Andrew Foley, G. A. Brennan and Clarence Maddox. With his clothing nearly all burned off of him Maddox was taken to the Choate Hospital by order of Dr. Robert Chalmers, where he was found to be in a very dangerous condition. The other men suffered severely from the burns and their clothing was badly burned, but all of them will recover. The composition is dangerous to handle.

Tortured For 15 Years

by a cure-defying stomach trouble that baffled doctors, and resisted all remedies he tried, John W. Modders, of Moddersville, Mich., seemed doomed. He had to sell his farm and give up work. His neighbors said, "he can't live much longer." "Whatever I ate distressed me," he wrote, "till I tried Electric Bitters, which worked such wonders for me that I can now eat things I could not take for years. Its surely a grand remedy for stomach trouble. Just as good for the liver and kidneys. Every bottle guaranteed. Only 50c at All Druggists.

Personal.

On August 1, 1880, or 31 years ago last Tuesday, its present proprietor, George H. Hobbs, took possession of the Woburn JOURNAL, and during that long period he has never had a vacation, not for a day, even. It is good to get away from business, if only for a few days, and no doubt, our genial friend, Editor Hobbs, could he begin life over again would join the procession of those who are trying to take life easy.—*Winchester Star.*

Because it has always been our aim to "take life easy" is just why we have never had any use for vacations.

Congratulations to George A. Hobbs, the respected Editor of the JOURNAL, on the completion of his 31 years of useful and, we trust, fruitful endeavor in the interest of his readers!—*Woburn Evening News.*

George A. Hobbs, the venerable editor of the Woburn (weekly) JOURNAL, has the record of never having taken a vacation, even of a single day, since he took the paper a half century ago. Mr. Hobbs is 88 years of age, and edits the paper from his home.—*Boston Record.*

"Half a century ago?"—a little strong, eh?

Burdett College.

AN INVESTMENT THAT EARNS AN ACCUMULATIVE DIVIDEND.

The close relations maintained with the business world enables Burdett College to guarantee to all graduates that they will be placed in satisfactory positions. The increasing demand for Burdett trained secretaries, book-keepers and stenographers obliges it to leave 1479 positions of the 2766 offered during the year ending Jan. 1, 1911, unfilled. This is convincing proof that the profession is not overcrowded and emphasizes the value placed by Business men on Burdett training.

One of the great inducements that bring hundreds of students from all parts of the country to Burdett College each year for a business training is that with a moderate investment of time and money, they secure the means of increasing their earning capacity year by year.

In order to meet the great interest manifested by the public in the work of the college, exhibition exercises are held each Saturday from 10.30 to 12 o'clock, when expert demonstrations in typewriting, shorthand, and on office appliances are given by the students. Blackboard and pen exhibitions by famous penmen are also given.

The beautiful exhibition room just opened affords all visitors an opportunity to inspect the work of the students. The college is leaving no stone unturned to acquaint the public with the high standard of efficiency maintained in all departments.

Visitors are cordially invited to visit Burdett College any school day or school evening of the week, and especially Saturday mornings. The offices are open during August for the accommodation of callers and the enrollment of students who are to begin at Burdetts when the fall session opens, Tuesday, Sept. 5 —*Bostan Herald.*

Life Saved At Deaths Door.

"I never felt so near my grave," writes W. R. Patterson, of Wellington, Tex., as when a frightful cough and lung trouble pulled me down to 100 pounds, in spite of doctor's treatment for two years. My father, mother and two sisters died of consumption, and that I am alive today is due solely to Dr. King's New Discovery, which completely cured me. Now I weigh 187 pounds and have been well and strong for years." Quick, safe, sure its the best remedy on earth for coughs, colds, lagrippe, asthma, croup, and all throat and lung troubles. 50c & $1.00. Trial bottle free. Guaranteed by All Druggists.

Boston Theatres.

B. F. KEITH'S THEATRE.

Charles Richman, one of the cleverest comedians on the legitimate stage, and certainly one of the most popular, will head the bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre next week. Since he first sprang into prominence some years ago as the leading man with Annie Russell in "A Royal Family," Mr. Richman has steadily climbed upward until today he is numbered among the favored actors who achieved stellar rank. He will present a comedy entitled "The Fire Escape," dealing with the mishaps that form a fastidious young man whose only pair of trousers are at the tailors when a fire breaks out in his hotel.

Falls Victim To Thieves.

S. W. Bends, of Coal City, Ala., has a justifiable grievance. Two thieves stole his health for twelve years. They were a liver and kidney trouble. Then Dr. King's New Life Pills throttled them. He is well now. Unrivaled for Constipation, Malaria, Headache, Dyspepsia. 25c at All Druggists.

Mrs. Kimball.

On Sunday, Aug. 6, 1911, Mrs Harriet Cummings Kimball, wife of Mr. B. Frank Kimball, the well known leather manufacturer of this city, died at the home of the family, No. 16 Winter street, North Woburn, at the age of 56 years. She was the daughter of J. Otis and Celina Cummings born in Woburn on Dec. 25, 1854, and was united in wedlock to Mr. Frank Kimball on Oct. 28, 1880.

Mrs. Kimball left a husband, two daughters, Mrs. Laura Lynne Flaccus of Philadelphia, and Miss Marion Kimball of this city, and a wide circle of friends to mourn her passing away in the prime of life.

The funeral was held at the late home of the deceased at 2 o'clock on Wednesday, Aug. 9, 1911, and was attended by a large number of friends, relatives and neighbors, whose sympathy was extended to the mourning family.

THE OLD LIBERTY BELL.

History of This Relic of the Revolutionary Patriots.

Overvigorous ringing of the old Liberty bell many years ago on the occasion of the celebration of the Declaration of Independence was what put the crack in it and forever destroyed its resonant tone. It was cast by Pass & Stow in Philadelphia and hung in the belfry of the now historic statehouse in lower Chestnut street early in June, 1753. It contains 2,080 pounds of metal.

Near the top of the bell were cast the words "Proclaim Liberty Throughout All the Land Unto All the Inhabitants Thereof." Prophetic of its destiny, this gave it the name Liberty bell.

When the British army marched on Philadelphia in 1777 the bell was taken down by patriots and carried off in the night to Allentown in order that it might not fall into the hands of the enemy. In 1781 it was returned to the tower of the statehouse.

For more than half a hundred years thereafter the bell was rung and honored on Independence day every year before the crack appeared in it. An effort was made to restore its tone by sawing the crack wider, but this proved of no avail. The bell was finally removed from the tower to a lower story of the statehouse and used only on extraordinary occasions. Subsequently it was rigged up on its original timbers in the vestibule. In 1893 it was exhibited at the Columbian exposition in Chicago.

Shakespeare as an Actor.

Shakespeare once played the ghost in his own "Hamlet." A younger brother of the dramatist in describing the event said that he wore "a long beard and appeared so weak and drooping and unable to walk that he was forced to be supported and carried by another person to a table, at which he was seated among some company."

In "As You Like It" Avon's bard assumed the role of Adam, the old servant, in whom was represented "the constant service of the antique world" and who was "not for the fashions of these times."

Famous Gretna Green.

Gretna Green, Scotland, became famous for its celebration of irregular marriages. For many years the average number was 500. The ceremony consisted only of an admission before witness, by the couple that they were husband and wife, this being sufficient to constitute a valid marriage. After this the officiating functionary (for many years a blacksmith, together with two witnesses, signed the marriage certificate.

What He Wanted.

The doctor stood at the bedside and looked gravely down at the invalid. "I cannot hide from you the fact that you are very ill," he said. "Is there any one you would like to see?"

"Yes," said the sufferer faintly.

"Who is it?"

"Another doctor."

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. B Williams, D. D.
12 M., Sunday School.
At 5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the Pastor, Rev. Stephen A. Norton, D. D.
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 6 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
7 P. M. Evening Service.
Wednesday at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, Main Street. Rev. F. M. Estes, Pastor.
SUNDAY SERVICES:—
Preaching, 10.30 A. M.
Sunday School, 12 M.
Preaching, 7 P. M.
Prayer Meeting, Wednesday, 7.45 P. M.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Service in The Cents Savings Bank Building, Room 13, very Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Soul." Reading Room open to the public Tuesdays and Fridays from 2.30 to 4 30.

Married.

In this city, Aug. 7, by Rev. Stephen A. Norton, J. Edward Caldwell and Alice N. Dennison, both of Woburn.

In this city, Aug. 8, by Arthur V. Jones, J. P. Walter A. Andrews and Della B. Lunegan, both of Woburn.

In Everett, Aug. 8, by Rev. William I. Savert, Homer F. Webber and Alice E. Anderson, both of Woburn.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, Aug. 5, Mrs. Julia Wilcox, aged 74 years, 10 days.

In this city, Aug. 6, John Powers, aged 14 years, 8 months, 5 days.

In this city, Aug. 8, William Rafter, aged 29 yrs.

THE BRYANT & STRATTON COMMERCIAL SCHOOL BOSTON

Will Reopen Sept. 5th

Persons desirous of becoming competent and successful Accountants, Book-keepers, Stenographers, Secretaries, or Commercial Teachers, with assurance of employment, will find in the

BRYANT & STRATTON
COMMERCIAL SCHOOL
BOSTON

Now Located in its New School Building, 334 Boylston Street

A most desirable opportunity for study and practice under the direction and supervision of a large corps of Well Known and Experienced Teachers

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SECRETARIAL COURSE — CIVIL SERVICE COURSE
COMMERCIAL TEACHERS COURSE

Every possible requisite is afforded for personal safety, rapid progress, with cheerful and healthful surroundings.

This school does not employ Agents, Solicitors, Canvassers, or Runners.

Persons who cannot call for personal interview may have printed information of terms and conditions by mail.

H. F. HIBBARD, Principal, 334 Boylston St., Boston.

Electric Light
Electric Power

Clean
Efficient
Economical
Scientific Service

This is the Best Service a man can have in his Home, Store or Factory.

It will increase the Output of your Factory and Reduce the Cost — We can prove it whether your Plant is Large or Small.

PHONE US AT ONCE.
Oxford Three Three Hundred.
(Reverse the Charge)

ASK FOR INFORMATION

The Edison Elec. Ill. Co. of Boston.

LLOYD'S
EYEGLASSES AND SPECTACLES

KRYPTOK BIFOCAL GLASSES
Far and Near Glasses in a Single Pair.

THEY have all the advantages of separate Far and Near Glasses, and none of the disadvantages.
Any of our stores will be glad to show them.

315 Washington St.
310 Boylston St.
75 Summer St. } BOSTON
1252 Massachusetts Ave. CAMBRIDGE.

ANDREW J. LLOYD CO.

YMCA

DAY SCHOOL.

The Evening Law School is incorporated, has a four years' course, and gives thorough preparation for passing the Bar examinations and practice. Nearly four hundred students are now in attendance. We grant the Degree of Bachelor of Laws, and the school has a national reputation. The fourteenth year opens September, 1911. Write for a catalog.

Address Frank Palmer Speare, Educational Director, Y. M. C. A., 10 Ashburton Place, Boston, Mass. Telephone, Haymarket 145.

GEORGE W. MEHAFFEY, Gen. Secretary. ARTHUR S. JOHNSON, President.

Mortgagee's Sale — OF — REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by John A. Reddy of Woburn in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts to Mary I. Poland, dated November 24th, 1908, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 3406, Page 393, for breach of the conditions of said mortgage deed, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction on the premises hereinafter described, on **Saturday, the second day of September, A. D. 1911** at three o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, and therein described substantially as follows:—A certain parcel of land with the buildings thereon, situated in Woburn, in said County of Middlesex and bounded as follows, namely:—Easterly by Flagg street, twenty-five (25) feet; northerly by land of Mary A. Jones; westerly by land of Elizabeth McCall et als; southerly by land of John Shinkwin and by land of John J. Jones. Being the same premises described in a deed to Bernard F. Matthews from Bridget Matthews, dated July 28th, 1904, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, in Book 3031, Page 54.

Said premises will be sold subject to all outstanding tax titles, unpaid taxes and assessments, if any, thereon.

One Hundred (100.00) Dollars will be required to be paid by the purchaser at time and place of sale; balance within ten days upon passing papers at the office of John G. Maguire, No. 420 Main street, Woburn, Mass.

MARY I. POLAND, Mortgagee.
Woburn, Mass., Aug. 9th, 1911. 11-18-25

Mortgagee's Sale — OF — REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Carmine Sceizi to Nora Flaherty, dated September 28th, A. D. 1904, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 3615, Page 389, for breach of the conditions contained in said mortgage deed, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction upon the premises hereinafter described, situated in Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts on

Monday, the twenty-first day of August, A. D., 1911,

at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed and therein described substantially as follows: A certain parcel of land with the buildings thereon, standing, situated on the southerly side of Mountain street in said Woburn, containing nine thousand two hundred and thirty-five (9,235) square feet more or less, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Northerly on said Mountain street about sixty-four and 9-10 (64 9) feet; Easterly by land now or formerly of Ruth Gilman about one hundred forty-three and 4-10 (143.4) feet; Southerly by land now or formerly of William B. Gilman, about sixty-four and 5-10 (64.5) feet; Westerly by land now or formerly of Luther C. Newton about one hundred forty-five and 2-10 (145 2) feet. Being the same premises conveyed to said Carmine Sceizi by Nora Flaherty by deed dated September 17th, 1906. Said premises will be sold subject to all unpaid taxes, outstanding tax titles and municipal liens if any, which may be upon the premises. A deposit of One Hundred ($100.00) Dollars will be required at the sale; the balance in ten days upon passing papers at the office of John G. Maguire, No. 420 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

NORA FLAHERTY, Mortgagee.
Woburn, Mass., July 29th, 1911.

FOR SALE.

Two House Lots of 7,000 feet each, on Sturgis street, Woburn, adjoining homestead of Benj. Nichols. Will sell for considerable less than the assessed value. No grading necessary. Plenty of stone on premises for cellars. Inquire of J. A. STOCKWELL, 10 Tremont St., Boston. Tel. Main 2786. ja30-2m



PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists.

Summer Drinks!

Chelmsford Ginger Ale $2.50 case $1.00 rebate for empty case and bottles.

Moxie 20c bottle, $2.25 case. 50c doz rebate for empty bottles.

Lime Juice 10 and 25c bottle.

Grape Juice 25c bottle.

Hire's Root Beer Ext. 15c bottle
Colman's " " " 10 "

Boston Branch

Tea and Grocery House,

FRED. STANLEY

351 Main Street.

TELEPHONE 242-3.

OUR Store Policy

has always been to carry the standard and desirable goods in every line. That is why we chose Kodaks for our photographic department. You will never regret the purchase of a 3A Folding Pocket Kodak—$20.

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PILL BOX

LET US SHOW YOU.



BEEF DIET

is always allowable. Prime roast steaks, and beef stews never go out of fashion,

BUY BEEF

and you won't want the services of a doctor but seldom. Long lived people are beef eaters. Get beef of us and you'll have the best at least cost.

Linnell's Market,

1406 Main Street, Woburn.

Telephone, 314-1

BOSTON & NORTHERN ST. RY. CO.

TIME TABLE

In effect June 25, 1911.

[Subject to change without notice.]

Leave WOBURN CENRTE for MALDEN SQ. at 5.45 A.M., then every 30 minutes to 8.15 A. M., then every 60 min. to 2.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45, 11.15 P. M. SUNDAY at 8.15 A. M., and every 60 minutes to 1.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45, †11.15 P. M. RETURN, leave MALDEN SQ. for WOBURN at 6.45, 7.15 A. M., then every 60 minutes to 3.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45, †11.15, P. M. SUNDAY at 9.15 A. M., then every 60 minutes to 1.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.15, †10.45, †11.15, †11.45 P. M.

Leave STONEHAM SQ. for SAUGUS CENTRE, LYNN and SALEM at 6.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes to 10.30 P. M. Leave corner Main and Franklin Streets, Melrose, for Saugus Centre at 5.45 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45 P. M. SUNDAY at 8.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes to 10.30 P. M. Leave corner Main and Franklin Streets, Melrose for Saugus Centre at 8.45 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45 P. M. RETURN leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Square at 6 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 11 P. M. SUNDAY at 9 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 11 P. M.

* Melrose Highlands Only.
† To Stoneham Square Only.

GEO. H. GRAY, Supt.

EAMES & CARTER,

— DEALERS IN —

Coal, Coke and Wood

335 Main Street.

Elevator on Prospect Street.

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KILL THE COUGH AND CURE THE LUNGS WITH DR. KING'S NEW DISCOVERY FOR COUGHS COLDS PRICE 50¢ & $1.00 TRIAL BOTTLE FREE AND ALL THROAT AND LUNG TROUBLES

GUARANTEED SATISFACTORY OR MONEY REFUNDED.

For Real Estate call on Griffin Place at 349 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

WINCHESTER.

Yesterday, Aug. 10, was the the worst one yet. I think it must have been close on to 100 in the shade.

I fail to remember the occurrence of any holiday between this and Labor Day. There may be one or two, but if so I fail to call them to mind.

Mrs. Annie S. Lewis, piano teacher, has arrived at her home here from Harrington, a Maine seaside resort, where she rested 2 weeks and enjoyed every moment of it.

The annual Italian celebration is to be held on Aug. 15, and promises to be better than ever before. Last year it was a brilliant celebration, and thousands attended it.

Lovers of comfort and rest, both male and female, find Mystic Lake about as choice a resort as can be scared up in this Neck of timber. To sail on it is a delight.

Our property owners were thankful to the Board of Assessors for kindly knocking off 30 cents a 1,000 dollars from last years rate. It is now $17—not nearly as high as some feared it would be.

The taxpayers of this town are exceedingly wrathy over the taxation by the State to pay for the Charles River Basin, in which Winchester hasn't one particle of interest or can possibly derive one particle of benefit from it. Our tax is $3,300, against the payment of which a vigorous kick will be made. The tax is an outrage without shadow of reason; and sound authority say the assessment was illegal.

Wife Got Tip Top Advice.

My wife wanted me to take our boy to the doctor to cure an ugly boil, writes D. Frankel, of Stroud, Okla. I said 'put Bucklen's Arnica Salve on it. She did so, and it cured the boil in a short time. Quickest healer of Burns, Scalds, Cuts, Corns, Bruises, Sprains, Swellings. Best Pile cure on earth. Try it. Only 25c at All Druggists.

A Boston Street.

It was one of the older conductors breaking in a new recruit who had shown that he was not particularly quick to catch an idea. The car came to Webster street, and the older conductor whispered the name to the recruit. The latter did not understand, and the conductor, losing patience, said, "Webster—Webster's dictionary." And the passengers were amazed to hear the new man bawl out, "Webster's dictionary."—Boston Post.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Joanna Frances Maguire, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by John G. Maguire, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, without giving a surety on his official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the thirteenth day of September, A. D. 1911, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least, before said Court, and by mailing post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this eighth day of August, in the year one thousand nine hundred and eleven.

11-18-25 F. M. ESTY, Ass't Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT,

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Carleton Warren, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS certain instruments purporting to be the last will and testament—and one codicil—of said deceased have been presented to said Court, for Probate, by John W. Johnson, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, without giving a surety on his official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the fourteenth day of September, A. D. 1911, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation, once in each week, for three successive weeks in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-sixth day of July, in the year one thousand nine hundred and eleven.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Bernard Sealley, late of Woburn in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court for Probate, by A. Herbert Holland who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, without giving a surety on his official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-sixth day of September, A. D., 1911, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted,

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days, at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this nineteenth day of July in the year one thousand nine hundred and eleven.

F. M. ESTY, Ass't. Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To all persons interested in the estate of Betsey W. Roundy, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, Charles H. Brigham, executor of the will of Charles D. Adams, who was the trustee under the will of said deceased, has presented for allowance, the first account of his trust under said will.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge in said County, on the twelfth day of September, A. D. 1911, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.

And said executor is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to all persons interested in the estate fourteen days at least before said Court, or by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate seven days at least before said Court

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this eighteenth day of July in the year one thousand nine hundred and eleven.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

STATE WIDE POLITICS

Gov. Foss Makes Several Belated Judicial Appointments

MINARD CASE IS POSTPONED

Speaker Walker Charges That Foss Worked For Political Rather Than Economic Reasons, In His State Investigations—The Tax Commissionership

Governor Foss has at last sent to the executive council the names of four men to be justices of the superior court. Three of these nominations were to fill places created by an act of the present legislature, the other to fill a vacancy caused by the promotion of Judge William Schofield to the federal bench in Boston. The new judges are Hugo A. Dubuque of Fall River, Walter Perley Hall of Fitchburg, Patrick M. Keating of Boston and John B. Ratigan of Worcester. Dubuque and Hall are Republicans, while Ratigan and Keating are Democrats.

There is much regret that the governor selected Mr. Hall, who has been for several years chairman of the railroad commission, and has filled that position with such unusual ability as to make him seem almost a necessity there. However, it has been understood that the governor desired a place on the railroad commission to which he might appoint Frederick Macleod of Cambridge, for two years chairman of the Democratic state committee. Macleod desired a judgeship, but the governor has all along hesitated to appoint him but at the hesitated to appoint him at the same same time evidently wished to reward him for his services as chairman of the Democratic state committee in the two campaigns of 1909 and 1910. In view of some of his judicial appointments Macleod's friends think the governor would have done no violence to the superior court bench if he had given him a place there.

There has been considerable opposition to the confirmation of Asa R. Minard of Medford for supervisor of loan companies in Massachusetts. Most of this comes from British Americans who deny that Minard is representative of that element and that his identification with the progressive Republican movement has never been prominent enough to entitle him to this recognition. The nomination has been held up by the executive council and will probably be considered more fully at the next meeting.

Joseph Walker Criticises Foss

Hon. Joseph Walker, speaker of the Massachusetts house of representatives, is now talking very plainly regarding the administration of Governor Foss. In a speech at Springfield Mr. Walker declared that the governor has used the legislature and the state institutions for his own political ends. He believes that he sought to cause dissension, and dissatisfaction with the legislature. Some of the messages, Mr. Walker declares, were positively insulting, while his criticisms were greatly exaggerated or without substance. It looked to him as though the governor were trying to quarrel. He admitted that the governor might have gained an advantage in his quarrel with the legislature, in that it perhaps increased his popularity in certain directions. Such an attitude always did. Mr. Walker said he supported the governor when he asked for experts to investigate the state institutions and believed that strict economy should be observed in conducting their affairs. However, he did not like the way Governor Foss used his experts. Here again he thought he worked for political reasons and not for economic reasons. His investigations were not based on an honest desire to get down to the bed rock of things. It is thought that such an indictment from a man as fair and honest as Speaker Walker is known to be must convince the most skeptical of the truth of his charges.

Governor Foss and Commssioner Trefry

There is some question as to whether Governor Foss intends to reappoint Tax Commissioner Trefry. It has been said that he would select in place of the present tax commissioner Professor Bullock of Harvard college, who has been the govenor's chief adviser in matters of taxation. It has been claimed, however, that Professor Bullock's system of taxation would benefit the rich and result in a heavier tax on people of moderate means. This charge is made by Major Henry Winn of Malden, who has given many years to a thorough study of the tax question. No one denies that Commissioner Trefry has been a faithful public official. He was first brought to public notice in the early nineties when he was elected state auditor on the Democratic ticket. He made so excellent a record at the state house that he was appointed by Governor Wolcott, a Republican, tax commissioner. During all the time he has held this position not a breath of suspicion has there been against him, not a doubt as to his honesty and ability. As a lawyer he has brought to the discharge of his duties a thorough knowledge of the law as well as a fine understanding of the whole scheme of taxation. To most men, a failure to reappoint him would indicate a desire on the part of the governor to play politics with one of the most important positions in the commonwealth.

Our Expanding Foreign Commerce

The increase in exports from this country during the fiscal year just ended amounted to $304,000,000 when compared wth the year preceding. Manufactures supplied $140,000,000 of this increase; cotton, about $135,000,000; meat and dairy products, about 19,000,000; corn, approximately $10,000,000; flour, about $2,500,000; food animals, $1,500,000. Wheat alone shows a decline.

In the total exports cotton aggregated $585,000,000 against $450,000,000 in 1910 and $481,000,000 in 1907. The exports of wheat and dairy products were approximately $150,000,000 against $131,000,000 last year. The record year in meat and dairy products was $211,000,000 in 1906. It is interesting to note that although the value of cotton exported in 1911 exceeded by more than $100,000,000 that of any earlier year, the quantity exported was less than in 1907 by nearly 500,000,000 pounds. This was owing to the high prices prevailing during the last year. The increase in manufactures ready for consumption was about $100,000,000, and in manufactures intended for further use in manufacturing the increase is approximately $40,000,000. Agricultural implements show an increase of approximately $8,000,000; mowers and reapers, $5,000,000; lumber, about $5,000,000; pig copper, about $15,000,000; iron and steel manufactures, about $47,000,000; structural iron and steel, about $3,000,000; metal working machinery, about $5,000,000; plows and cultivators, about $2,500,000; automobiles, $3,000,000; railway cars, about $4,000,000; naphthas, about $3,000,000; and electrical appliances, about $2,000,000.

Free Imports Exceed Dutiable

At the same time, merchandise entering the United States free exceeded in value imports of any earlier year, namely: $788,000,000 against $765,000,000 in 1910. Non-dutiable imports have increased from $366,000,000 in 1891 to $788,000,000 in 1911, thus exceeding dutiable, while in the same period dutiable imports were increasing from $749,000,000 to $750,000,000. The imports of free merchandise in the last decade show a growth of 129 percent, while the increase in dutiable imports shows a growth of only 55 percent.

The quantity of foreign merchandise brought into the United States and redistributed to other parts of the world increases every year. It amounted in 1890 to $12,000,000 and to $36,000,000 in 1911, thus having been trebled in twenty-one years. Canada is the largest customer for foreign merchandise, the amount in 1910 being $13,500,000.

Years ago it used to be the stock argument of free traders in this country that the nation would never have a great foreign commerce so long as it adhered to a protective tariff. This claim has been so completely demolished in the last few years that no free trader now cares to make himself ridiculous by presenting it. American foreign commerce today comes close to being the greatest of any nation on earth.

NAPOLEON'S TAILOR.

One Man Who Dared to Disobey His Imperial Master.

The diary of Poumies de la Siboutie (born 1789, died in 1863), recently translated into English, has something about Napoleon, that remarkable man who continues to be the most interesting figure in European history. Here is one about Napoleon's carelessness in dress and what came of it:

In 1810, when Napoleon went to Compiegne to receive Marie Louise, his sister, the Princess Borghese said to him:

"Your clothes are badly cut and do not fit you. You are so obstinate about not wearing braces—your trousers always look as if they were falling off"—

"Well," answered the emperor, "what do you advise me to do about it? Can you recommend another tailor?"

"Have a talk with Constant."

Constant, the emperor's valet, was sent for and named one Leger, who was tailor to Murat, Prince Eugene, Joseph and Jerome Bonaparte. A messenger was sent to summon him, and he arrived at Compiegne the next day. From that moment he made everything Napoleon wore. He consistently ignored his imperial patron's suggestions concerning his clothes. For instance, the emperor wished the skirts of his tunics to be turned back, like those of Frederick the Great. "I should not think of allowing such a thing, sire! You would look absurd, and my reputation would be lost. The eyes of the whole world are upon your majesty, and if you were seen wearing such a uniform as you propose it would be a disadvantage to you, and I should have to bear the blame. I would not make you such a tunic if you offered me the whole of your empire."

ESKIMO SEALERS.

A Battle of Alertness Between the Hunter and His Prey.

The Eskimo method of hunting seals shows a primitive calling ipproved to a fine art. When a seal is discovered the direction of the wind is at once noted. Then the hunter, keeping himself to the leeward of the seal, walks up to within about a quarter of a mile of it. Beyond this he begins to crouch and advances only when the seal's head is down.

Now, as the seal is one of the most wideawake of animals and has the habit of throwing up its head quickly every few seconds to guard against danger, it follows that the Eskimo has to be extremely alert if he would get his seal. When the seal's head is down upon the ice its eyes are shut, and it is said that in these brief intervals it takes its sleep.

The hunter by carefully watching the seal's movements is able without much difficulty to get within about 200 yards of it, but at closer quarters he is obliged to employ other tactics. He lies down at full length on the ice. Then the real sport begins.

When the seal's head is down the hunter, who keeps a keen eye on his prey, is able to approach still nearer by dragging himself forward on his elbows. This maneuvering continues for some time until the distance between man and beast has been reduced to a few yards.

When near enough to make a sure shot the Eskimo takes his bow and arrow from his side and sends a swift shaft through the head of his outwitted companion. Sometimes instead of the bow and arrow a harpoon is used with equal effect.—Harper's Weekly.

The Parents' Joke.

Some parents seem unable to resist the temptation to make a joke with the Christian names of their children, says the London Chronicle. The Somerset House registers testify to the existence of a Mr. Mineral Waters, a Frosty Winter and an Alfred Days Weeks. There is something to be said in favor of naming children in the order of their arrival—Primus, Secundus, etc.—but it is unfortunate for a well known Canadian named Cumber that it should have fallen to his lot to be Quintus, for his name is always appearing in the papers as Mr. Q. Cumber.

BASEBALL SCORES.

Odd Way the Plays Were Recorded Back In the Sixties.

The baseball public of today, accustomed to the minute reporting of games, wherein each run is compounded and many a play analyzed, is offered the account of a game played in Syracuse in 1868. The contestants were the Central Citys of Syracuse and the Athletics of Philadelphia, and the score was 41 to 12.

The game was delayed a half hour by the difficulty in finding an umpire. Then the report goes on to state:

"The game opened loosely upon both sides, and at the end of the first innings the score stood Athletics 5, Central City 4, each side making its tallies promptly from the loose playing of the out club. After the first inning the Athletics played more carefully, while the Central Citys grew more careless until the fifth inning, when they became more demoralized than was the Union army at the battle of Bull Run.

"Considerable dissatisfaction was manifested and expressed, and in two innings rightfully so, at the evident one sided decisions of the umpire.

"We will not particularize, but suffice to say that several of the players on both sides did well, while others, especially the Central City side, were not fully up to their standard efforts. The following is the

SCORE.

Central City.	R.	O.	Athletics.	O.	R.
Cruttenden, 3b..	1	3	Haynurst, rf....	2	6
Porter, lf.....	3	1	McBride, p.....	1	7
Boswell, cf.....	1	3	Radcliffe, c.....	1	6
Adams, ss.....	1	2	Wilkins, ss.....	6	2
Dodge, p.....	2	3	Fisler, 2b.....	1	6
Johnson, c.....	1	4	Berry, 3b.....	3	6
Telford, 2b.....	1	3	Cuthbert, 1b....	5	2
Yale, 1b.....	0	5	Sensenderfer, cf	4	4
Sedgwick, rf....	2	3	Schaffer, lf.....	4	3
Totals	12	27	Totals	27	41

RUNS IN EACH INNINGS.

Central City..... 4 1 0 1 1 1 0 3 1—12
Athletics ..... 5 7 5 1 17 6 0 0 0—41

Fly Balls Caught—Central City: Adams, 4; Porter, 5; Johnson, 1; Cruttenden, 2; Boswell, 1—13. Athletics: Radcliffe, 4; Fisher, 1; Berry, 1; Cuthbert, 4; Sensenderfer, 3—13.

How Put Out—Central City: Fly, 13; first base, 7; second base, 1; foul bound, 4; home base, 2—27. Athletics: Fly, 12; first base, 9; second base, 1; third base, 1; home base, 2; foul bound, 2—27.

Umpire—S. E. Radcliffe, Union Baseball club, Camden, N. J.

Scorers—Porter and Brownell.

How would that go in a sporting extra today? The only familiar signs are the criticism of the umpire and the German names in the Athletic lineup.

A CRUSHING RETORT.

Mme. Songbird Paid Her Haughty Society Patron In Full.

Last year a prominent Boston society leader, in arranging a musical surprise at an elaborate dinner given to the town's elite, called on a singer of renown to engage her services for that event. It chanced that the singer was naturally independent. On the other hand, the caller was notoriously haughty. As a result this was what transpired between them:

After the visitor had announced the import of her coming, the singer succinctly said she would sing one number for $200, and that it would be a Wagnerian selection.

"The price we will not haggle over," said the visitor, "but instead of that grand opera selection I want you to render one of the light and popular ditties of the day!"

"For the Wagnerian song, $200; for the popular ditty, $300," was the firm reply.

"But, madame," expostulated the society leader, "your classical song is much more exacting on your powers, so why should you charge more for the lighter and easier song?"

"Ah," replied the independent one, "the harder song is all fun to me; the easier one all work!"

So the price was fixed at $300.

Just as the haughty visitor was about to depart, she turned to the artist and said:

"Of course, I shall not expect you to mingle with my guests."

"Ah," was the biting retort, "I shall throw off $50."—Life.

Extremely Polite.

The forms of Mexican politeness to the stranger are sometimes embarrassing. Miss Mary Barton, who visited the country to paint landscapes and tells her experience in "Impressions of Mexico," says that "people seemed anxious to help me in all possible ways, from the railway conductor, who invited me to dine with him, to the very smart young man that I met in the postoffice when I had a number of invitations in my hand and who offered to lick the stamps for me."

Shutting Him Off.

The Dad—My son, I want to tell you that the secret of my success, as it must be of any man's, is hard work. I— The Son—Sh, dad! I don't care to hear other people's secrets, and I am too much of a gentleman to take advantage of information gained in that way. Say no more.—Toledo Blade.

Tasty Poison.

Customer—The poison may be excellent, but the rats won't take it. You'll have to make it more tasty. Druggist—I've tried that already, but the upprentice boys eat it.—Fliegende Blatter.

Plurals.

There is considerably less reason why the plural of mouse should be mice than why the plural of spouse should be spice. Any bigamist will admit as much.—Puck.

The Only Mourner.

Randall—Was Spratt a popular man? "Popular! The only mourner at his funeral was the insurance company."—Life.

Sir John Rose at Great Length.

An accomplished English barrister was Sir John Karslake. In height he was six feet four inches.

A provincial newspaper in reporting a case in which he was engaged on circuit laconically described the opening for the complainant as follows:

"Sir John Karslake, as soon as the defendant's case was concluded, rose at great length to reply."

Very Simple.

"I've been working two or three evenings making an umbrella stand," says the man who has taken up arts and crafts endeavor.

"Two or three evenings!" exclaims the other man. "Why waste all that time? Why don't you lean it in a corner or stick it in the ground?"—Judge.

The Trouble.

"What's the trouble?" inquired the judge.

"This lady lawyer wants to make a motion," explained the clerk, "but her gown is too tight."—Washington Herald.

A QUEER LEGEND.

Fedor Kosmich, the Hermit, May Have Been a Russian Czar.

A curious legend is associated with the name of Alexander I. of Russia. It is to the effect that the emperor in 1825 was sojourning in the Crimea. When near Taganrog his coachman by some means managed to overturn the carriage of a court courier named Markof, who was killed. The emperor, wishing to rid himself of the cares of state, so the story runs, caused it to be reported that it was he himself who was killed. Then he carried out a plan which he had for long conceived of retiring to Siberia and living there under an assumed name. Schilder, the historian, professes to have satisfied himself that at all events the remains in the Cathedral of Peter and Paul are those of the courier. Schilder asserts that he learned this much from the children of Markof.

According to the legend, Alexander I. of Russia died in Siberia in 1864, but history records that he died at Taganrog in 1825. It seems that in 1825 a mysterious stranger appeared in Siberia. He gave his name as Fedor Kosmich and never revealed any other or the place whence he came. He lived the life of a hermit and was received generally with respect. In 1856 he accepted the invitation of a rich merchant to take up his abode in his house at Tomsk. There he was very retired and held communication only with Mlle. Kromof and the merchant, her father. Every one who saw him was struck with his extraordinary resemblance to the defunct czar. The Grand Duke Nicholas Michailovitch contributed an article in the Revue Historique in which he denied the sensational part of the story, but admitted that the hermit of Siberia might have been a natural brother of Alexander I.—London Globe.

IRISH BROGUE.

It Is Really the Old Time Method of Pronouncing English.

Perhaps nothing illustrates better the vicissitudes of pronunciation in English than a study of what is called the "Irish brogue." This lingual mode, for it is scarcely to be called a dialect, is usually presumed to be a deterioration of language due to lack of education and contact with legitimate sources of English. It proves after a little study to be a preservation of the old method of pronouncing English, which has come down to a great degree unchanged in Ireland from Shakespeare's time.

In Elizabeth's time, however, it came to be realized that if there was to be any real affiliation of the two countries then the Irish language must be supplanted by English, and a definite effort in this direction was made. This change of speech, resented and resisted, was nevertheless successfully accomplished all over the island except in the west within a decade after Shakespeare's death. This fact takes on a new significance when we study what we now call the Irish brogue in connection with what is known to have been the pronunciation of English at that time. The two are found to conform in practically every respect. Irishmen pronounce English as their forefathers learned it and have preserved its pronunciation because they have been away from the main current of English speech variation ever since.—Harper's Magazine.

Uncalled For Courtesy.

The Vicomte Toussaint was formerly a colonel in the French army and mayor of Toulouse. He was a brave man and a dashing officer. During one of the hottest engagements of a terrible year of war, noticing that his troops were bending forward under a galling fire to escape the bullets of the enemy while he alone maintained an erect position, he exclaimed, "Since when, I should like to know, has so much politeness been shown to the Prussians?" The sarcasm took instantaneous effect, for the soldiers rushed forward and carried everything before them.

Devoted to Duty.

"Are you ever coming to bed?" he called out.

"I don't know," she replied. "I promised Mrs. Jones that I'd keep track of her husband while she is away, and I'm going to know what time he comes home if I have to stay up all night."—Detroit Free Press.

Went Further.

"Didn't I tell you that when you met a man in hard luck you ought to greet him with a smile?" said the wise and good counselor.

"Yes," replied the dinty souled person. "I went even further than that. I gave him the grand laugh."—Washington Star.

Forget Them.

If you would increase your happiness and prolong your life forget your neighbors' faults. Forget the slanders you have ever heard. Forget the fault finding and give a little thought to the cause which provoked it.

A Sensible Start.

"My wife has joined the reform movement."

"What does she propose to do first?"

"Get some reliable woman to take care of baby."—Pittsburg Post.

Room For Improvement.

Agent—Wouldn't you like to try our new typewriter for a spell, sir? Business Man—Not if it spells like the one I'm employing now, sir.—Baltimore American.

Sure to Know.

"I understand that you have bought some remarkably expensive gowns here in Paris."

"Yes, but what's the use? Few people know whether a gown is really expensive or not."

"Wait until you reach the customs inspectors."—Pittsburg Post.

Some men do not make fortunes for the sake of living, but, blinded by avarice, live for the sake of money getting.—Juvenal.

A Discussion on Talk.

Tommy—Pop, what is the difference between a dialogue and a monologue? Pop—When two women talk, my son it's a dialogue; but when a woman cardes on a conversation with her husband it's a monologue.—Exchange.

A Puzzler.

Willie—Pa? Pa—Yes. Willie—Teacher says we're here to help others. Pa—Of course we are. Willie—Well, what are the others here for?—Chicago News.

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Savings Department.

The beginning of successful operation of UNITED STATES POSTAL SAVINGS BANKS, and the possibility of legislation, by Congress, looking to the establishment of NATIONAL SAVINGS BANKS, as outlined by Senator Aldrich, in his tentative plan for a new banking law, seems to indicate a popular demand for places of savings under the control and supervision of the UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT.

To meet this legitimate demand and to extend increased banking facilities to the people of Woburn and vicinity, the WOBURN NATIONAL BANK has opened a new department to be known as its SAVINGS DEPARTMENT, and will receive deposits of money to bear interest FROM DATE OFDEPOSIT at the rate of three per centum per annum on sums not less than $100. These deposits however will not be subject to check.

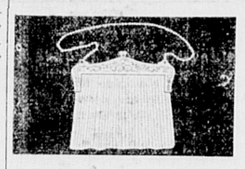
All deposits in this bank are GUARANTEED by its capital stock of $100,000, its surplus and undivided profits December 31, 1910, of $68,860.34, and by the personal liability of its responsible stockholders to the extent of an additional $100,000.

These directors give its affairs their personal attention:

Daniel R. Beggs of Beggs & Cobb, leather manufacturers.
William E. Blodgett, Treasurer of R.Guastavino Co.
John C. Buck, Cashier.
Robert Chalmers, Physician.
Everett P. Fox of W. P. Fox & Sons, leather manufacturers.
John W. Johnson, President.
Edward F. Johnson, Judge of District Court.
John G. Maguire, Lawyer.
L. Waldo Thompson, Woburn Hardware Co.

DIRECTORS.

Woburn, January 30, 1911.



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TWO FORTUNES

Both Came Suddenly to the Same Person and One Was Many Millions

By DAVID WALTER CHURCH

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Why should we read fairy stories with marvelous happenings when there are such occurring in real life? The imagination is not capable of creating the possibilities that occasionally occur among persons who are made of flesh and blood and have souls. What imagination a century ago in a long stripling Illinoisian could detect the leader of the greatest political crisis the world has ever known? And in the acquisition of wealth, what more wonderful development in fancy than the story of a real Mexican peon who came into an income of $10,000,000 a year?

In a town of northern Mexico, in an adobe house lived an old man, Pedro Alvarado by name, a peon, who, with his Indian wife, worked and saved till he had accumulated $100. With the money the couple bought a piece of land on the top of a rocky hill near by the town in which they lived.

Why they put their hard earned savings in this barren and not very accessible summit and continued to save and to pay $40 a year taxes on it when they needed the very necessaries of life is not known. It is possible that the wife, having been an Indian, had heard a tradition handed down from her forefathers that there was a treasure buried there.

Be this as it may, there must have been some reason for the old couple putting all their money in a barren rock, and this view is borne out by the fact that old Alvarado, having willed his purchase to his son and three nephews, called upon the former to swear that he would never part with his interest in it. When we remember that this legacy bequeathed to young Pedro was supposed to be worth but $25 we cannot but assume that his father must have had an inkling that its value was much greater.

After the old couple died the summit of the barren rock was not divided among the heirs, but kept as one property. Then came men who believed that there might be silver under the rock. They had plenty of money and were ready to risk it in an investigation. They offered the heirs a large sum for the property, and Pedro's cousins were willing and anxious to sell. But Pedro, true to his oath, refused to part with his share. In vain the others begged him not to stand in their way of taking advantage of the offer. Pedro stood firm. But after awhile a friend loaned him the money to buy out his cousins' interest and make the investigation as to what the property contained.

One day men began to work on the top of the hill with pick and shovel. A month passed and nothing but ordinary earth and rock was displaced. The cousins came to see and jeered at Pedro for a fool. But Pedro had been loaned sufficient money to pursue his investigations to the end and worked on. Another month passed and yet another with the same result. Then one day in a twinkling all was changed. A vein was struck indicating that the Palmilla mine, as it was called, was the richest silver mine that had ever been opened.

And now this story takes on a wonderful change. Pedro Alvarado, son of a Mexican peon father and an Indian mother, heir to a beggarly estate supposed to be worth but $25, suddenly springs into an income of $30,000 a day. The fairy waves her wand and the adobe hut in which Pedro was born is changed into a sumptuous palace furnished from the manufactories of the old world. Money without limit is given away, thrown away. Whatever the silver king fancies he buys. Those in his employ are loaded with luxuries.

It seems to be the desire of all men to live in a palace, for all men who acquire immense fortunes build such structures to live in. Nevertheless their abodes are typical of their origin. Pedro built his palace, and when he got it finished and furnished it was wonderful to behold, especially in the latter respect. The furniture all came from abroad. The most costly bedsteads, chairs and cabinets were shipped from Paris; rugs came from the orient, and Pedro, instead of walking on the wooden floor—or, more likely, the dirt floor—to which he had been accustomed, sank in the soft substances manufactured by Persian workmen.

But the most curious freak of this suddenly enriched man was a mania for pianos. His palace was filled with them. They, too, came from those factories where the most skilled workmen were employed in their building, and their mechanism was encased in the most costly woods, often beautifully inlaid. They were in his parlors, in his living rooms, bedrooms—anywhere, everywhere there was room for them, and room in Pedro's palace was abundant.

Singularly enough but one selfish motive guides this suddenly enriched man. The rest are all altruistic. He is besieged by persons eager to buy his mine, or if they cannot do that at least a part of it. By selling and permitting educated business men to work it the income could be greatly increased. But no argument, no amount of cajoling, could move the man who had sworn he would not sell.

Then it was represented to him that by certain simple business reforms he might himself make his mine pay more largely. All the ore taken from it was carried down the hill on mules. Why not build a little railroad for the purpose, which could be operated at much less expense? "But what would those do who now make their living by driving the mules?" asked Pedro. The simple business scheme is refused. Wastefulness continues. The owner's employees draw immense salaries, and how much they steal besides does not appear, except in the opulent manner in which they live.

Will the mine always stand this waste, this drain? Will there not come a day when the vein will run out? And then? Well, then the silver king and those who are sucking his wealth will collapse.

Among them all there is one who foresees such a result. Pedro's wife had drudged as a peon until the mine was opened. She remembered that part of her life and had no desire to return to it. Why not from this river of wealth on which they were floating turn aside something to support them in case the fountain should dry up?

And so she did. Instead of putting away a few copper coins at a time as her father-in-law had done with which to buy his rock, she took $1,000 bills and hid them. For years she stored away these bills. No one knew that they were being hidden, no one knew their hiding place. The waste, the extravagance, the money sucking by employees, relations, dependents continued, but every now and again the former peon woman hid away a thousand dollar bill.

True enough, what Senora Alvarado foresaw at last came about. The earth taken out of the mine became less rich. Instead of producing $30,000 a day it produced but a few hundred dollars to the ton. All it was worth must be paid to those who carried it from the mine into the valley and for getting the silver out of it. Pedro had seen his fortune loom up almost in a night; now he saw it sinking rapidly away. Then to crown his loss water appeared in his mine.

Water is the great danger, the great trouble when it comes, in mining. Tunnels must be built, expensive pumps must be put in, either one or both. Pedro had but one business idea in his head. That was to hold on to his property. But now even that idea had ceased to be practicable. His mine was no longer valuable unless worked on business principles, and Pedro was not a business man.

Since there had been nothing put away, so there was nothing when the end came. The man who had given away and wasted millions now found himself unable to give or waste any longer. It was the old story of the fairy who had raised palaces and other luxuries for the pauper, by muttering another incantation caused them to vanish.

Then Senora Alvarado, who had been tucking away thousand dollar bills very conveniently, died. In distributing her effects a maid who had been a long while in her service was asked if there was anything that had belonged to her mistress she would like to have. She said there was an old quilt the senora had always used which it would gratify her to possess. The beloved woman had slept under it for many years and would never let it go out of her own keeping. Surely this would be a treasured souvenir.

But Pedro remonstrated against the faithful servitor having nothing but an old quilt much worn and not over clean. He urged the maid to name something of greater value. She, however, clung to the quilt and would not be comforted without this article so intimately associated with her mistress.

Now, Pedro was aware that his wife had not sympathized with him in his extravagance; indeed, she had repeatedly warned him that he would come to grief by it. Knowing this he wondered if the good woman had not put something away for a rainy day. The eagerness of the maid to possess the quilt caused him to suspect that something might be hidden in it. Instead of giving it he began to rip it. Out came a thousand dollar bill. Ripping on he found another, and so, as Pedro had grown fabulously rich overnight in finding silver under a rock, he now gained a fortune in an old quilt. He took out 800 thousand dollar bills—quite enough to soothe him for the running out of his mine and to enable him to live handsomely for the rest of his days.

Pedro Alvarado yielding to the inevitable turned over his mine to others. Some Americans are the new owners and are working it on modern principles. Meanwhile the owner lives on the income of the 800 one-thousand-dollar bills that were successively saved up by his more farseeing wife in the old quilt through a long term of years.

There is an unexplained feature in this story that, appealing as it does to the curiosity, is the most important part of it. Why did the senior Alvarado put all the little money he had in the rock that covered the mine, and why did he pledge his son under oath not to sell it? The only possible solution seems to be that some Spaniards years ago prospected in the region and from the trend of veins of silver found suspected that the top of the hill in question contained the same metal. This may have been known to the Indians and been handed down from one generation to another. That the hill contained the immense treasure that Pedro junior discovered no one could have known. This must of necessity be one of the remarkable freaks of fate.

HIS PLAN OF THE DAY.

Rigid Rules of Living Made by a Colonial Minister.

An orderly arrangement of working hours is a desirable and time saving thing, but when one reads the plan of the day made by a colonial parson, he cannot help wondering where the good man's family life came in, and if the system held any possibility of relaxation. The record, quoted by William Root Bliss, in "Side Glimpses From the Colonial Meeting House," is taken from the diary of Thomas Prince, a minister of the Old South church, Boston.

1719. Oct. 30th. I marry.
Nov. 10. We begin to keep House.
My proposed order is:
At 5 get up and go into Study. Pray and read in original Bible till 6, and then call up the Family.
At 6¼ go to Family Prayers and only the Porringer of Chocolat for Breakfast till 7. 7 go into my Study till 12½, then do something about the House till 1 to dinner, except on Thursday study till 10½, then dress and 11 Lecture.
At 2 Dress and go abroad till Candlelight. Except Wednesdays after Dinner do something about the House and Saturday afternoons visit at Dr. Sewall's till 2½, then Home and study till Candlelight. Study till 9½.
9½ go to Family Prayers and go to Bed.
N. B. I eat no Supper.

Dickens' Cramped Quarters.

Bleak House at Broadstairs is of interest to the Dickens lover because the greater part of "David Copperfield" was written there. But it is not the Bleak House of the novel, which is definitely located in Hertfordshire. The novelist and his family appear to have been somewhat tightly packed in their Broadstairs home. When Lord Carlisle contemplated paying a visit to "our watering place" in 1851 Dickens wrote promising him the North Foreland lighthouse for a night light in his bedroom, and he continues, "As we think of putting mignonette boxes outside the windows for the younger children to sleep in by and by I am afraid we should give your servant the cramp if we hardily undertook to lodge him." During recent years the house has been transformed out of all recognition.—London Spectator.

A CITY IN THE SEA.

Ruins of an Ancient Town on the Bed of the Adriatic.

Near Rovigo, on the peninsula of Istria, in the Adriatic sea, the ruins of a large town are said to exist at the bottom of the sea. It had been observed for some years that fishermen's nets were sometimes entangled in what appeared to be masses of masonry, of which fragments were brought up from the sea bed, says the Pall Mall Gazette. A diver declared that he had seen walls and streets below the water.

The city authorities decided to investigate. They sent down a diver, who, at the depth of 851 feet, found himself surrounded on the bottom of the sea by the ruined walls, undoubtedly the work of man. Continuing his explorations, he traced the line of walls and was able to distinguish how the streets were laid out. He did not see any doors or window openings, for they were hidden by masses of seaweed and incrustations. He traced the masonry for a distance of 100 feet, where he had to stop, as his diving cord did not permit him to go farther.

Some people think that they identify this lost town with the island mentioned by Pliny the elder under the name of Cissa, near Istria. This island cannot be found now, and it is thought the submerged town may have been a settlement on the island that so mysteriously disappeared.

LIGHT REFLECTION.

The Reason Why Foam Always Appears White In Color.

When water or liquid of any color is violently agitated small bubbles of air are mixed up with it, and thus foam is formed, and its whiteness is due to the fact that when light passes from one medium to another of a different refractive index it is always reflected, and this reflection may be so often repeated as to render the mixture impervious to light.

It is, then, this frequency of the reflections of the limiting surfaces of air and water that renders foam opaque, and as each particle reflects light in all directions so much light is reflected that the mixture appears white.

To a similar cause is due the whiteness of transparent bodies when crushed to powder. The separate particles transmit light freely, but the reflections at their surfaces are so numerous that the resulting effect is white. Thus glass when crushed is a white powder and is opaque, but when it is put under water it once more becomes transparent, because the water fills up the interstices between the particles and the reflections are destroyed. Salt and snow are also common examples of this condition.

How Roots Penetrate Hard Ground.

The extreme tips of a delicate root are protected by a sheath set with minute scales, which as it is worn away by friction against the soil is as constantly replaced, so that it acts as a wedge and the root thread is carried down uninjured. Another aid to penetration lies in the provision whereby the root as it pushes downward in search of nourishment exercises a slightly spiral, screwlike motion which worms its tip into the ground. Another important agent is the acid cell sap, which exudes on to and dissolves to some extent the rock or hard soil. This may be tested by placing a small piece of polished marble in a pot in which a plant is set and covering it with earth. After some weeks the marble will be found to have been corroded by the continuous action of this acid.

His Own Joke.

"I admit I was found in the possession of firearms," said the prisoner, "but it's only a joke of mine, my lord."

"Explain yourself," said the magistrate.

"Why, I put two pistols in my pocket when I go out to a friendly gathering. Then I start talking of aeroplanes."

"Well?"

"Then I say my life was once saved by parachutes."

"Yes?"

"And I pull out the pistols and say, 'Pair o' shoots.' Ha! ha! See?"

"Yes, I see. Did you make up that joke yourself?"

"Yes, my lord."

"Two years' hard labor."—London Answers.

And All of Them Americans.

An English visitor has recently been expressing his wonderment at the facility with which America assimilates its stream of immigrants. A friend with whom he was talking on the subject remarked, "My housemaid is a Norwegian, my grocer a Scotchman, my butcher is a German, my druggist is a Finn, my barber an Italian, my newsman a Jew, my laundryman is Irish, my fishmonger English, my florist Greek and my tailor Russian."—American Hebrew.

Correct.

"It's easy to find out what time it is," said a married man. "If the hall clock says 5:20, and the drawing room clock says 5:50, and the dining room clock says 6:05, and my watch says 6:15, and my wife's little dinky watch says 6, it's 6 o'clock in our house."—Gas Logic.

Had the Moving Mania.

Sunday School Teacher—What! Don't you want to go to heaven when you die? Little Emma—Well, you see our family couldn't think of living in one place the whole year round.—Puck.

Opportunity makes us known to others, but more to ourselves.—La Rochefoucauld.

Yes, Indeed.

Blobbs—The average wife tells her husband everything she hears. Slobbs—And a lot she doesn't.—Philadelphia Record.

Tact.

He (to second wife)—I am glad to be in this charming spot once more. She—I thought you were here on your bridal tour with your first wife. He—Yes, but I was so much in love I never saw the landscape.—Fliegende Blatter.

No Free Hand Drawing.

Son—Father, I've decided to become an artist. Have you any objection? Father—No, provided you don't draw on me.—Boston Transcript.

Mean.

"What did the lady say when you told her I was out?"

"She smiled and said, 'Friday's not always an unlucky day.'"

RAILWAY DETECTIVES.

They Trace Those Who Steal or Destroy Property of the Road.

The secret service is a hard game to tackle, but, like all kinds of work, it has its easy jobs. One of them is that of special agent for a railroad. The agent is supposed to trace those who steal or destroy railroad property.

When he is notified that a trunk or other article of baggage is missing he finds out by its number from where it was sent and follows it on the books to the last station where it has been checked. Then he notifies the police in the vicinity between the station where the baggage was last checked and the station where it should have been checked. The police get busy, and probably the property is soon recovered and the thieves put in jail. The baggage is then turned over to the special agent, who notifies the railroad official that he has recovered the stolen goods.

If a freight car is robbed the special agent pursues the same tactics. He finds out where the car was last sealed and the place where the car was reported as having its seal broken. The police or constables in the country between the two points are notified, and if they fail to capture the robbers the railroad may never hear again of the stolen goods. Wherever destruction has occurred to railroad property it is usually police officers who trace and arrest those guilty.

However, the special agent must be a keen judge of human nature and with sufficient tact to make himself popular with the police officers in his territory. Usually he is an old time detective and is well enough acquainted with detectives and police throughout the country to obtain results where an amateur would fail.

THE JUDGE ERRED.

His Mistake Clearly Explained by the Old Colored Woman.

The judge of the juvenile court, leaning forward in his chair, looked searchingly from the discreet and very ragged piccaninny before his desk to the ample and solicitous form of the culprit's mother. "Why do you send him to the railroad yards to pick up coal?" demanded his honor. "You know it is against the law to send your child where he will be in jeopardy of his life."

"'Deed, jedge, I doesn't send 'im. I nebber has sent 'im, 'deed"—

"Doesn't he bring home the coal?" interrupted the judge impatiently.

"But, jedge, I whips 'im, jedge, ebery time he brings it. I whips de little rapscallion till he cayn't set, 'deed I does."

The careful disciplinarian turned her broad, shiny countenance reprovingly upon her undisturbed offspring, but kept a conciliatory eye for the judge.

"You burn the coal he brings, do you not?" persisted the judge.

"Burns it—burns it—cose I burns it. W'y, jedge, I has to git it out ob de way."

"Why don't you send him back with it?" His honor smiled insinuatingly as he roared out the question.

"Send 'im back, jedge!" exclaimed the woman, throwing up her hands in a gesture of astonishment. "Send 'im back! W'y, jedge, ain't yo' jest done been told me I didn't oughter send my chile to no sech dange'some and jeopardous place?"—Youth's Companion.

POWER OF MUSIC.

The Awakening That Came to Stephenson on Hearing Ole Bull.

Ole Bornemann Bull, who was one of the famous wizards of the violin in the nineteenth century, had little difficulty in swaying an audience by the magic of his wonderful performance on his favorite instrument.

The great violinist was greatly admired by Stephenson, the inventor of the locomotive, although the latter had little appreciation of music in his soul. A call of some nature one day took Stephenson to Ole Bull's home. After the business on hand had been transacted the inventor arose to go, whereupon the master pressed him to remain and hear the tones of a famous violin which had lately come into his possession.

Ole Bull began to explain the marvelous construction of the violin, the perfect exactness required in each minutest part. The inventor became interested in the subject. Finally Ole Bull explained how the sound waves were produced and the relation of the different parts to their production. Then, still explaining, he drew his magic bow across the strings in a burst of exquisite music.

Stephenson listened, spellbound. Ole Bull played on. When the music finally died away Stephenson burst into tears and sobbed. "There has been something in my life that was lacking, and at last I've found out what it is."

Escaped the Bullets.

Dr. James Craik, who was Washington's family physician, was with the Father of His Country in the expedition against the French and Indians in 1754, and the next year he attended General Braddock in his fatal campaigning. Fifteen years later, while exploring wild lands in the western districts of Virginia, Dr. Craik encountered a band of Indians led by an aged chief, who informed the physician through an interpreter that he had made a long journey to see Colonel Washington, at whom in the battle of Monongahela he had fired his rifle fifteen times and ordered all his young men to do the same. In fact, Washington had two horses killed under him that day, and his coat was pierced with four bullets, yet he left the battlefield unscratched.

A Chemical Experiment.

When the genial Quaker, Isaac T. Hopper, met a boy with a dirty face or hands he would stop him and inquire if he ever studied chemistry. The boy, with a wondering stare, would answer, "No."

"Well, then, I will teach thee how to perform a curious chemical experiment," said Friend Hopper. "Go home, take a piece of soap, put it in water and rub it briskly on thy hands and face. Thou hast no idea what a beautiful froth it will make and how much whiter thy skin will be. That's a chemical experiment. I advise thee to try it."—Life of Isaac T. Hopper.

Ancient History.

"I'm satisfied," said the young man who was just home from college, "that the science of electricity was understood before the flood."

"Don't be a fool," snorted the old gentleman.

"Beg pardon, but Noah must have certainly used some kind of an ark light."

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson VII.—Third Quarter, For Aug. 13, 1911.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, Jer. xxxvi, 20-32. Memory Verses, 23, 24—Golden Text, Isa. xl, 8—Commentary by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

There are to me two great foundation truths throughout the whole Bible—"God is love" and "The Lord is not willing that any should perish." These very words are found in I John iv, 8, 16; II Pet. iii, 9, but these truths are everywhere in the book. Note the reason He gives why Jeremiah is to write this particular book, "that they may return every man from his evil way, that I may forgive their iniquity and their sin" (verse 3).

We know from chapter xxxii, 1, 2, that Jeremiah was a prisoner during part of Zedekiah's reign, but we also find him a prisoner in today's lesson, the events of which occurred in the fourth year of Jehoiakim or in the fourth year after the death of good King Josiah (verses 1, 5). He suffered much because of the Lord's message, which he so faithfully delivered, so much that he said at one time, "I was like a lamb or an ox that is brought to the slaughter," and at another time he said: "I am in derision daily; every one mocketh me; * * * I will not make mention of Him nor speak any more in His name" (chapters xi, 19; xx, 7-9). He did not keep this resolution, for the fire was so hot within him that he could not but speak. This makes us think of Peter and John in Acts iv, 19, 20. May we all have the same fire in us.

Baruch was evidently Jeremiah's scribe who did the writing for him and to whom he said at this very time, as we read in Jer. xlv: "Seekest thou great things for thyself? Seek them not." It was a message from the Lord to him through Jeremiah. Let us take it too.

Notice in verses 4-7, 17, 18, how this book was written. The words were the Lord's, the mouth was Jeremiah's, and the pen was Baruch's. That is inspiration. The Lord did not give Jeremiah the thoughts that he might put them into words, but He gave him the very words. Hear David also concerning the psalms which he wrote, "The Spirit of the Lord spake by me, and His word was in my tongue" (II Sam. xxiii, 2). This is in perfect accord with II Pet. i, 21.

As Jeremiah was shut up, Baruch was to take the book and read from it to all the people the words of the Lord in the Lord's house. This he did in the ninth month of the fifth year of Jehoiakim as the people were gathered on the fasting day (verses 6, 9). Then went one and told the princes what he had heard, and the princes sent for Baruch, that he might come and read to them the words of the book. This he did, and, although the words made them afraid, they said they would tell the king these words. So they kept the book, but advised Baruch that he and Jeremiah would do well to hide where no one could find them.

The Lord evidently guided them where to hide, for it is said, "The Lord hid them" (verses 19, 26). The Lord so hid Elijah that no one could find him (I Kings xvii, 3; xviii, 10), and all true believers should greatly rejoice in Col. iii, 3, "Your life is hid with Christ in God."

After the princes told the king what they had heard from the book he had it brought and read to him in the presence of all princes as he sat in the winter house with a fire burning on the hearth before him (verses 20-22). As the king heard it he deliberately cut it with his penknife, portion by portion, and cast it into the fire until he had burned up the whole book. Although several pleaded with him not to burn it, he would not listen to them. None present seemed to be afraid nor rend their garments, for were they not in the presence of the king and therefore safe in indorsing what he did? Besides, a king who would send into Egypt for a prophet in order to kill him might not hesitate to kill some of them if they stood against him.

If we live in the fear of the Lord we will not fear the face of man nor what man may do unto us, but the devil has said, "All that a man hath will he give up for his life" (Job ii, 4), and that is true of many of the devil's people, but should not be true of any child of God.

One would think that the message of verses 29-31 to Jehoiakim would make any ordinary man to tremble, but we read that "they hearkened not." So blind and deaf does the devil make his followers to all but his suggestions. A servant of the Lord, on the contrary, should be blind and deaf to all but His face and His voice. Such was Jeremiah. See also what is written of our Lord in Isa. xlii, 1, 19.

Jeremiah was ordered to write the same words, with many more, on a new roll (verse 32), and thus vain were the king's efforts to destroy the words he did not like. There are many today who dislike many words in the book, such as those concerning the incarnation, the Deity and the sinless humanity of Jesus Christ, the resurrection of the body, His return in glory, but most of all that there is no redemption but by His precious blood and that those who reject Him must go to the lake of fire. But His word stands and is forever settled in heaven.

Warned.

Engaged Man—Love me? Why, she actually counts the kisses I give her! Cynical Friend—That's bad. She may keep it up after your marriage.—Boston Transcript.

One of Those Crazy Questions.

"Well, great guns, Jones! I see you're wearing glasses. What for?"

"For a sprained knee, you darned fool! What do you suppose?"—Toledo Blade.

Another Trouble.

The trouble with most men is that they want to be at bat all the time and are never willing to do any fielding.—Chicago Record-Herald.

His Ways.

"My husband," sobbed Mrs. Frivol, "is the most contrary kind of a man."

"How so?" asked her sympathetic friend.

"Why, every time," responded the aggrieved wife, "that I begin dressing up he is sure to give me a dressing down."—Baltimore American.

HE STOPPED SHORT.

Reason For the Peculiar Signature on the Hotel Register.

Many peculiar signatures in the course of a season find themselves upon the register of a hotel. There are foreign fists of all sorts in script that none but the Kytka could unravel. The most curious of all, however, was placed on the book only recently. It is this:

"Wm."

Only that and nothing more!

There is no surname, no address, nothing at all but just "Wm."

This is the way it happened:

A well dressed man entered the hotel the other day and followed his bags to the desk. The register was swung around into position for him and a pen handed him by the gentlemanly desk clerk. Then, in a free, swinging hand, he wrote the accepted abbreviation of his first name, "Wm."

As if a thought had suddenly occurred to him, he stopped writing and looked up.

"What do you charge for a single room here by the day?" he asked.

"Three, four, five and six dollars," answered the clerk.

"Ain't you got no dollar rooms?"

"No, we have no dollar rooms. Three, four, five and six."

"Gosh!" he said, and he didn't look the part either. "This is no place for me. Gimme my luggage."

And he sneaked out of the hotel as one who had trodden on sacred ground.

Which is why on the register today is the odd signature:

"Wm."—San Francisco Chronicle.

ERIN'S ANCIENT KINGS.

Untimely Death Was the Rule For Monarchs of Old Ireland.

'Tis ould Oireland can bate them all, begorra, when it comes to talkin' of kings and coronations! For there was probably a king of Ireland when Noah was building his ark. There certainly was one in 1300 B. C. To be sure, though, Ireland's ancient monarchs mostly came to unhappy ends, either dying of the plague, being assassinated or killed in battle, says London Answers.

For instance, King Lughaidh, who reigned in the second century, was killed by being thrust through the eye with a spear during a conspiracy. His successor, Feargus, was assassinated by order of the next comer, Cormac Ulfhada, who, however, was merely choked to death by a fish bone at supper.

"Slain by his successor," indeed, was the fate of very many Irish kings, but of Congal Clonmaghair, who died in 693, it is simply but eloquently recorded that he "died suddenly." He was a "cruel persecutor of the Irish church." In 398 King Dathy was killed by a thunderbolt, while King Connor died of grief in 837. And one of the greatest of them all, the valiant Brian Boroihme, was assassinated in 1014 while at prayer after he had defeated the Danes at Clontarf.

It is hardly surprising to learn that four of Erin's kings resigned their crowns to become peaceful, cloistered monks.

MADDENED THE BEAR.

Ingenious Trap That Was Formerly Used by the Mexicans.

The Mexicans in California had an ingenuous method of trapping bears before the advent of the Yankees brought modern firearms into the region. A piece of meat was nailed to the stout horizontal limb of an oak tree. From a limb five or six feet above a rope was suspended, to the end of which a large stone was made fast so that it hung about six inches above and a trifle nearer the trunk than the meat on the lower limb.

When a bear smelled the meat from afar he would climb up the tree and make his way to the bait. In doing so he would push the stone pendulum to one side. Just as he was about to fasten his teeth in the meat the stone would swing back and bang his head. This would arouse the anger of the bear, and he would give the stone a sweep of his paw which would send it swinging farther out. The consequence was a harder bang and more anger. The more he struck the stone the harder he would be hit in return, until from ferocious anger he would lose his caution and attack the pendulum with all his vigor. One powerful sweep, then bang, and bruin would be tumbled out of the tree to the rocks below, where, disabled by his fall, he would be at the mercy of those who set the trap whenever they chose to take him.

A FISH STORY.

The Man Who Told It Said It Was Simply a True Narrative.

A man who formerly was a waiter on a big transatlantic liner told this story the other day:

"On a certain trip over I had at my table an irascible old gentleman who was a fresh air fiend. No matter what the weather he always insisted on having the porthole over the table open. It was no use to argue with him, but one day when the seas were very high and the ship pitching and rolling I ventured to remonstrate. He was up in arms in a minute. 'You are paid to obey orders,' he said tartly. 'Open that port.' I did. The soup course was served in safety. Then I asked him if he would have fish. 'Of course I will,' he snapped. 'And I'll have it in a hurry. Don't keep me waiting all day.'

"Just at that moment an unusually big sea rolled by—that is, part of it did. A goodly portion came through the porthole, soaking the old man and depositing on the table in front of him a live fish. No waiter on board of our ship had ever served an order so quickly before. But I didn't get any credit for it. The queer thing about that story," he added, "is that it isn't a fish story at all. I never told it yet to any one who believed it, but it is absolutely true."—New York Press.

Jam For Breakfast.

People who like to eat pastry or other irregular dishes for breakfast should be consoled to learn that no less a man than Herbert Spencer ate strawberry jam at his morning meal. He did it to avoid monotony, believing that digestion was best served by keeping the stomach entertained with variety. He is said to have told of a man who went into a decline from a too steady diet of mutton chops.

A Gilded Fad.

"Yes, papa is going to buy me a battleship."

"Good gracious! I beg your pardon, what for?"

"I want to use its deck for a dancing party."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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ASLEEP AT HIS DESK.

Lincoln Was Worn Out, but Hadn't Forgotten His Caller.

One day a very energetic lady called on me to take her to the president and aid her to get a private soldier pardoned who had been sentenced to death for desertion and was to be shot the very next morning. It was late in the afternoon when we got there, and the cabinet was still in session. I sent my name in to Mr. Lincoln, and he came out, evidently in profound thought and full of some great subject. I stated the object of our call and, leaving the lady in one of the antechambers, returned to the senate, which had not yet adjourned.

The case made a deep impression on me, but I forgot it in the excitement of the debate and the work of my office until perhaps near 10 o'clock that night, when my female friend came rushing into the room, radiant with delight, the pardon in her hand.

"I have been up there ever since," she said. "The cabinet adjourned, and I sat waiting for the president to come out and tell me the fate of my poor soldier, whose case I placed in his hands after you left. But I waited in vain—there was no Mr. Lincoln. So I thought I would go up to the door of his cabinet room and knock. I did so, and as there was no answer I opened it and passed in, and there was the worn president asleep with his head on the table resting on his arms and my boy's pardon signed by his side. I quietly waked him, blessed him for his good deed and came here to tell you the glorious news."—John W. Forney in "Anecdotes of Public Men."

Mozart's Musical Memory.

Mozart had a wonderful memory of musical sounds. When only fourteen years of age he went to Rome to assist in the solemnities of holy week. Immediately after his arrival he went to the Sistine chapel to hear the famous "Miserere" of Allegri. Being aware that it was forbidden to take or give a copy of this renowned piece of music, Mozart placed himself in a corner and gave the strictest attention to the music and on leaving the church noted down the entire piece. A few days afterward he heard it a second time and, following the music with his own copy in his hand, satisfied himself of the fidelity of his memory. The next day he sang the "Miserere" at a concert, accompanying himself on the harpsichord, and the performance produced such a sensation in Rome that Pope Clement XIV. requested that this musical prodigy should be presented to him at once.

Picturing the Face.

"Why do you photographers always photograph the left side of the face by preference?"

"Because it's the best looking," was the prompt reply. "The left side of the face is always the more regular, and it always shows least the marks of time.

"But," he continued, "if you want to bring out the real character of a face photograph the right side. There nature sets her print. There the lines are bold and unmistakable. There every defect, no less than every excellence, is stamped deep.

"The left side, where everything is softened down, for beauty. The right side, where everything is well rubbed in, for character. Those are the portrait artist's two chief rules."—New York Tribune.

Her Importance.

Herbert Spencer once told this story of a woman of his acquaintance: "Vain as well as vulgar minded, she professed to have a high admiration of Shakespeare and was partial to reading his plays aloud and considered that she declaimed the speeches extremely well. On one occasion, after enlarging upon her reverence for him, she ended by saying: 'Ah, I often wish that he were alive and that I had him here. How we would enjoy one another's conversation!'"

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THE BLACK DAGGER

A Story of China

By CLARISSA MACKIE

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Garland and Harpeth met on the Pacific liner Tropico, and from the first attraction of congenial natures there developed a warm personal liking. Garland was from the state of Maine, and Harpeth was a son of California. Out of 70,000,000 human souls fate had drawn these two, one from the east and the other from the west, to play the principal parts in a strange incident.

They had left the fairy islands of Japan far behind and were drawing near to the flat outline of the China coast.

"Are you going to stop over in Shanghai?" asked Garland, with a touch of Yankee inquisitiveness. "Haven't heard you say."

There was a little pause while Harpeth's eyes sought the rising coast line.

"Possibly." He clipped the word rather sharply.

Garland glanced at him curiously. "You know I really didn't mean to pry into your affairs," he said apologetically. "It's rather a natural question for one tourist to ask another."

"Surely; no harm done," returned Harpeth quickly. "How about yourself—you going to stop over?"

It was Garland's turn to show embarrassment. The quick look of interrogation he flashed at his companion was met by Harpeth's expression of languid indifference. It was quite plain that Harpeth had asked the question merely to make conversation, not that he cared a rap about the matter.

"Maybe I'll stop over to see the city," said Garland.

Clumsy junks came teetering over the sea toward the mouth of the Yangste, but the Tropico left them far behind as she steamed up to her anchorage off Wusung and landed her eager passengers on to the little transfer tugs that would convey them up the tributary tidal river, the Huangpu, to hospitable Shanghai.

In the crowd Garland and Harpeth missed each other, accidentally or by design. Garland could scarcely wait for the tug to make her landing at the jetty before he was off and swinging away up the bund toward the hotel of his choice.

The electric lighted hotel, with its air of western luxury mingled with its quiet eastern service, impressed the Yankee wanderer most favorably, and he retired to his room and bath, whistling cheerfully at the prospect of the excellent dinner that he was sure awaited him below.

But when the meal was concluded and he had enjoyed the gastronomic delights which his fancy had conjured up he retired to the smoking room to pore over a queer little map drawn with brush strokes of india ink on mottled tissue paper.

It was an hour after midnight when he left the hotel and made his way along the bund to where a flight of stone steps led down to the river. Here were several sampans moored to the landing, and the coolies immediately fell to fighting for his patronage. He settled the matter by stepping into one of the little boats, and, being pounced upon by its delighted owner, he was soon paddled out into the stream, which glistened in the moonlight like molten silver.

"Kaoyang! Sabe?" he cried sharply. The coolie nodded his head and whirled the sampan about until it headed up stream. For a mile he paddled steadily with his long sweep-like oar and then suddenly ran the boat in between high banks on the north shore and grounded in the mud.

As if guided by some invisible hand, he who could not recollect ever having touched foot on this soil before sought for and found a narrow path winding upward to where a ruined temple crouched among a group of distorted wind blown cedars. The moon sent long rays down and here and there pierced the secret places with an illuminating touch. It showed Garland the outline of a dark arched opening, and he made for it fearlessly.

Just before he reached it he drew from his pocket the little map he had studied earlier in the evening and turned the flash from his pocket light upon it.

Pocketing the map and snapping off the light to hold it in his left hand while his right hand closed around a small repeating revolver, Garland plunged into the opening to find himself in the crooked passage, which was lighted down its length by the moon which hung above its roofless walls.

On either side of the white stone walls there stood out sharply the little black daggers, which seemed to point his way. Glancing to the right and left, he followed their guidance until one last circling curve of the passage brought him sharply up against another arched opening which gave forth a damp, earthy smell. On the stone post of the door was painted another black dagger pointing downward. Garland flashed on his lamp and saw a wriggling flight of broken stone steps dropping down into a black pit. For an instant he hesitated, and then, with a shrug of his shoulders, he stepped forward.

He counted twenty-seven steps in all before his feet touched soft earth. He extinguished his light for an instant and tried to pierce the darkness with his eyes.

Before he snapped on the light again he was startled into rigidity by the sound of footsteps treading the passage overhead. They came rapidly with sharp, rapping clicks of leather boot heels on stone. This was not the soft padding of felted native slippers; it was the tread of a fearless man wearing European footgear or perhaps American boots like his own.

Garland moved backward and away from the steps until his back struck sharply against a cold wall. There he stood, a part of the enveloping blackness, while the footsteps stopped at the arched door, and then by the flare of a sputtering candle jammed in the neck of a soda water bottle Garland saw a pair of trousers descend the first few steps. Then as the man came down the candle flame lighted his shirt front and reached his chin just as a whiff of air from out of nowhere in particular extinguished the light.

"Dash it all!" muttered the man in English, and Garland felt a queer little thrill of relief that the interloper was not a Chinese.

After some fussing and a final exclamation of disgust because he failed to find another match about his person, the newcomer flung his candle aside and seemed to stop and consider the situation.

Perhaps he heard Garland's carefully controlled breathing, for suddenly he asked, "Who's there?"

Garland hesitated and then decided not to answer. Perhaps the stranger would go away now that he was without a light. In the meantime he would endeavor to reach his goal by edging along the wall against which he was leaning.

His feet made no sound in the soft earth, and he had made considerable progress when he became conscious of heavy breathing behind him, and he knew that the newcomer was following in his wake.

Garland reached an angle of the wall, followed it around, turned again and once again into a small square recess which had a window slanting upward to some cunningly contrived opening above ground which admitted the moonlight to throw a silver cloth over a stone table. On the stone table was a small shadowy slit perhaps the width of a dagger's blade.

The two men reached the table together and in the moonlight stared pantingly at each other. The moon lighted them up to their lips, and above that their faces were in darkness.

"If you've got a light for heaven's sake turn it on!" growled the newcomer impatiently, and Garland, as if it was the most natural thing in the world for him to have met a fellow white man on this secret errand of his, snapped on his lamp and threw its broad white beam across the face of—Harpeth.

"Garland," said Harpeth stupidly. And then with fierce suspicion he went on: "You followed me. I thought better of you than that, old man."

"I was here first," ejaculated Garland. "I'm blamed if I don't believe you're following me!"

"You had an errand here?" Harpeth put the question hesitatingly.

"Yes, and yours is probably the same," said Garland, with a trace of relief in his tones. "I was fearfully afraid somebody would find out and get the cinch on me, but somehow it's so confoundedly spooky down here I'm glad of company, even if it's a rival for"— He paused suggestively.

"The black dagger?" asked Harpeth quietly.

Garland nodded. "I guess you've met with Wah Sung Loo, haven't you? I saw him in Portland."

"And I in Los Angeles," admitted Harpeth. "Did he sell you information concerning the black dagger which contained one of the biggest emeralds in the world and which was concealed by one of his thieving ancestors in this spot? Did he tell you how you could reach it, and as he was dying and might never come back to this country he would sell a map of its location for $100? Well, he told me the same yarn, and I took a chance on it too. Since I started, however, I've had a thousand misgivings, the chief one being that the old rascal didn't believe the story himself. I believe that to him it was a tradition—nothing more, and he made money out of it."

"He stung me, too, and yet—I'm going to try for that black dagger, Harpeth. Here's the black dagger he gave me. I suppose you've got its mate. I'll just drop it in this slit. Well, by Jove, it touches something that's giving way! Now, what do you think of that?"

The table top swung up and slipped back into a recess disclosing a small square stone receptacle in which was crushed a heap of tattered yellow silk, which dropped to dust under their fingers. In the heap of dust was a dark object which Harpeth's fingers drew to the light. It was a small dagger of finely tempered steel, almost black in color. In the hilt was set the largest emerald the Americans had ever seen.

"It's a good thing it's big enough to divide, so we won't quarrel over it," said Garland, and the other nodded approval.

"I wonder if Wah Sung Loo knew this was here?" began Garland speculatively as they emerged into the open air.

"Never," interrupted Harpeth, with a grin. "Didn't believe it himself and thought he'd stung us for fair—hardly calculated we'd come out after it."

"I'm not sorry, though," chuckled Garland as they went back along the winding path to the river, where two sleepy coolies awaited them with sampans.

PETRIFIED TREES.

The "Stone Forest" One of California's Natural Wonders.

California, among many other natural wonders, contains a "stone forest." This is located in Sonoma county, only a few miles from the little resort of Calistoga Springs. This "forest" consists of a great many petrified trees, all of which are prostrate.

In respect to the great number of petrified trees and their immense size, the California "stone forest" surpasses that of Arizona. Strange to say, very little is known about these wonderful Sonoma county petrifactions—so far as the general public is concerned. Many of these trees are of enormous size. The famous "Queen of the Forest" is a prehistoric redwood about eighty feet long and nearly twelve feet in diameter. It has been broken in several places, and these breaks are as clean as if cut off with a saw. A tree has grown up through one of the breaks and has attained quite a large size. Another giant tree known as the "Monarch" lies near by, which is almost ninety feet long and is without a break. This tree is a fir, and averages ten feet in diameter. Not far away is another giant son of the forest—a redwood that is about sixty feet long and nine feet in diameter. This tree is broken into many hundreds of pieces, yet it retains its shape almost perfectly. Scattered about for the area of several acres are many other pieces of petrifaction. So perfect has been the transmutation into stone that the grain of the wood still remains very clear, and the variety of the tree may be easily determined.—Scientific American.

PHILIPPINE VOLCANOES.

Mayon Is the Most Famous, and the Taal Comes Next.

The most famous Philippine volcano and one of the finest volcano cones in the world is that of Mayon. Its height is 8,970 feet, and the volcano is visible at a great distance. Since 1766 records have been kept of its eruptions. In that year many plantations and villages were buried under a stream of lava which flowed down its eastern slope. About 1,200 lives were lost in the eruption of 1814, which buried the country around a part of the base of Mayon under the outpourings of lava and dust. A similar calamity in 1825 destroyed the lives of about 1,500 persons. In the nineteenth century there were a number of severe eruptions, including one in 1886-7 which continued about nine months. An eruption in 1897 killed 350 persons and destroyed much property. Twenty-two violent eruptions of this volcano are on record.

Next to Mayon the Taal volcano is the most remarkable. It is on an island in the lake of Bombon, and the island, built up by its outpourings, has an area of 220 square miles. The volcano is incessantly ejecting dust and vapor from its crater. Taal as well as Mayon has been the center of numerous destructive earthquakes, but no very great eruption has occurred since 1864, when four villages around the mountain were completely destroyed.

LENGTHY VISITS.

The Unstinted Hospitality of Old Virginia.

Virginia hospitality is a byword. The old time country house, says Mrs. Roger A. Pryor in "My Day," was built of elastic material, capable of sheltering any number of guests, many of whom remained all summer. Indeed, this was expected of them.

"My dear sir," said the genial master of Westover to a departing guest who had sought shelter from a rainstorm, "my dear sir, do stay and pay us a visit."

The guest pleaded business that forbade his compliance.

"Well, well," said Major Drewry, "if you can't pay us a visit come for two or three weeks at least."

"Week ends" were unknown in Virginia, and equally out of the question an invitation limited by the host to prescribed days and hours. Sometimes a happy guest would ignore time altogether and stay along from season to season. I cannot remember a parallel case to that of Isaac Watts, who, invited by Sir Thomas Abney to spend a night at Stoke Newington, accepted with great cheerfulness and stayed the rest of his life, nearly forty years, but I do remember that an invitation for one night brought to a member of our family a pleasant couple who remained for years.

Yearned For Excitement.

"Yes, the great society leader is absolutely ennuied."

"Tired of everything, eh?"

"Positively. The last time I saw her she was faintly wondering in a bewildered way whether she'd better take up aviation or get a divorce."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Quick Recovery.

Miggleton—It looks like rain. Hambaugh—What looks like rain? Miggleton (taken by surprise but equal to the occasion)—A shower bath in action.—Chicago Tribune.

Enmeshed.

Maud—After all, a hammock is nothing but a net. Jack—Right! Many a girl makes a good catch in one.—Exchange.

One may ruin himself by frankness, but one surely dishonors himself by duplicity.—Vieillard.

Making the Chances Even.

In days when tavern brawls in England were frequent and swords were out on the slightest provocation common fairness demanded that the blades of chance combatants should be of equal length. In a sudden affray there would be no thought of measuring swords, so the authorities took the matter into their own hands at the gates of the city of London, where every gallant was liable to be challenged, and if the public official found any blade beyond thirty-six inches the smith stood by to snap off the steel to the required length. In Queen Elizabeth's reign this was the common practice.

ECCENTRIC WAGNER.

A Glimpse of the Famous Composer In One of His Moods.

Richard Wagner, the composer, needed a good deal of managing, and Frau Cosima was always tactful, according to Judith Gautier's "Wagner at Home." When the author hesitated before accepting Wagner's invitation to an excursion she says Frau Cosima made signs to her and, coming nearer, said in a low voice: "Do not refuse, he would be angry. And let him manage it all; let him take the lead, if you do not wish to grieve him."

Later on she gives another curious scene: "Behind the house, in that court which formed a part of the garden, and from which the carriage drive started, there was a high swing, which the children were allowed to use very carefully, and with which the older people sometimes amused themselves. One day Mme. Cosima was sitting on the narrow board. Wagner offered to start the swing and give her a good flight through the air. All went well for a time, but, little by little, the motion became more rapid; higher and still higher went the swing. In vain Mme. Cosima begged for mercy. Carried away by a kind of frenzy, the master paid no attention and the incident began to have a terrifying effect.

"Cosima grew white; her hold relaxed, and she was about to fall. 'Do you not see that she is fainting?' I cried, throwing myself toward Wagner. He grew pale in his turn, and the danger was quickly averted. But, as the poor woman continued to be dizzy and trembling, the master concluded it would be wise to create a diversion. He ran rapidly toward the house, and by the aid of the shutters, the moldings and protections of the stones, he climbed nimbly up the side and, reaching the balcony of the floor above, leaped over it.

"He had obtained the desired effect, but in replacing one evil by another. Trembling with anxiety, Cosima turned to me, saying under her breath: 'Above all things, do not notice him; do not look surprised, or you can never tell where he will end.'"

HOUSEHOLD ECONOMY.

The English Method of Dealing Out Supplies by the Week.

In the matter of small savings and watchfulness of expenditure the English housewife is ahead. For example, the English housekeeper deals out to her servants the week's allowance of sugar, rice, flour, coffee and all other household provisions that are kept in quantity, and requires an account of it all to be rendered, the thing having been brought to so fine a point that she knows the exact amount of each article requisite for her family, allowing so much to each individual and that quantity being sufficient, as she knows by experience, two ounces of tea, for instance, being regarded as a week's supply for each single individual, one-half pound of sugar, three and one-half pounds of meat for a woman and five and one-fourth for a man—facts which the housekeeper probably learned from her mother before her—knowing, moreover, the greater variety of the simpler kinds required.

All of these stores she sets down in her housekeeping book as she gives them out, and she does not fail on the next dispensing day to consult her dates and if anything be left over in the cook's hands not accounted for to subtract that from the amount to be newly issued. And in England servants expect this. So far from being indignant with it they would feel as if there were no guiding hand behind them if left undone and they given their head in an overflowing storeroom, as servants are with us.

In fact, there is no saying which the housewife across the water considers too small to practice or as beneath her dignity.—Exchange.

Fish Delusions.

There are two popular delusions about fish—one that they cannot live out of water and the other that they can live in any pure water, the food supply taking care of itself. As a matter of fact, there are fish in Africa which, having to exist in absolutely dry rivers for a portion of the year have developed lungs, while in many an amateur's aquarium fish cannot live in the water provided owing to lack of food.

Suspicious.

"Very suspicious man, they say."

"Very. Bought a dictionary last week, and now he's counting the words to see if it contains as many as the publishers claim."

True Courage.

True courage has so little to do with anger that there lies always the strongest suspicion against it where this passion is highest. True courage is cool and calm.

Cheerful.

"She's of a very cheerful disposition, isn't she?"

"Yes, indeed. She even sings while washing dishes."—Detroit Free Press.

There are few things reasen can discover with so much certainty and ease as its own insufficiency.—Collier.

No Obstruction.

In the course of a trial at Waterbury, Conn., the examiner was trying to get the topography of the country and the relative situation of objects. The witness was asked, "Which way does the road run past your house?" The reply was, "Both ways, your honor, up and down."—Case and Comment.

Touching Him.

Visitor—I saw your husband in the crowd in town today. In fact, he was so close that I could have touched him. Hostess—That's strange. At home he is so close that nobody can touch him!

Acts of Kindness.

If every one did an act of daily kindness to his neighbor and refused to do any unkindness half the sorrow of this world would be lifted and disappear.—Ian Maclaren.

LUCKY LAST LOOK

It Preserved the Declaration of Independence In 1814.

SAVED IT FROM THE BRITISH.

The Precious Document Would Have Been In the State Department When It Was Burned but For Pleasonton's Final Glance Around the Room.

Comparatively few of the present generation know how near to being lost was once the most precious of our national documents, the Declaration of Independence. It was during the war of 1812. The Declaration of Independence hung for many years in a frame in the state department in the room then occupied by Stephen Pleasonton. Mr. Beaseley, commissary of prisoners of war in London, forwarded to the state department some London newspapers, stating that the English fleets and transports were receiving troops at Bordeaux, France, with the intention of operating against Washington and Baltimore. Soon after it was learned that the British fleet was in Chesapeake bay and that it was ascending the Patuxent. The officials and citizens of the little capital city were hourly expecting an attack.

Upon receipt of this information, which was a few days before the enemy entered Washington, Mr. Monroe, then secretary of state, James Madison being president, mounted his horse, rode to Benedict, a small village on the Patuxent, where the British forces were being landed, and climbed an eminence within a quarter of a mile of the village, in order to ascertain the strength of the enemy. Being convinced, after his inspection, that we had no force available that could successfully resist them, he sent a note to Mr. Pleasonton by a vidette, advising him to see that the best care was taken of the books and papers of the state department.

Acting at once upon this authority, Mr. Pleasonton purchased some coarse linen and had it made into bags of suitable size, in which he, assisted by others in the office, placed the books and other papers.

While engaged in this work General Armstrong, then secretary of war, passing the state department on his way to his own office, remarked that he thought they were unnecessarily alarming themselves, as he did not think the British were serious in their intentions of coming to Washington. Fortunately Mr. Pleasonton was of a different opinion, and observed that it was the part of prudence to take measures to preserve these valuable papers of the revolutionary government. Had Mr. Pleasonton delayed but a few days, had he followed the advice of the secretary of war, an irreparable loss would have been sustained. For the papers which Mr. Pleasonton had placed in the coarse linen bags comprised the secret journals of congress, then not published; the correspondence of General Washington, his commission, resigned at the close of the war; the correspondence of General Greene and other officers of the Revolution, as well as laws, treaties and correspondence of the department of state from the adoption of the constitution down to that time.

Mr. Pleasonton had the bags carted to a grist mill, which he selected as a suitable depository. The mill, which was unoccupied, belonged to Edgar Patterson and was situated on the Virginia side of the Potomac, beyond the Chain bridge, two miles above Georgetown.

The last load had left, and Mr. Pleasonton was just quitting the vacant rooms when, glancing back suddenly to see whether anything had been left behind, to his consternation he saw the Declaration of Independence, which had been overlooked, hanging upon the wall. He hastily cut it out of the frame and carried it away with the other papers.

He then began to be uneasy about the place he had chosen, for if the British took Washington, which he firmly believed they would do, and very soon at that, they would in all probability detach a force for the purpose of destroying a foundry for the making of cannon and shot in the neighborhood and, of course, would consider a grist mill too valuable a thing to be left standing in a country they meant to subdue. Mr. Pleasonton therefore visited some of the Virginia farmhouses, whose owners were only too willing to loan him wagons in which to convey the documents to Leesburg, a distance of thirty-five miles. There they were deposited in an empty house, the keys of which were given to Rev. Mr. Littlejohn, who was one of the collectors of internal revenue.

Worn out with his labors, Mr. Pleasonton states in a letter, he retired early to bed that night and slept soundly. Next morning he was informed by the people of the little tavern where he had stayed that evening that they had seen during the night, the same being the 24th of August, a large fire in the direction of Washington, which proved to be the light from the public buildings, which the enemy had set on fire and burned to the ground.

When he returned to Washington on the 26th he found the public buildings still burning and learned that the British army had evacuated the city the preceding evening in the belief that the Americans were again assembling in the rear for the purpose of cutting off their retreat.—Kansas City Times.

'Tis well said that man has no greater enemy than himself.—Firenzuola.

Agreed.

"I'd give anything almost if I had Mrs. Toner's savoir faire."

"I think it much more patriotic to own an American made car."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Like Unto It.

"Love thy neighbor as thyself" and also stop talking about yourself now and then and say a few kind words about him.—Norfolk Ledger Dispatch.

The Woburn Journal

Telephone 55.
Residence 280.

FRIDAY, AUG. 18, 1911

HARD AT IT.

Representative Norman White of Brookline is scouring the State for aid in his Gubernatorial candidacy and pretends that he is making satifactory headway in securing pledges for support. But political pledges are poor things to bank on.

Speaker Walker is also putting in some big licks among the yeomanry of Middlesex and upper-crust of the Berkshires. The Grangers are rather inclined to help Walker, they say, and very likely it is true, for Mr. Fred Walker, the popular Chief of the Cattle Bureau of ths Mass. Ag. Dep't, likewise a prominent Granger, being Master of the Woburn Grange, is a relative of the Speaker and will naturally work for his nomination.

Lieut. Frothingham appears to be quiet and moving about among the people but little, in which connection the words of the wise old Philosopher should be remembered to wit: "The taciturn female of the porcine genus always obtains the biggest share of the nutriment in the trough." At the present time public sentiment appears to be decidedly with Frothingham.

But the new law may result in bringing out a "Dark Horse."

FREE BEDS.

The affairs of the Choate Memorial Hospital on Warren avenue are in safe hands. Men of intelligence and working ideas compose the Executive Committee, who, in pursuance of their plans to make the Hospital an active and successful agency for doing the most good to the largest number of people, voted at their last regular meeting to appropriate a share of the proceeds of the "County Fair" to the maintenance for a year of two beds for occupancy by those deserving people of Woburn who are unable to meet Hospital expenses, however much they may need the medical and surgical aid, to give which the institution was founded. It was a long step in the right direction.

A hospital ought to be free to everybody, and the Executive Committee, believe that, with the needed and deserved help our well to do inhabitants are able and in duty bound to extend, the Choate Hospital may become such, or practically so near it that poor, as well as rich, may be able to enjoy its advantages at small, or no, expense.

JOINT PRIMARIES.

The new caucus laws in this State are a puzzle. Only an interested politician, or a caucus law specialist, is able to interpret them off hand, or instruct election Boards and individuals how to proceed under them.

It was a bad day for caucus laws when Luce of Somerville was sent to the Legislature.

One point in the puzzle, however, seems to be tolerable clear, and that is, the "Joint Primaries," or voting of the Republicans and Democrats at the same time and place for the nomination of candidates for State Offices are to be held on the 6th Tuesday preceding the State election, which will be Sept. 26 this year. All the average voter has got to do is to keep this date and several other things in mind, and then go and cast his ballot, if he hasn't forgotten the time and place to do so, and to tell the election guard to which political party he belongs, if he knows. But from this latter we can't escape.

A PROTEST.

A storm of protest is being raised all over the so called Metropolitan District because of the assessment for building and maintaining the Charles River Basin, situated between Boston and Cambridge. It certainly was an outrage to put this burden upon cities and towns who have not the remotest interest in this improvement, which concerns only Boston and Cambridge.—*Winchester Star.*

It is likely that the Courts will be resorted to for a settlement of the contest that is sure to arise over the legality of the Charles River assessments on the towns and cities included in the Metropolitan District.

VETOED.

Last Tuesday President Taft vetoed the New Mexico-Arizona Statehood bill passed by both branches of Congress, and now an effort is being made to get up an Act that he will approve, because, after counting noses, it is feared the present one cannot be passed over the veto, the necessary two thirds not being in sight in either the Senate or House.

☞ It is reported that Mr. Charles M. Strout of Montvale avenue will be a Republican candidate for Representative from District 20 to the Legislature this fall. If this is true, Representative Parker will not have the easy walkover he has been looking for.

WHY WAS THIS?

The Board of Registrars of Voters are supposed to be strictly nonpartisan, indeed, the Statute Law of the State compels the personnel of the Board to be equally divided between the two parties—Republican and Democratic.

The Woburn Board yesterday advertised a meeting to be held next week in two of the city papers, but the notice did NOT APPEAR IN THE WOBURN JOURNAL

Was, or was not, this case a violation of the spirit, if not the letter, of the Law?

☞ At a meeting of the stockholders of the Woburn Gas Light Company held at the Company's office in Dow's Block last week, John W. Johnson, Esq., of the Law firm of J. W. and E. F. Johnson and President of the Woburn National Bank, was elected Clerk and Treasurer in place of Mr. Richard J. Monks of Boston who, after a long service in both offices, declined a reelection this year. The Monks family invested largely in gas stocks some years ago and among the companies purchased by them was the Woburn, of which Richard has been Clerk, Treasurer and General Manager ever since. He and the other owners preferred a younger man for the offices and Mr. Johnson proved to be their unanimous choice. He being abundantly satisfied with the large dividends that the stockholders have received from their Woburn investment, Manager Monks has failed to push the Company's system of lighting into the benighted quarters of the city as far and fast as some people thought he ought to have done, and perhaps a change in this respect may follow the choice of a new Treasurer. Mr. Johnson is a levelheaded all round business man as well as Lawyer and Financier, and it may come to pass that those who have long vainly asked the Company for gas may fail to find reason for such complaint hereafter. Time will tell.

The Directors chosen at the meeting were: Richard J. Monks, Frank H. Monks, Livingston Cushing, Dr. George H. Monks, John W. Johnson.

☞ Will the Gentle Reader please pardon the Editor of the JOURNAL for this seeming exhibition of vanity on his part? We hope, also, and trust that he or she (G. R.) will perform the same kindly act toward him for the remark based on long acquaintance, that C. B. Leathe is a Printer and a native of Woburn, therefore, a gentleman 24k fine.

"Geo. A. Hobbs—

Enclosed, please find — to help along the dear old Home Paper. I enjoy its weekly visits, and trust I shall continue to as long as I live. Wife and I are spending our annual outing with our daughter and son-in-law (Mr. Frank Stetson) at their beautiful cottage on Peaks Island, Casco Bay, one of Maine's many delightful summer resorts. Fine fishing, bathing and boating, etc. Newport's Astor-Force crowd of nonproducers certainly have nothing on Peaks Island.—C. B. LEATHE."

☞ What a pity it is that President Taft and the late T. R. should get at loggerheads again. This time their disagreement is over the Peace Articles, which are favored by the former and strongly opposed by the late T. R.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements

S. W. Mendum—Citation.
W. H. H. Tuttle—Citation.

—— Hon. A. S. Wood obtained the names to the nomination papers of Mr Charles M. Strout.

—— Mr. Harlow Seeley of Woburn and Boston is making a pedestrian tour of the White Mountains.

—— Rents are high in this city, and no empty houses to be had. The fact is, Woburn is a fine old town to live in

—— Thomas J. Feeney, Jr., of Warren avenue, the Drummer Boy of the Sacred Hearts, went to New York early this week.

—— Mr. and Mrs. O. M. Brooks are enjoying their vacation at beautiful Portland, Maine. They deserve a real good rest and time.

—— The Billerica summer Sunday homesteaders were mightily in evidence on the huckleberry grounds last Sabbath and had great luck in gathering the fruit.

—— A power of rain fell here from 8 to 12 o'clock last Tuesday evening. It was preceded by considerable lightning and thunder, which made it all the more welcome.

—— The city's management of that new pump for the city water station has been anything but creditable to the authorities from start to finish, and Com. James Kelley, B. P. W., wasn't far out of the way when he said so.

—— Labor Day comes in two weeks from next Monday, Sept. 4. Are the people of this city getting ready for it. Another holiday is very much needed in this town, and Labor Day is the only one in sight to supply the want.

—— The Aberjona Colony, U. O. P. F., are to give a fine entertainment as a part of the celebration of the 21st anniversary of their organization to be held in G. A. R. Post 38 Hall on Aug. 23. The Robertson children of Wakefield, who are pupils of the Dorothy Dix School in Boston, will give exhibitions of dancing, and will also sing, for the pleasure of what is expected to be a large audience.

— The Knights of the Sacred Heart of the St. Charles church are drilling and getting a good ready for the great Columbus drill and march in Boston on Oct. 12. They are also preparing to stage a popular play in the near future.

— It is admitted on all sides that Smith & Varney are the leading jewelers and dealers in firstclass silver and gold goods and stones, in Woburn. In clocks, watches and fancy wares they stand right up alongside of the best Boston houses.

— There has been not a little very hot weather here this week and last. It deserved to be called hot, and not merely tepid, when the mercury persists in running up to between 90 and 100 every day and remaining there for hours at a time.

— The head weather manager in the Boston U. S. Bureau reported that the first three days of this week were the hottest Aug. 13, 14, 15 on record. And what he don't know about weather, past, present and future, isn't worth trying to learn.

— The union services of the Congregational, Baptist and Methodist churches will be held at the Methodist church August 20 and 27. Rev. F. M. Estes, pastor of the Methodist church, will preach both Sundays and conduct the prayer meeting Wednesday evening, August 23.

— Miss Maude Littlefield, the well known and favorite violinist and pianist, a successful teacher of both, is taking her vacation leisurly and absorbing seabreezes, clams, oysters and lobsters, at Orr's Island in Casco Bay, made famous by Harriet Beecher Stowe's famous story of "The Pearl of Orr's Island."

— Solely to get a "scoop" on our esteemed cotemporaries we repeat with considerable pride, the Boston *Transcript's* assertion that President Taft has designated and set apart Nov. 30, 1911, the last Thursday in the month, as a day to be devoted to thanksgiving and praise for the Lord's mercies and blessings toward us.

— For several weeks before the prorogation of the Massachusetts General Court Rev. Frank Poole Johnson, Rector of a leading Episcopal church in New York City, as temporary successor of Rev. Dr. Horton, filled the office of Chaplain to the Senate, and at the same time attended to his pastoral duties in New York. He (Woburn born and bred) is a faithful and efficient laborer in the vineyard of the Lord.

— We are giving out no news when publishing the fact that G. R Gage & Co. (Fred A. Flint), merchant tailors, enjoys a large and lucrative Boston trade. Many of the best dressed gentlemen of the Hub do now, and have for years past, had their suits made at this old and reliable establishment, and the same is especially true of traveling salesmen, who must always have the best. There is no "shoddy" in Flint's goods, and fits are always perfect.

— Chief of Police Charles McDermott and his officers are doing a landoffice business in bringing Woburn rumsellers to justice. Decent people are praising them and their work. If they keep on, and McDermott isn't built on the "letup" plan, soon rumsellers will be scarcer than hen's teeth in Woburn. In respect to this illegal traffic Woburn is no more guilty than her neighboring towns and cities; but Mc is determined that she shall be better than others.

— We don't just now remember of a more pleasant call (calls from Sheriffs don't count here) than that from Mrs. Joe McGarrey, ex Matron of the Winning Farm, last Wednesday, who brought the comforting news that Joe is really alive and telling the Suburbanites what an excellent theatre the Boston of Boston is. He goes back to the Tremont in a week or two, his old flame, and will then be heard from that popular playhouse. Mrs. McGarrey is the same happy woman she was when a more frequent visitor to this city.

— The people of Cummingsville greatly desire and ought to have a street railway, and if the Lexington & Boston Company refuse any longer to give them one, then the Bay State Street Railway Co. (the new name for the Boston & Northern) should step in and do so. They could easily obtain a location, or right of way, from the Woburn City Council, for the Lexington line is not popular with Woburn people (except Mr. G. A. C., who adores it), and the Centre want the West Side to have a good trolley line.

— Woburn tanners and curriers tell us that the prospect for a radical change in leather manufacturing here this fall for the better is highly encouraging. Signs, they say, point to much better times than have been experienced in the last two or three years, which is especially to be the case with the patent leather branch of the industry on which Woburn depends for the employment of its workmen and prosperity. Proprietors are, it is said, looking for an early and favorable change in the business and preparations for increased facilities to meet it are contemplated, or already begun.

— The funeral of Col. Cyrus Tay was held on Sunday afternoon at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. Herbert Bagnall, on Eaton avenue, and was attended by many of his friends and Grand Army men. Post 161, G. A. R., of which he was a comrade, were present in a body, and also many members of Post 33. Rev. H. C. Parker conducted the religious exercises. John L. Parker, Editor of the Lynn *Item*, Past Commander of the Mass. Department of G. A. R., the only one left of the charter members of Post 33, attended the funeral.

— In the matter of electing a City Clerk to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Mr. John H. Finn, who had held that office 14 years at the time of his decease a short time ago, the City Council seem to be moving slowly. The office is one of the most desirable in the gift of the city chiefly on account of the high salary attached to it, and the delay in choosing a new incumbent may be owing to a multiplicity of candidates all of whom are well qualified for the proper discharge of its duties. In the mean time City Solicitor Sullivan is doing very well in the position.

— The ancient dame who wanted it to rain nights and Sundays so her farm hands could rest would have had her wish partly gratified if she had been here this week, for we had another smart downpour last Wednesday night.

— The vacation season is drawing to a close, nearly two months of it—from July to August 18—having slipped away, and only 12 days more to Sept. 1, the end of summer and beginning of fall. In about 3 weeks the ministers will get back to their pulpits; the schools will reopen soon after; clams and oysters will become legal food; and a smart revival of business here and elsewhere about here may, with confidence, be looked for. In point of weather the present outing season has been a pleasant one, and many hundreds of Woburn people have enjoyed it by the seashore, woods and lakes.

— A note written by Miss H. Josephine Ellis at Carlsbad, Germany, on July 30, 1911, and received at the JOURNAL office on Aug 11, says: "Greetings from this fascinating spot. We are here 6 weeks. Herschensprung (Stag's Leap) is sitting in close proximity above the town and famous for the following legend: A Stag, chased by Emperor Charles First during one of his hunts, is said to have jumped from this spot down into the valley and into a spring of hot water. The "Sprudal" think this led to its discovery and healing virtues. We go from here to Bayreuth for a week; then to Vienna, Budapest, Prague, Dresden, Berlin."

— Last week Thursday, Aug. 10, 1911, Miss Ellen Crovo, the fair daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Angelo Crovo of No. 578 Main street, Woburn, was 12 years old, whereupon she deemed it only fair and just to herself, likewise agreeable, to celebrate the anniversary, and so informed her kind and indulgent mother. Mrs. Crovo was agreeable to her daughter's suggestion, and so Miss Ellen gave a birthday party that afternoon at the home of her parents, at which numerous of her young schoolmates and associates were present and enjoyed themselves greatly. Assisted by the good Dame, Miss Ellen discharged the duties of hostess in fine fashion, and a merry company of young folks were delighted with the party.

— It wasn't exactly "entertaining angels unawares" that Master and Matron Begley of the Woburn Almshouse did one evening last week, but came near enough to it to give our esteemed cotemporary located near the foot of the JOURNAL stairs a chance to air his vocabular and prove to the community he has recently come among and been warmly welcomed by, that he is a journalist worthy of their support. The incident so graphically described by our E. C. ran something like this: Miss Minnie Scanlon of Syracuse, N. Y., Mr. and Mrs. John Cramer of Green street, Woburn; and Thomas Cloonan of Waltham who is a Professor of Mechanical Arts in the Mass. In. of Technology—all of them strangers to Master and Matron Begley—drove to the place early on the evening of Aug. 10, and requested the privilege of giving an entertainment for the pleasure of the inmates of the institution which the Begleys superintend and conduct to the satisfaction of everybody concerned. Their request was cordially granted, and the Begleys proceeded to do the agreeable to the visitors. A fine concert of vocal and instrumental music was given and refreshments were served on the lawn, the exceedingly pleasant affair lasting until midnight. The Begleys were delighted with it, and so also were the people of whom they have charge. It was an odd contrived entertainment, but a nice one.

— On August 24, 1724 (Aug. 12, O. S.), or 187 years ago next Thursday, the then peaceful village of the Norridgewog Tribe of Indians, the most powerful in Maine, was destroyed by an expedition of whites from the lower Kennebec who, in four large divisions, took the Indians by surprise, murdered nearly all of them—braves, squaws and pappooses—and shot Rev. Sabastian Rasle, a French Jesuit priest, who had been their teacher and shepherd many years and converted the Tribe to the Roman Catholic faith; then burned the chapel erected by the good priest with its contents, also every wigwam in the village, and the crops of Indian corn then almost ready for the harvest. The village (still called "Indian Village") occupied a rich intervale in a bend of the Kennebeck River in Norridgewock opposite the point where Sandy River flows into the Kennebeck. It is nearly surrounded by a deep fringe of gently rising hills covered by primeval woods, which was and is a lovely spot. On Aug 23, 1833—78 years ago next Wednesday—Bishop Fenwick of Boston, in the presence of thousands of spectators—Indians, Americans, Canadians—Catholic and Protestants—dedicated a modest granite monument surmounted by an iron cross to marks the spot where the pious French Jesuit missionary fell dead and his chapel stood. We are unable to say whether or not Major Henry C. Hall, a native of Norridgewock, Clerk of Woburn Board of Health, will go down next week and celebrate the 187th anniversary of the annihilation of the Norridgewog Tribe of Indians and the death of good Father Rasle.

Mardi-Gras Carnival.

For the first time in the history of that most popular and splendidly managed resort, Revere Beach, the current season is to end with a genuine Mardi-Gras Carnival lasting one week. The Metropolitan Park Commission for the first time, also, is assisting in the project, and has granted the most unusual privilege of permitting the great Carnival parade to pass along the Boulevard between the Winthrop Parkway and Revere street, a magnificent stretch of brilliantly lighted roadway four or five miles long. This great Carnival is scheduled for five evenings beginning Labor Day, Sept. 5, 6, 7, 8 and 9. There will be a different King and Queen of the Carnival every night and prizes and special features securing constant public interest for the week.

Boston Theatres.

B. F. KEITH'S THEATRE.

The announcement that Willard Simms in "The New Paper Hanger" will be one of the principal features at B. F. Keith's Theatre next week is sufficient evidence that those who visit this popular resort during the coming six days will enjoy many a good hearty laugh. For Simms is without question one of the funniest comedians that has ever been seen in vaudeville, and in the character of the amateur paper hanger who mixes his numbers and papers the wrong flat, he keeps his audiences in a constant paroxysm of laughter.

THE BOSTON.

That hilarious, laugh producing, gloom banishing musical farce-comedy, "The Girl in the Taxi," with "Bobby" Barry, and its all star cast of mirthmakers, is announced for an engagement of only two weeks at the Boston Theatre beginning Monday evening, August 21st. "The Girl in the Taxi" has been seen here before, and the reception accorded it then, in the form of capacity audiences, augers well for its visit this season, the extraordinary popularity attained by this rollicking entertainment is due entirely to its refreshing atmosphere of spontaneous humor which sparkles from curtain to curtain. During the past two years "The Girl in the Taxi" was presented by two all-star casts, which helped to to score record runs in New York and Chicago and then toured the principal cities of the country spreading the fame of the French American farce from coast to coast. The cast includes many Boston favorites, among them Julie Ring, Helena Salinger, Jeannette Bageard, Jean Salisdury, Frank Farrington, Harry Hanlon, Jules Cluzetti and others,

Tortured For 15 Years

by a cure-defying stomach trouble that baffled doctors, and resisted all remedies he tried, John W. Modders, of Moddersville, Mich., seemed doomed. He had to sell his farm and give up work. His neighbors said, "he can't live much longer." "Whatever I ate distressed me," he wrote, "till I tried Electric Bitters, which worked such wonders for me that I can now eat things I could not take for years. Its surely a grand remedy for stomach trouble. Just as good for the liver and kidneys. Every bottle guaranteed. Only 50c at All Druggists.

Col. Cyrus Tay.

Cyrus Tay was the son of Josiah and Susan Tay, born in Woburn on March 14, 1826, and was the last of a family of seven children. His sudden death occurred at the Chelsea Soldiers Home at Chelsea on Thursday afternoon, Aug. 11, 1911, to which institution he was taken, at his request, only a few days before. He fell at his residence on Saturday, Aug 5, and broke one of his hips, which led him to wish to go to the Chelsea Home.

Col. Tay won a fine record for service in the Civil War, immediately on the breaking out of which he inlisted and was made First Lieutenant in the 32d Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers. Notwithstanding the severe wounds he received at the Battle of Gettysburg and at Bethesda Church, he remained with his Regiment in both of those great military events and won the rank of Captain. At the fight at Hatcher's Run he was Senior Officer and Commander of the Regiment. He had reason to be proud of his record in the Civil War. He was a true American and loyal to his country.

In 1844 Col. Tay joined the Woburn Mechanics Phalanx, of which Timothy Winn, one of the leading business men of Woburn, was Captain, and after the War he was elected Captain of the Company, which was then, as now, Company G, Fifth Regiment of M. V. M., of which he was subsequently elected Major and Lieutenant Colonel.

Col. Tay was for several years Chief Engineer of the Woburn Fire Department. He was previously Foreman of the Veto handengine Company.

Although leading a quiet and retired life, he was a prominent member of society, interested in the wellfare of his native town, and by everybody respected.

The remains of the venerable soldier were brought back to his home on Eaton avenue, at which the funeral was held at 2 o'clock on Sunday afternoon. It was attended by a great many people, Post 161, G. A. R., of which he was a member, being present in a body.

Official.

Bay State Street Railway Company is the new name of the system formed by the consolidation of the Old Colony Street Railway Company with the Boston & Northern Street Railway Company, which have, since the consolidation became effective July 1, been known by the latter designation.

This change was formally authorized by the certificate of the Secretary of the Commonwealth issued under date of Aug. 8. The Bay State Street Railway Company operate approximately 930 miles of track, the larger portion of which is in Massachusetts. Outside of this State it operates north to Nashua, N. H. and south to Newport, R. I. This system includes practically all of the lines north and south between Boston and these points.

Mr. P. F. Sullivan, who was President of the Boston & Northern and Old Colony Street Railway Companies, is President of the Bay State Street Railway Company.

(Written for the WOBURN JOURNAL.)

Woburn Silver Cups

At the Loan Exposition of old silver any one from our city will be glad to see the silver cups of the First Church, among the many at the New Museum of Fine Arts, Boston. This little key may be copied to use in finding them:

No. 26. Cup made by Josiah Austin, 1769.

No. 97. Cup: Gift of Isaac Stone. Made by Benjamin Burt, 1771.

No. 132. Cup: Gift of Roland Cotton. Made by John Burt, 1741.

No. 546. Large two handled cup. Gift of Col. Eleazer Flagg. Made by George Manners, 1726.

No. 615. Beaker. Gift of N. Saltonstall and R. Cotton. Made by Jacob Hurd, 1702—1758.—X.

WINCHESTER.

Complaints of the blasting of ledges by the quarrymen continue to be received by our Selectmen. The workman ought to be careful.

The Selectmen ought to have more Pollbooks printed. There ought to be twice as many. The books are handy and valuable for reference.

The Italian music and fireworks celebration on Manchester Field last Wednesday evening was a magnificent affair. It was enjoyed by hundreds of people.

The Woburn Brass Band, Tom Marrinan, Leader, gave a splendid concert on Manchester Field on Saturday afternoon, Aug. 12. These weekly openair concerts are popular.

There hasn't been near as much building here this season as I was led to believe there would be. But there is time enough yet before the snow flies for considerable more of it.

Mrs. George W. Nichols is accompanying Mr. and Mrs. William Beggs and children in a month's stay on Cape Cod. Mr. Beggs is of the firm of Beggs & Cobb, the extensive tanners; and Mrs. Nichols is the mother of his wife.

They are beginning to wander back to their hearthstones. Lean in flesh, weary, sorefooted, money gone, and out of temper, the seaside, mountain and forest summer outers are strolling homeward and smoke from some of their chimnies is seen.

Life Saved At Deaths Door.

"I never felt so near my grave," writes W. R. Patterson, of Wellington, Tex., as when a frightful cough and lung trouble pulled me down to 100 pounds, in spite of doctor's treatment for two years. My father, mother and two sisters died of consumption, and that I am alive today is due solely to Dr. King's New Discovery, which completely cured me. Now I weigh 187 pounds and have been well and strong for years." Quick, safe, sure its the best remedy on earth for coughs, colds, lagrippe, asthma, croup, and all throat and lung troubles. 50c & $1.00. Trial bottle free. Guaranteed by All Druggists.

A Lesson For George.

Betty—George intends to have his own way in everything when we are married. Grace—Why are you going to marry him, then? Betty—Just to relieve his mind of a false impression.

Can You Beat It?

"I'm afraid, Tom, dear, you will find me a mine of faults. He—Darling, it shall be the sweetest labor of my life to correct them. She (daring up)—Indeed, you shan't!—Boston Transcript.

Perseverance.

Perseverance is more prevailing than violence, and many things which cannot be overcome when they are together yield themselves up when taken little by little.

One Man Overcomes a Nation.

Jean Angot, who died in 1551, was a French merchant in the African and East Indian trade. When some of his ships had been taken by the Portuguese he fitted out an armed fleet that kept Lisbon blockaded until the government of Portugal indemnified him for his losses. At one time he was immensely wealthy, but he lost in speculations and in money lent to the king of France, and the closing years of his life were passed in destitution.

Falls Victim To Thieves.

S. W. Bends, of Coal City, Ala., has a justifiable grievance. Two thieves stole his health for twelve years. They were a liver and kidney trouble. Then Dr. King's New Life Pills throttled them. He is well now. Unrivaled for Constipation, Malaria, Headache, Dyspepsia. 25c at All Druggists.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. B Williams, D. D.
12 M., Sunday School.
At 5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the Pastor, Rev. Stephen A. Norton, D. D.
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 6 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
7 P. M. Evening Service.
Wednesday at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, Main Street Rev. F. M. Estes, Pastor.
SUNDAY SERVICES:—
Preaching, 10.30 A. M.
Sunday School, 12 M.
Preaching, 7 P. M.
Prayer Meeting, Wednesday, 7.45 P. M.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Service in Five Cents Savings Bank Building, Room 13, very Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Mind." Reading Room open to the public Tuesdays and Fridays from 2.30 to 4.30.

Married.

At Winchester, Mass., August 13, by Rev. Walter J. Roache, Thomas F. Foley of Woburn and Sarah McGlinchey of Winchester.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

Middlesex ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of George Cooke, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Richard G. Cooke, of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on his bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex on the fourteenth day of September, A. D. 1911, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least before said County of Middlesex.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this fourteenth day of August, in the year one thousand nine hundred and eleven.

18-25-1 F. M. ESTY, Asst. Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors and all other persons interested in the estate of George Russell, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to George P. Russell and William A. Russell, both of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on their bonds.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge in said County of Middlesex, on the fourteenth day of September A. D. 1911, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this eleventh day of August, in the year one thousand nine hundred and eleven.

18-25-1 F. M. ESTY, Asst Register.

THE BRYANT & STRATTON COMMERCIAL SCHOOL BOSTON

Will Reopen Sept. 5th

Persons desirous of becoming competent and successful Accountants, Book-keepers, Stenographers, Secretaries, or Commercial Teachers, with assurance of employment, will find in the

BRYANT & STRATTON
COMMERCIAL SCHOOL
BOSTON

Now Located in its New School Building, 334 Boylston Street

A most desirable opportunity for study and practice under the direction and supervision of a large corps of Well Known and Experienced Teachers

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SECRETARIAL COURSE — CIVIL SERVICE COURSE
COMMERCIAL TEACHERS COURSE

Every possible requisite is afforded for personal safety, rapid progress, with cheerful and healthful surroundings.
This school does not employ Agents, Solicitors, Canvassers, or Runners.
Persons who cannot call for personal interview may have printed information of terms and conditions by mail.
H. E. HIBBARD, Principal, 334 Boylston St., Boston.

Electric Light
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Clean
Efficient
Economical
Scientific Service

This is the Best Service a man can have in his Home, Store or Factory.

It will increase the Output of your Factory and Reduce the Cost — We can prove it whether your Plant is Large or Small.

PHONE US AT ONCE.
Oxford Three Three Hundred.
(Reverse the Charge)

ASK FOR INFORMATION

The Edison Elec. Ill. Co. of Boston.



A scene from "The Girl in the Taxi," with Bobby Barry at the Boston Theatre, August 21.

YMCA AUTOMOBILE SCHOOL.

This School, now in its ninth year, offers every facility for the care, repair, driving, up-keep and management of motor cars. Our new plant is the finest of the kind in the world. A private garage, repair shop, laboratory and private class rooms. In session throughout the year. Large faculty, splendid equipment. If you desire to become proficient, either as a driver, repair man or owner of motor vehicles, write at once for a catalog, giving hours, rates, etc.

Address Frank Palmer Speare, Educational Director, Y. M. C. A., 10 Ashburton Place, Boston, Mass. Telephone, Haymarket 142.

GEORGE W. MEHAFFEY, Gen. Secretary. ARTHUR S. JOHNSON, President.

Mortgagee's Sale
—OF—
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by John A. Reddy of Woburn in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts to Mary I. Poland, dated November 24th, 1908, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 3406, Page 393, for breach of the conditions of said mortgage deed, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction on the premises hereinafter described, on **Saturday, the second day of September, A. D. 1911** at three o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, and therein described substantially as follows:—A certain parcel of land with the buildings thereon, situated in Woburn, in said County of Middlesex, and bounded as follows, namely:—Easterly by Flagg street, twenty-five (25) feet; northerly by land of Mary A. Jones; westerly by land of Elizabeth McCall et als; southerly by land of John Shinkwin and by land of John J. Jones. Being the same premises described in a deed to Bernard F. Matthews from Bridget Matthews, dated July 25th, 1904, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, in Book 3021, Page 54.

Said premises will be sold subject to all outstanding tax titles, unpaid taxes and assessments, if any, thereon.

One Hundred (100.00) Dollars will be required to be paid by the purchaser at time and place of sale; balance within ten days upon passing papers at the office of John G. Maguire, No. 420 Main street, Woburn, Mass.

MARY I. POLAND, Mortgagee.
Woburn, Mass., Aug. 9th, 1911. 11-18-25

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Joanna Frances Maguire, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by John G. Maguire, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, without giving a surety on his official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the thirteenth day of September, A. D. 1911, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least, before said Court, and by mailing postpaid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this eighth day of August, in the year one thousand nine hundred and eleven.

11-18-25 F. M. ESTY, Ass't Register.

FOR SALE.

Two House Lots of 7,000 feet each, on Sturgis street, Woburn, adjoining homestead of Benj. Nichols. Will sell for considerable less than the assessed value. No grading necessary. Plenty of stone on premises for cellars. Inquire of J. A. STOCKWELL, 10 Tremont St., Boston. Tel. Main 2736. ju30-2m

Summer Drinks!

Chelmsford Ginger Ale $2.50 case $1.00 rebate for empty case and bottles.

Moxie 20c bottle, $2.25 case. 50c doz rebate for empty bottles.

Lime Juice 10 and 25c bottle.

Grape Juice 25c bottle.

Hire's Root Beer Ext. 15c bottle
Colman's " " " 10 "

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House,
FRED. STANLEY
351 Main Street.
TELEPHONE 242-3.

OUR Store Policy

has always been to carry the standard and desirable goods in every line. That is why we chose Kodaks for our photographic department. You will never regret the purchase of a 3A Folding Pocket Kodak—$20.

Whitcher's
PILL BOX
LET US SHOW YOU.



BEEF DIET
is always allowable. Prime roast steaks, and beef stews never go out of fashion,
BUY BEEF
and you won't want the services of a doctor but seldom. Long lived people are beef eaters. Get beef of us and you'll have the best at least cost.

Linnell's Market,
406 Main Street, Woburn.
Telephone. 314-1

BAY STATE STREET RAILWAY CO.

TIME TABLE
In effect June 25, 1911.
[Subject to change without notice.]

Leave WOBURN CENRTE for MALDEN SQ. at 5.45 A.M., then every 30 minutes to 8.15 A. M., then every 60 min. to 2.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45, 11.15 P. M. SUNDAY at 8.15 A. M., and every 60 minutes to 1.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45, *11.15 P. M. RETURN, leave MALDEN SQ. for WOBURN at 6.45, 7.15 A. M., then every 60 minutes to 2.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45, †10.45, †11.15, †11.45, P. M. SUNDAY at 9.15 A. M., then every 60 minutes to 1.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.15, †10.45, †11.15, †11.45 P. M.

Leave STONEHAM SQ. for SAUGUS CENTRE, LYNN and SALEM at 6 30 A. M., and every 30 minutes to 10.30 P. M. Leave corner Main and Franklin Streets, Melrose, for Saugus Centre at 5.45 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45 P. M. SUNDAY at 8 30 A. M. and every 30 minutes to 10.30 P. M. Leave corner Main and Franklin Streets, Melrose for Saugus Centre at 8.45 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45 P. M. RETURN leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Square at 6 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 11 P. M. SUNDAY at 9 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 11 P. M.

* Melrose Highlands Only.
† To Stoneham Square Only.

GEO. H. GRAY, Supt.

EAMES & CARTER,
— DEALERS IN —
Coal, Coke and Wood
335 Main Street.
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KILL THE COUGH AND CURE THE LUNGS
WITH DR. KING'S NEW DISCOVERY
FOR COUGHS COLDS PRICE 50¢ & $1.00 TRIAL BOTTLE FREE
AND ALL THROAT AND LUNG TROUBLES
GUARANTEED SATISFACTORY OR MONEY REFUNDED.

For Real Estate call on Griffin Place at 349 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

POLITICAL SLATE MAKERS

Governor Foss Charged With Fixing Up State Ticket

CHAIRMAN McDONALD DENIES

Hisgen as a Candidate For Democratic Nomination—Appointment of Macleod Condemned by Springfield Republican—Foss' Charge of State Stealing Challenged

There has been a good deal of Democratic resentment over the attempt charged to Governor Foss to name the state ticket in anticipation of the primaries. It has been well known that last year Governor Foss practically dictated the entire state ticket. He thought he knew the strongest men for the different positions on the ticket and his Democratic friends say that he named this ticket in self defense. This year a good many of the Democratic leaders imagined that the state-wide primary act had done away with the personal selection of a state ticket. Government by the people was one of the planks of the Democratic platform last fall and the rank and file of the party took it seriously. It has to be admitted, however, that the Democratic politicians fully expected that they would be able to run things in the future as they had in the past, state-wide primary acts to the contrary notwithstanding.

Governor Foss paid most of the bills for the campaign last year and undoubtedly expects to do the same again. He will have to do it, anyway. In view of that fact his friends say he has a right to name the rest of the state ticket and that he is only exercising that right at the present time. Government by the people is a fine slogan with which to run a campaign, but Democratic politicians do not intend to allow the control of the party to pass from the hands of the machine.

Richardson Rebels Against Domination

Former Collector of the Port of Gloucester Frank Richardson, who happens to be a resident of the little town of Essex, is said to have felt very much stirred when he learned what Mr. Foss was trying to do. Mr. Richardson is one of the old Democratic war horses and held office under President Cleveland. He has always believed in the practice as well as the theory of government by the people and when he saw what Mr. Foss was doing he began to talk very strongly. He had hardly got warmed up, however, before Governor Foss appointed him a member on the board of insurance appeal. The politicians say that the governor thought the best way to shut off opposition on the part of Mr. Richardson and others was to pass out the patronage to the faithful who were getting weary of waiting for jobs. Richardson, however, rather surprised the politicians by declining to accept the appointment. He is not dependent on party patronage, but likes to be able to loyally support the ticket with a clear conscience.

Governor Foss and Cassidy

It is said that the governor does not care to have Thomas F. Cassidy of Adams, who ran with him last fall as the Democratic candidate for lieutenant governor, renominated, although it has been generally admitted that Cassidy made a good run. The politicians say that Mr. Foss prefers Ex-Representative Walsh of Clinton as his running mate. Democratic politicians say that it will not be difficult to get the Democratic masse to vote for any ticket they may select at the primaries in September. Those who have a pretty thorough knowledge of the temper of the Democratic rank and file coincide with what these men say.

Chairman John F. McDonald of the Democratic state committee denies all charges of slate fixing by his committee, or by anybody else. Nevertheless, all the Boston newspapers, which know what is going on as well as the politicians themselves, repeat that the slate is made up, and print the names.

Thus far but little is heard about Boston regarding the candidacy of Thomas L. Hisgen for the Democratic gubernatorial nomination. Mr. Hisgen is quoted as saying that he is in the field, and that if he does not receive the nomination he will run as an independent candidate. He made a big run as a candidate of the Independence League, and his political friends say he will get many votes for the nomination. No one, however, in the Boston end of the state believes he will do much to defeat the nomination of Mr. Foss.

The resignation of Chief Justice Knowlton of the supreme court has caused general regret, especially in view of the fact that Governor Foss has not thus far satisfied the lawyers as a body of his ability or desire to keep the courts up to their past standard of excellence.

Minard and Chairman Macleod

At the meeting of the executive council the name of Asa R. Minard of Medford, nominated by Governor Foss Medford, nominated by Governor Foss to be supervisor of loan agencies under the loan shark law, was withdrawn. Mr. Minard stated that he had learned the council would refuse to confirm him, for which reason he withdrew his name.

The governor has paid a political debt by the appointment of Frederick J. Macleod to be a member of the Massachusetts railroad commission in place of Walter Perley Hall, who has been made a superior court judge. The friends of the governor say that Mr. Macleod, as chairman of the Democratic state committee during the two years when Mr. Foss was first a candidate for lieutenant governor and then a candidate for governor, put Mr. Foss under heavy obligations by the effective work he did for the Democratic state ticket. Macleod was extremely anxious to go to the superor court bench and was not entirely satisfied to be placed on the railroad commission. However, as that seemed to be the best he could get he decided to accept and the appointment was made. Republicans are prone to say that if a Republican governor had appointed a chairman of the Republican state committee to a responsible position of that sort he would have been attacked by every newspaper in Massachusetts; nevertheless, they call attention to the fact that very little criticism of Governor Foss has been made by the press, although the Springfield Republican condemned it sharply. It is felt that Republicans are held to a higher standard of official conduct than Democrats, although it is difficult to see the justice of such discrimination.

Governor Foss and His Charges

Governor Foss is living up to his reputation for irresponsibility in a startling manner. He has given to a newspaper an interview in which he makes some astonishing charges entirely of a general nature and when his statements are challenged he declines to furnish specifications. In this interview he said among other things: "If I had not been elected, or if somebody who would do what I am doing had not been elected, Massachusetts would soon have been in the mire of a great scandal. The state was fast going to the bow-wows. As a result of my election and my administration the state has been halted in its travel along the wrong road and has been led back to the right road. And we are going to keep it there. There isn't the slightest doubt in my mind that a lot of the state's money has not only been wasted but been stolen. Stolen not necessarily by the men who were appointed or employed to look out for the state's interest, but under their noses."

Lieutenant Governor Frothingham immediately called on Governor Foss to retract that statement or to make it good, and to do it at once. He declared the governor owed it to the dignified office he held, to himself as a man, and to every citizen of the commonwealth. Representative Norman H. White of Brookline declared that "Any governor who makes this statement and can't prove it, ought to be defeated at the polls. I want to record my protest as a citizen of Massachusetts against this method of trying to catch votes."

Up to date Governor Foss has been as mum as an oyster as to the particular stealing which he declares is going on. Politicians generally expect that this is the kind of a mud-slinging campaign which the Democrats are to run this fall.

LOADED SILKS,

The Way the Fabric Is Adulterated to Increase Its Weight.

If properly handled silk is the strongest and most durable of all textile materials, but the various processes of manufacture that remove much of the natural gum cause it to lose so large an amount of its weight that unscrupulous dyers and manufacturers resort to "loading," dipping the thrown silk into a solution of bichloride of tin. Some are not content with restoring the original weight of the raw silk, but "load" it until its weight is multiplied three or four fold. This operation makes the skeins more valuable, but it destroys the durability of the filaments.

Stretching the threads to their elastic limit, so that a given weight will weave a greater number of yards, and steaming to give the material an unnatural luster are other processes that prove profitable to manufacturers, but costly to the consumers and that cause many people to regard silk as an uncertain and treacherous fabric, with an inexplicable tendency to split, crack and fall into holes, even though packed away in drawers or hanging up.

The use of cheap, inferior and destructive dyes is another practice equally injurious and perhaps still more common.—London Family Herald.

Driven to It.

Guy, the youngest son of Farmer Timmins, had spent two years in college, during which time he had accumulated more indebtedness than education. His father paid his bills and left him to shift for himself. The boy had good stock in him, however, and managed by turning over a new leaf, practicing strict economy and doing odd jobs of work as opportunities presented themselves to pay for his tuition, and stayed on.

"How's your boy doing at college?" asked the elder Timmins' next neighbor one day.

"He's getting along all right now."

"I hear he's working his way through."

"Yes," grimly, but with a gleam of pride, answered Farmer Timmins. "He found he couldn't work me any more."—Youth's Companion.

Pineapple Juice.

As an aid of digestion, a really material aid, the pineapple stands alone among the fruit. Its vegetable pepsin neutralizes, or perhaps rather digests, albuminous substances in the stomach. Fresh pineapple or, better still, the fresh juice of one placed in direct contact with eggs or gelatine or milk will prove this fact conclusively by producing a bitter tasting dish. In cases of catarrhal ailments of the throat and in its downward connection the alimentary canal or tract pineapple cannot be overestimated, and it acts with equal force in malarial affections.—New York World.

Fickle Popularity.

"You started with the full confidence of your constituents, and now you are criticised on every hand."

"Yes," replied Senator Sorghum mournfully, "my experience has been very much like that of a man who good naturedly consents to umpire a ball game."—Washington Star.

A Master of Fiction.

"What is Dobbleigh's general reputation for veracity, Bildad?" asked Hickenlooper.

"Well, it's this way," said Bildad, "if Dobbleigh could write the way he talks he'd have Sir Walter Scott and Alexander Dumas lashed to the mast."—Harper's Weekly.

No Duty on Anecdotes.

"This sword came from the battlefield of Waterloo. An interesting anecdote goes with it."

"It is a really interesting anecdote," said the other man, after listening carefully. "I bought the same anecdote once with an old musket."—Washington Herald.

We are put into this world to make it better, and we must be about our business.—General Armstrong.

THE COMSTOCK LODE.

A "Strike" That Was Destined to Influence the World's Finances.

"You've struck it, boys!" Thus said Henry Paige Comstock to Peter O'Riley and Patrick McLaughlin, who were his fellow prospectors in a search for gold in Six Mile canyon, near the present Virginia City, then capital of Nevada. The date was June 10, 1859. In that remote spot in the American wilderness by these three obscure men was made on that day a discovery destined to affect the current of American politics for a score of years and to have for long a disturbing influence on the world's finances.

The thing which was "struck" on that June day of 1859 was the vein covering what came to be known as the Comstock lode, in which were hidden the richest deposits of silver ever found anywhere on the globe. Their development years afterward simultaneously with that of the silver mines of Colorado started the downward flood in the price of silver which broke the old ratio between the money metals, changed the monetary system of the leading nations from the double to the single gold standard, incited the movement, beginning in 1877 under the leadership of Richard P. Bland, for the reopening of the mints to silver on the same terms as to gold, led hence to the passing of the Bland-Allison limited silver coinage law of 1878 and to that of the Sherman silver bullion deposit act of 1890 and was the issue which split the two great parties and made havoc among the smaller ones in 1896, resulting in the act of 1900 which gave statutory recognition to the gold standard in the United States.—Atlantic.

THE EARTH'S CHANGES.

What the Fossil Remains of Plants and Animals Tell Us.

There was a time when even the polar regions bloomed with many of the splendid and varied forms of life that now adorn the tropics.

The fossil remains of these ancient forms preserved in the bosom of the rocks carry us back perhaps millions of years in the earth's history and show clearly what wonderful revolutions the surface of the globe has undergone since the first plants and the first animals appeared upon it.

Who would think of meeting a rhinoceros nowadays on the prairies of northwestern Canada unless perhaps a traveling menagerie should pass that way? Yet at one time, as discoveries of recent years prove, a creature closely resembling the rhinoceros of India and Africa dwelt in that now comparatively cold, snowy and barren region.

Remains of these extinct ancestors of an animal that in our day thrives only in the tangled tropical forests and under the hot equatorial sun have been found buried in the Canadian rocks, where now the cold blasts of winter blow over treeless plains and sweep the flanks of ice incrusted mountains.

The rhinoceros of that remote age was no less formidable a beast than its descendants, for the skull of one of the skeletons discovered is three feet long, while some of its teeth are four inches across.

The fossil remains of many other forms of animals have been found in the same region within recent years.—Harper's Weekly.

Charms of Labrador.

People are not apt to think of Labrador as a particularly delightful land to dwell in. No tourist thinks of going there for a summer vacation. Yet if Mr. H. H. Prichard's impressions, gathered while hunting big game, are to be accepted, Labrador possesses charms of scenery that it would be difficult to match elsewhere in the world. The words that he quotes from Saltatha, a "Yellowknife Indian," best indicate the nature of these scenes: "You say the kingdom of heaven is good, my father, but tell me, is it better than the land of the musk ox in summer, when the lakes are sometimes misty and sometimes blue, and the loons cry often? That is good, my father, and if heaven is better I shall be willing to dwell there until I am very, very old."—Youth's Companion.

When Scotland Had a Navy.

It was James IV. who first created an effective navy for Scotland, exhausting all available timber for shipbuilding, so that he had to ask France and Denmark for more, and of the sixteen large and ten small ships he owned his special pride was the largest then existing. To build this Dreadnought of her day all the woods of Fife were laid waste. She cost £30,000, an enormous value in those times; had a crew of 300 sailors, 120 gunners and 1,000 marines, with "more great ordnance in her than the French king ever had to the siege of any town," as James himself boasted.—Westminster Gazette.

The First Phenix.

Legend tells us that the first phenix was born in the garden of Eden and had its nest in a great red rose, the first rose that ever bloomed. When the angel drove Adam and Eve out of paradise a spark of fire fell from the angel's fiery sword and burned up the phenix and his nest. Out of the ashes sprang a glorious bird, which also lived 500 years before mysteriously burning itself, at every recurrence of which a new phenix is said to arise.

Her Hold.

"So he married a manicurist?"

"Yes."

"Is he happy?"

"I'm afraid not. He complains that she has quit holding his hand and wants to confine herself exclusively to holding the pocketbook."—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Measure of His Intelligence.

Fido's Mistress (sobbing)—I've lost my dog—my sweet little innocent pet! Friend—I'm so sorry! Have you put an advertisement in the newspaper? Fido's Mistress—Oh, what would be the use? The poor darling doesn't know how to read!"—Woman's Home Companion.

Invited a Snub.

Clara—I overheard Mr. Bimberly say to a friend the other evening that I was a pretty young lady. Maude—Well, you are pretty young; but, of course, you are growing older each day.—Chicago News.

At the Lowest Point.

Sometimes hit's a mighty good thing to be de lowes' spoke in de wheel uy fortune; you jes' bleedged to come up, no matter which way de wheel turns.—Cally Ryland.

A man who dares waste an hour of time has not learned the value of life.—Darwin.

PROMPTING AN AUDIENCE.

English Actors Give a Signal When It's Time to Laugh.

"Nothing illustrates the difference between English and American wit more, probably, than the manner in which playwrights write their lines," said Rupert Hughes. "There are few people who realize the intricacy of the science of writing a 'laugh'—that is, a line capable of producing a laugh from an audience.

"A man may write one of the funniest lines ever given to the American stage and see it ignored by an audience because of some act on the part of the producing company or one member of that company. I have seen the wittiest remarks wasted because of the move of a hand or of the head of the comedian or actor who enunciated it. Then, again, the laugh is taken out of a line by the moving of some person in the stage setting or by the moving of some part of the stage setting itself. It is funny how the slightest move on the part of an actor, after reciting certain lines, absolutely eliminates the wit from what he has just spoken, so far as the audience is concerned.

"This is so of American audiences, but not so of the English theater going public. They will not laugh unless the witticism is finished by a nod of the head or a certain movement of the body.

"It is on this account that certain comedies, great successes in this country, are absolute failures in Great Britain," he continues. "Something must be done when a 'laugh line' is spoken on the English stage to give the audience an inkling that the witticism has been completed. Then you get your laugh.

"Not so, on the contrary, with Americans. I remember of hearing of an incident involving one of Olga Nethersole's first appearances in this country. Several times during the performance the celebrated actress walked to the sides and exclaimed to the stage manager: 'What's the matter? Are they going to hiss me off? Why, they applaud before they hear the end of the lines.' In each instance she was told that the audience was quicker than the audiences to which she had been accustomed to playing. She was told the Americans grasped the meaning and the wit of her lines when she had spoken only half of them. The actress, although she received all kinds of applause during the performance, seemed disheartened."—Washington Post.

A Wig and a Tragedy.

It is just as well that our enthusiasm for oriental curiosities should be tempered by discretion. Eastern antiquities may be picturesque and with all the charm of mystery, but at the same time they may have a history that, if known, would consign them to the stove without benefit of clergy. Here is a story bearing upon the point and with its obvious moral. A young and extremely pretty girl went to a fancy dress ball in Chinese costume. The triumph of her makeup was a real oriental wig, and she wore it proudly. Some time after a strange mark appeared on her forehead, and this was treated as a trifling skin affection. But it refused to disappear; in fact, it grew larger, and then the specialist was consulted. It was leprosy.—Argonaut.

Color of Lightning.

The color of lightning is almost entirely due to the nature of the substance in its track that is made incandescent. The blue, red, purple or silver tints, which are ordinarily much more brilliantly marked in tropical countries than they ever are in this latitude, are due to the same circumstance as that which produces the color designedly communicated to the light of different kinds of fireworks. Each different foreign ingredient that floats in the air has its own proper hue, which it can communicate to the lightning. The vapor of iron has one kind of shine and the vapor of sulphur another.—Harper's Weekly.

Stolen Eloquence.

"It is better to be silent," said a prominent clergyman, "than to be eloquent by unfair means.

"There was once a divine whose good wife said to him:

"'James, dear, the Rev. Dr. Tenthly has made over $200 by the publication of a volume of sermons. You preach much better than Dr. Tenthly, dear. Why not print a few of your sermons?'

"'My love,' the man whispered hoarsely, 'they were all printed long ago.'"

A National Mistake.

"I wonder why the English people have taken the rose as their national flower?

"Why not?"

"Judging by the way their peerage hunt American fortunes, I should think a more appropriate floral emblem would be marygold."—Baltimore American.

Dad Was Horsey.

"Pa, what did Herodotus do?"

"Oh, I think he won a purse that was offered for three-year-olds once. Say, can't you quit bothering me when I'm trying to read what is going on in the world?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

Too Great a Sacrifice.

She (weary of waiting)—If you sell t' dog, John, we could get married. He—An' wouldn't Oi look silly to sell a dog like that to be married!—London Opinion.

"It is not work that kills men—it is worry. The revolution is not what destroys machinery, but the friction."

The Truthful Milkman.

Mr. Youngwed—We never get any cream on the milk. Why is it?

Mrs. Youngwed—It's all right, dear. I've spoken to the milkman about it, and he explained that they fill the bottles so full with milk there's no room left for any cream on top.—London Telegraph.

No Hope.

"Well, how are you getting on with your admirer, Alice?"

"Oh, I have given up all hope now. We got stuck in a lift for three hours yesterday, and even that didn't make him propose."—Fliegende Blatter.

The Penalty.

"There seems to be a penalty provided for everything but stealing a man's daughter."

"There's a penalty for that too."

"I'd like to know what it is."

"Hard labor for life."—Houston Post.

Those who can command themselves command others.—Hazlitt.

TOMB IN A TOWER.

A Remarkable Edifice, the Whim of a Wealthy Tea Planter.

Near the well known seaport of Southampton, England, there is a remarkable edifice known as Petersen's tower. The erection is all the more singular because it marks the burying place of a certain John Petersen, a wealthy tea planter.

The man appears to have been rather an eccentric individual, and in order to prove to the world his belief in concrete as a building material set about the construction of this great tower. The building took many years to complete, but is entirely of concrete and by the time the final layers had been placed had reached an altitude of more than 300 feet. It is about forty years since the tower was erected, and its present condition is certainly a justification of the faith of the builder.

As has been indicated, Petersen left instructions that his body should be placed under the tower, and this was accordingly carried out. Another desire that the chamber at the summit should contain a light was defeated by the firm stand which Trinity House, the lighthouse authority, took on the matter. Such an illumination would have been visible for miles out to sea and would naturally have proved very misleading to sailors.—Scientific American.

PULLING THE COURT'S LEG.

A Practice the English Judge Did His Best to Discourage.

The following remarkable judgment was delivered some years ago by a magistrate in one of the English colonies:

"Pachua is hereby charged with having on the 11th of January followed the court on its rising and while said court was in the act of mounting into its buggy came from behind and, seizing the court's dangling leg, the other foot being on the step, forcibly pulled back the court, frightened the horse and nearly caused an accident. The reason alleged for this by accused is that he wanted to hear the result of an application of his. The practice by petitioners of pulling the courts by the legs is one that should be discouraged. Accused only says he is a poor man, admitting the truth of the complaint. He is sentenced to one month's rigorous imprisonment."

Strange to relate, the lieutenant governor of the province on reading this sentence felt it necessary to intimate to the magistrate that neither the sentence itself nor the peculiar phraseology in which it was couched was calculated to meet with approval from minds running in legal grooves.

Berne and Its Bears.

Berne is surrounded by the blue green river Aare, and seven bridges cross into the picturesque suburbs; the view of the Alps is one of the finest to be had. One may walk through the streets of Berne, writes an American visitor, and find constant surprises. The odd fountains will be observed with interest. They were mostly built in the sixteenth century. There are a number of public institutions worth a visit—the historical museum, museum of industry and the museums of art and nature; several libraries and the public gardens, which contain the great bear pit so universally known, to say nothing of the quaint gates and the headquarters of the Postal union. Bears have been kept on public exhibition in Berne since 1480 in commemoration of the killing of one by the Duke of Zahringen on the site of the town.

When the Guitar Arrived.

The advent of the English guitar in the eighteenth century caused the disappearance of bandores, poliphants and similar wire strung instruments, or, rather, it supplanted them, for, owing to the use of fingers, the English guitar, though smaller, could be used for accompanying the voice as well as for solo performances. The instrument, which had a decorative appearance, is frequently depicted in the portraiture of the eighteenth century. It was made in various sizes, two of the smaller "to be managed by young ladies from seven to ten years of age, the other by ladies of ten and upward."

Costly Privacy.

Although a waiter, he was very human, so when he perceived that the young couple who had been assigned to his table had many matters tender and confidential under consideration he retreated to a respectful distance and stared at the opposite wall. The restaurant proprietor disapproved of that humanitarian attitude.

"Don't stand away back there," he said. "Go up and hang over that fellow's chair back for awhile."

"Oh, no," expostulated the human waiter. "They want to talk."

"Of course they do," the proprietor retorted. "That is why I want you to butt in. Every time you come near they will send you to the kitchen for a fresh order to get you out of the way."—New York Times.

Grim Relics.

A prison sale is held annually in Paris. The articles offered for sale are the clothes of murdered people, the instruments with which the crimes have been committed and the effects which have belonged to the deceased prisoners. Articles which have been taken to the prefecture of police and have not been claimed are also sold. The proceeds go to the Paris almshouse. Unclaimed jewelry is usually bought by ordinary brokers, but the articles which have belonged to criminals, especially those who are notorious, are bought at high prices.

Dodging a Difficulty.

"Are you going to send the Sparkler girl a wedding present?"

"No, old Sparkler and I had a squabble yesterday."

"That's too bad. What was the cause?"

"I really can't afford his friendship. He has five marriageable daughters."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Fast Talker.

The orator spoke about the things he had not said, the things he did not believe and the things he would not do.

"That fellow," observed the sailor, "is talking at the rate of about thirty nots an hour."—Judge.

Wife Got Tip Top Advice.

My wife wanted me to take our boy to the doctor to cure an ugly boil, writes D. Frankel, of Stroud, Okla. I said 'put Bucklen's Arnica Salve on it.' She did so, and it cured the boil in a short time. Quickest healer of Burns, Scalds, Cuts, Corns, Bruises, Sprains, Swellings. Best Pile cure on earth. Try it. Only 25c at All Druggists.

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AN ARBITER OF FATE

Gamaliel Swallows an Ancient Superstition

By CLARISSA MACKIE

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"Here comes Aunt Alvaretta," said Elsie listlessly from her seat in the bow window. "I wonder what has happened. She's got her knit hood on over her sweeping cap, and she is running across the orchard."

Mrs. Parsons leaned over her daughter's shoulder and peered at the tall angular figure hurrying through the orchard that divided the two houses. "Maybe Gamaliel has had another fit. That cat will be the death of Alvaretta with his fits and finicky ways; she's worried over him half the time. I'll open the door for her." She went to the side porch and awaited her sister's coming.

Alvaretta came up the narrow path between the rows of chrysanthemums, her prunella shod feet flashing in and out of the dead leaves and her faded face quite pink with excitement.

"Is it Gamaliel?" called Mrs. Parsons eagerly as her sister drew near.

Miss Lee stopped short and stared. "Is what Gamaliel?"

"I thought perhaps that cat had another fit," returned Mrs. Parsons sharply; "he's always cutting up some sort of didoes!"

"Gamaliel's all right," assured Alvaretta calmly as she followed her sister into the warm sitting room. "How are you, Elsie? Haven't you finished those pillowcases yet?"

"This is the last one," answered Elsie, rising to offer her aunt a rocking chair. "When we saw you running, Aunt Alvaretta, we thought something had happened." She resumed her own seat and bent her fair head above the muslin pillowcase.

"Something unusual did happen," averred Miss Lee with mysterious nods of her head. "I'll have to take off my knit hood; it's hotter 'n all get out in this room. For the land—if I haven't got on my sweeping cap! Well, it's all in the story of what happened when I was cleaning the garret this morning."

"What happened?" queried Mrs. Parsons impatiently as she picked up her needles and knitted furiously at some white lace she was making for her daughter's trousseau.

Miss Lee removed her sweeping cap and twirled it thoughtfully on one long finger, her keen, black eyes watching Elsie's downcast face as she told her story.

"As I was saying, I cleaned the garret this morning, or I was just beginning to when I decided I'd clean out that little closet under the rafters. There was a little hair trunk that belonged to Grandmother Lee, and it had all sorts of truck in it. I won't tell you all the stuff there was tucked away in that trunk. Some rainy day you can come, Emeline, and we'll look it over. But among other things there was a little pasteboard box and inside of it was a little scrap of lace, marked 'Ann Lee's wedding veil.' That was your great-grandmother, Elsie! There was a scrap of the wedding gown and then screwed up in a little piece of paper was this bit of grandmother's wedding cake!" Alvaretta triumphantly held up a twist of yellowed paper, which she carefully unfolded to discover a morsel of dark, fruity cake with a few flecks of icing clinging to it.

"I'm going to give it to Elsie to dream on," said Miss Lee slowly.

Elsie's pale face flushed hotly and she shrank back in her chair with a protesting gesture of her hands. "You needn't laugh at me, Aunt Alvaretta," she said tremulously. "You know I don't have to dream on wedding cake—my fate's been decided for me." She shot a bitter glance at her mother's averted face.

Mrs. Parsons arose and went to the plant stand in the window, where she proceeded to pick the dead leaves from the geraniums with quick, nervous gestures that betrayed her inward perturbation.

"I didn't know Elsie had decided she was going to marry Jerome Barclay. I thought she was sort of teetering between him and Rob Harris," blurted Miss Alvaretta, getting upon her feet. "I've never taken much stock in your notion of having Elsie get her wedding clothes ready before she'd made up her mind."

"I never said I wanted to marry Jerome Barclay. I—I—can't bear him!" flashed Elsie, with unusual spirit.

Mrs. Parsons turned a cold face toward her daughter. "I thought it was understood," she said severely, "that you was to marry Jerome. He said he wouldn't take 'no' for an answer, and he says you can keep hired help and you needn't do a stroke of work if you don't want to. He can afford to have you live like a lady. He left a di'mond ring for you to wear, and he told me to fire ahead and get the clothes ready. He says he knows you will be ready. I don't want to influence you, Elsie, but I've had to work so hard all my life it seems as if I couldn't have you let such a good chance go by." She looked appealingly at the mutinous face of her daughter.

"I wouldn't mind working hard for some folks," half sobbed the girl, turning her eyes away.

Mrs. Parsons sighed and resumed her picking of the dead leaves from among the remaining crumbs and licked his lips appreciatively.

"I forgot to say, Elsie, that Rob Harris is downstairs waiting to see you. He says he can't go till he does. I expect your Aunt Alvaretta had something to do about getting him over here. He looks powerfully worried. He's got a little automobile to attend to his business with. I've asked Rob to stay to breakfast. You better hurry." She opened the door and stumbled over the active Gamaliel. "Drat that cat! Thieving old reprobate!" she scolded, departing. "I'm glad you dreamed what you did, child," she called back.

Elsie snatched Gamaliel to her heart and kissed him rapturously. "You're the dearest old thing, and you shall wear a white ribbon," she whispered in his perky ear. Then from below there came a prolonged and familiar whistle that was echoed in her heart. She crept to the window and answered it happily, tremulously.

From across the orchard Aunt Alvaretta's voice sounded, calling:

"Gamaliel! Gamaliel!"

The geraniums— "I didn't know that Rob had given— you the chance to say yes or no," sh— said bitterly.

"Fiddlesticks—" sniffed Miss Alvaretta, with a toss— of her head. "I guess Rob and Elsie— know whether they want to marry— each other without any highfaluting ta— about it. Rob Harris is poor, bu— he's smart as a whip and bound to— make his mark in the world. He's— ot more ginger in his little finger th— n Jerome Barclay has in his whole— zy body. I don't believe in interf— ing with other folk's business, and— shan't influence Elsie either way, bu— I think it's only fair she should ha— e a chance, and here it is."

Miss Alvaret— held out the bit of wedding cake— its twist of paper and dropped it in— r niece's outstretched hand. "Elsie— arsons, you take that cake and put— under your pillow tonight. If you— ream about Rob Harris you can tal— it that it's your fate to marry him— and nobody else. If you dream of— nybody else I reckon it's your duty— marry them whoever they are. The— e! I've got to be going. Gamaliel— will be wanting his milk."

With a press— e of Elsie's hand and a defiant gla— e at the thin disapproving back of— her sister, Miss Alvaretta marched— t of the room.

When she ha— disappeared through the aisles of le— fless trees Mrs. Parsons turned ar— und. "I hope you're not going to ta— e any stock in that foolishness, Els— ," she said.

"Mother, I'm— going to have my chance," she sa— quietly. "I'll promise to abide b— whatever I dream about tonight. — f I dream about Jerome Barclay I'— tell you the truth."

"I'll do the be— t I can by you, Elsie, whichever way— ou happen to dream," said Mrs. Parso— s after a long pause.

"Thank you, — mother," said Elsie, and then they ta— ked of other matters and Elsie's love— were not mentioned again that after— oon.

After supper th— ere came a scratching and mewing at— the side door. "It's Gamaliel," said— Elsie as she arose to admit Miss Alva— etta's big black cat. "I suppose he's c— me over to spend the night."

"The most un— grateful critter that ever lived, rema— ked Mrs. Parsons as she placed a sa— cer of milk for the unexpected gue— "Alvaretta waits on that cat han— and foot and five nights out of th— week he runs over here to sleep. I— houldn't think you'd want him sleepi— g in your room, Elsie."

While she und— essed Elsie thought of the wedding c— ke and of what she might dream wh— le its magic lay so near her head, b— t she forgot it after all until she wa— about to step into bed. Then she g— oped in the darkness and found the tw— sted bit of paper on the bureau and— ucked it under her pillow.

She thought pe— sistently of Jerome Barclay, while sh— tried to banish him from her mind, a— d so she fell asleep and dreamed o— him—clear, vivid dreams of automo— ile rides around the surrounding coun— ry and into the adjacent cities as Je— ome Barclay's wife; dreams that were— so real that she remembered every— detail of each one when she awoke— o a realization that her test had faile— to grant her heart's desire. Not once— d she even thought of Rob Harris in— the misty land of dreams.

Gamaliel yawn— d sleepily on his cushion and boun— ced off indignantly as the door wa— cautiously pushed open and Mrs. — Parsons' face was thrust in.

"Well, Elsie, w— at did you dream?" she asked, with a— sumed lightness.

Elsie sat up in— bed and swept the fair hair back fro— her dejected face. "I dreamed of Je— ome Barclay, mother," she said hero— ally. "So I'll marry him just as I — id I would."

Mrs. Parsons ad— anced into the room and picked up a — rap of paper from the floor. "What— this?" she asked. "What did you do— with the cake, Elsie?"

The girl stared — d then slipped her hand hastily und— r the pillow and drew forth a scre— ed up piece of paper. "Here it is— o—why, mother, I made a mistake a— d put a curl paper under the pillow — stead of the wedding cake!" The — olor came into her cheeks and her ey— s danced as they had not done in — months. She was getting some of — r old time spirit back. "There isn't— any charm about dreaming on a cu— l paper, is there, mother?" she aske— demurely.

"No, there isn't," — said Mrs. Parsons shortly. "Elsie, I — believe that Gamaliel ate that cake. — See, this is the paper with a few cr— mbs left in it. I found it near hi— cushion. There! See him eat the re— of it!" She looked resentfully at G— malliel as he swal-

A Sixtus V. Salad.

When Pope Sixt— s V. was an obscure monk he had— a great friend in a certain lawyer wh— sank steadily into poverty while the — nonk rose to the papacy. The poor— lawyer journeyed to Rome to seek — aid from his old friend, the pope. — e fell sick and told his doctor to— et the pope know of his sad state. — will send him a salad," said Sixtus— nd duly dispatched a basket of lett— ce to the invalid. When the lettuce w— s examined money was found in— he hearts; hence the Italian proverb— of a man in need of money, "He wa— ts one of Sixtus V.'s salads."

Natural Class.

"The man who m— kes such an allegation against me i— a reptile."

"Well, naturally — is an allegator."—Baltimore America— n.

Ignorance is the — primary source of all misery and vice.—Cousin.

Toothless Saws.

Toothless saws hav— been in use cutting armor plate fo— a number of years. The theory — f the action is abrasion by local fu— ion, due to the very high speed of — e disk, causing so many thousand i— ches of surface to impinge on the me— al undercut that the material acted u— on is heated at the point of contact — o a temperature approaching, if not e— ual to, the fusing point. It appea— s as if a very small portion of the — metal being cut immediately in the — eighborhood of the point of contact i— first melted and at once rubbed off, — hus exposing a fresh surface to the — rictional action, and that this proce— goes on continuously while the — isk is working. The temperature of th— disk must necessarily be much low— than the work in contact with it, o— ing to its large surface area, and wh— n it is considered that all the fric— onal energy of the rotating disk is — concentrated on an extremely small a— a of contact in the material subject— to its action the results obtained a— not so surprising as appear at first — sight.—Thomas R. Shaw in Cassier's M— agazine.

LAUGHTER.

How It Has Been Defined and Some Folks Who Never Tried It.

What is laughter? An American humorist has called it "an undignified widening of the human mouth, accompanied by a noise resembling a cough in the effort to avoid swallowing a chestnut."

"Laughter," says Professor Sir Charles Bell, "is a convulsive action of the diaphragm. In this state the person draws a full breath and throws it out in interrupted short and audible cachinnations. This convulsion of the diaphragm is the principal part of the physical manifestation of laughter.

"But there are several accessories, especially the sharp vocal utterance arising from the violent tension of the larynx and the expression of the features, this being a more intense form of the smile. In extreme cases the eyes are moistened by the effusion from the lachrymal glands."

There are some people who cannot laugh, who are wholly unable to enjoy either the physical or the mental luxury of a laugh. Thus it was said of William III. that he was utterly at a loss to understand what could be got out of laughter except loss of dignity. There are many persons in history who have been, according to common report, incapable of laughter. Queen Mary I., John Knox, Robespierre and Maltke are examples. The Iron Duke himself rarely, if ever, went beyond a grunt.—Strand Magazine.

STRENUOUS MUSIC.

A Story They Tell of Strauss' Ability as a Conductor.

"The late Thomas Wentworth Higginson," said a Harvard instructor, "loved music, but not the extremely technical music of Richard Strauss, Ravel and others of that type.

"Concerning Strauss and his banging, crashing music, Colonel Higginson used to tell a story.

"He said that Strauss went one summer on a hunting trip in the mountains. It chanced that on a certain afternoon a terrific thunderstorm descended on the hunting party. Amid earsplitting thunder and blinding lightning, amid deluges of rain whipped by a roaring wind, the huntsmen all sought shelter.

"Where, though, was Strauss?

"Three friends set out in alarm to look for him. They feared that in the wild chaos of the storm he had fallen down a precipice. After a long while they found him. They found him doing—what do you suppose?

"Strauss stood bareheaded on the summit of a lofty crag. The lightning played about him in vivid violet flashes; the rain deluged him; the thunder rolled and rumbled around him; the roaring wind flapped his coattails about his head, and the musician, a ramrod in his hand, was busily engaged on his high crag in conducting the thunderstorm!"—Washington Star.

Wanted—Two Good Murderers.

Some curious letters passed between Garrick and a man named Stone. The latter was employed to get recruits for the low parts of the drama, and one night he wrote to Garrick, "Sir, the bishop of Winchester is getting drunk at the Bear and swears he will not play tonight."

At first sight this seems peculiar conduct for a bishop, but it should be explained that the communication only refers to the man engaged to take that character in the play of "Henry VIII."

On another occasion Garrick wrote to Stone: "If you can get me two good murderers I will pay you handsomely, particularly the spouting fellow who keeps the apple stall on Tower hill. The cut in his face is just the thing. Pick me up an alderman or two for 'Richard' if you can, and I have no objection to treat with you for a comely mayor."

All Broke.

"Is your father in?" the man with the valise asked.

"No," the boy at the front door said, "he's away somewhere breakin' a yearlin' colt."

"Is your mother in?"

"No; she's out in the barn breakin' an old hen of settin'."

"You have an older brother, haven't you?"

"Yes, but he's layin' down upstairs tryin' to break up a cold."

"Well, can't I sell you some patent clothespins?"

"Me? No; I'm broke."—Chicago Tribune.

Strangely Interesting.

"What a strangely interesting face your friend the poet has," gurgled the maiden of forty. "It seems to possess all the elements of happiness and sorrow, each struggling for supremacy."

"Yes, he looks to me like a man who was married and didn't know it," growled the cynical bachelor.—Philadelphia Record.

Somewhat Absentminded.

Some amusing glimpses of the discoverer of chloroform are given in the "Recollections of Lady Priestly," wife of Simpson's assistant at the time of the discovery. "The professor," she writes, "used to make his experiments with chloroform on us girls, and with some of the liquid just poured on a handkerchief would have half a dozen of us lying about in various stages of sleep. Our mother feared nothing and was only too delighted to sacrifice, if unavoidable, a daughter or two to science! * * * He was extremely absentminded. I remember once lunching at his house when he had just arrived from some antiquarian expedition. The butler, who had been unpacking his things, came in and said confidentially, 'Doctor, you have left all your flannel vests behind!' 'Ah! Oh!' replied Simpson, feeling himself all over. 'I've got them all on.'"—Pall Mall Gazette.

Ooping the Baby.

"At the first sign of an attempt to standardize and sterilize the babies," says Ellis Parker Butler in Success Magazine, "I organized the Fond Fathers' Oop-de-baby Association of America. For thousands of years fathers have been permitted to oop-de-baby unrestrained, and this right was one of the first rights attacked by the advocates of the automatic baby. I considered it a double blow at the baby and at the father and resented it as such. If a father may not oop his own baby, what is the world coming to? Ooping a baby is a father's greatest pleasure. It is the act of grasping the baby under the arms, tossing the baby into the air and catching it on its down trip, while the words "Oop-de-baby!" are repeated at each toss. This is repeated until the baby is hysterical or drops on the floor by accident. It is then handed to the mother."

Mark Twain Heeded the Voice.

Mark Twain was quite at his best as an after dinner speaker at the banquet given in his honor some years ago by the members of the Authors' club. Incidentally he told his amused listeners the story of his first lapse from the paths of honesty. He was very young at the time, he explained, and the day was an exceedingly hot once. As he walked down the street of the village in which he was living he saw a cart loaded with melons of most attractive appearance.

"It is with regret I mention," Mark Twain went on, with a humorous twinkle in his eyes, "that I was tempted and I fell. I grabbed the most likely looking melon of the lot and hurriedly made my way to the back of the woodshed. I gouged a huge slice out of it and bit it. No sooner had I done so when something within me convinced me that I had done wrong. A voice seemed to say, 'Mark, get up and take that melon right back to where you got it from.' It was about the greenest melon I had ever tasted. I went back to the cart and carefully replaced it and—took a ripe one in its place."—Boston Traveler.

Curious Old Legend.

Here is a curious legend of Cologne. Once upon a time there was a burgomeister of the town whose wife died and was buried. In the evening thieves, seeking to take jewels from the dead, opened the coffin. Now it happened that the woman was not dead, but in a trance, and when the thieves broke into her burial place she awoke and went to her home. There she called a servant, who ran in fear to his master and told him what had happened. The scared burgomeister replied to this, "I would sooner believe that my horses were looking out of the top floor window than believe that such a thing could be." Scarcely had the words left his mouth than he heard horses galloping up the stairs. In memory of this and of the return of his wife he had two horses' heads in stone set in a top floor window of his house, where they remain to this day.

A Real Patriot.

"Let's see," said the lawyer who had met an out of town acquaintance on a street car, according to the New Orleans Picayune, "doesn't your town soon hold an election?"

"It does."

"And I suppose you take a lively interest in it?"

"Well, not too lively—not as lively as I used to."

"Interest falling off, eh? Didn't you run for mayor two or three years ago?"

"I have run for mayor of my town seven successive times, sir."

"And been—been"—

"Been defeated every time, sir."

"Then you probably won't run again?"

"That's uncertain. I am going to inquire around and find if I am really the man they want. If I am, then I'll take the candidacy; if not, then I will try to defeat the man they do want."

The Line of Life.

The line of life curves from the side of the hand between the thumb and forefinger around the base of the thumb to the center of the wrist joint. According to chiromancy (the pretended art of judging the character and foretelling the fortune of a person from the aspect of the hand), if this line in the left palm is regular and deeply colored it predicts a long and happy life; tortuous, colorless, feebly marked and broken it announces ill health and short life; narrow, but long and well colored, it indicates wisdom and ingenuity; broad and pale it is a sign of folly; deep and unequally colored it denotes malice.—New York Telegram.

Coronation Graft.

The practice of running the fountains and conduits with wine on coronation day was abandoned after the reign of Queen Elizabeth, but another old custom was observed up to the coronation of George IV. After the king and the company had departed from the banquet in Westminster hall the doors were thrown open, and the people rushed in and cleared the tables of everything—victuals, cloths, plates, dishes, etc., all vanished in a few minutes. And, as Sir Walter Scott tells us, the nobility were not above taking away the saltcellars and spoons.

An Office Cushion.

If those of you who have a husband or brother or sister working in an office will go to the trouble of making a flat cushion for the chair of the worker you will find that it saves the trousers or skirt from getting "shiny" and also helps to retain the garment in form.—Good Housekeeping.

Speaking Truth.

Speaking truth is like writing fair and comes only by practice. It is less a matter of will than of habit, and I doubt if any occasion can be trivial which permits the practice and formation of such a habit.—Ruskin.

Time to Go.

"Pa, is a vessel a boat?"

"E—yes—you may call it that."

"Well, what kind of a boat is a blood vessel?"

"It's a lifeboat. Now run away to bed."—Boston Transcript.

Not Fast.

"I understand," says the father, "that you have been going with a very fast set."

"Fast nothing!" retorts the son. "Why, not one of them has a four cylinder car!"—Judge.

The essential thing is not knowledge, but character.—Le Conte.

The Thing to Get At.

Chief Counsel—The first thing to do is to get at the root of this trouble. Associate Counsel—The root of the trouble is the late Mr. Bigwad's for tune. Chief Counsel—Exactly, and we must get at it.—New York Tribune.

Woman's Method.

"Mr. Floorwalker, I wish you would give me a clerk who can show me what I want!"

"And what do you want, madam?"

"How do I know until I have looked?"—Houston Post.

A Sure Way.

Ethel—Their parents made the match, I believe. Arthur—I thought they opposed it? Ethel—Yes; that's how they made it.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

No, Indeed.

Just because a man wants but little here below is no sign that he has anything coming to him on high.—Galveston News.

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson VIII.—Third Quarter, For Aug. 20, 1911.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, Jer. xxxvii, 4-21. Memory Verse, 15—Golden Text, Matt. v, 11—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

We have not yet reached the end of the sorrows of Jeremiah, and these of today's lesson seem to have been some of the greatest, but all were because of the truth and the God of truth (Isa. lxv, 16) whose witness he was. It has been a long time since he ceased to complain of his sufferings for the truth's sake, but he still awaits the full glory of the kingdom which by the spirit he foresaw and predicted. Many others have come and gone, and the kingdom is not yet, and the sufferings continue for the faithful, but "the Lord God of recompenses shall surely requite" (Jer. li, 56), and the sufferings are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed (Rom. viii, 18; I Pet. iv, 13).

It seems easy to say it, but it is true that suffering for the truth's sake is a great privilege and will bring us great glory in His kingdom (Phil. i, 29; II Cor. iv, 17, 18). After Jehoiakim's miserable death and seemingly no burial or as good as none (Jer. xxxvi, 30), his son, Jeconiah, reigned three months, which was about the same as no reign at all, and was then carried captive to Babylon, where he was a prisoner thirty-six years. The books of II Kings and of Jeremiah end with the record of his deliverance from prison after that long period. His father's brother, Zedekiah, was then made king, and he reigned eleven years, but neither he nor his servants nor the people of the land would hearken to the words of the Lord (verse 2), although they professed to want Jeremiah to pray for them (verse 3), and more than once Zedekiah consulted him (verse 17; xxxvii, 14). The last twenty-two years before the captivity, the time of these four kings, was a time of increasing evil and a specially trying time for a faithful witness like Jeremiah, but no one is ever tried beyond the grace given to sustain under the trial (I Cor. x, 13).

The Lord's answer to the king who sent his messengers to inquire of Jeremiah is found in verses 6 to 10 of our lesson with the admonition "Thus saith the Lord, deceive not yourselves" (verse 9). When the Lord Jesus foretold in His Olivet discourse the troubles that would come in the approaching years and also at the end of this age, He said, "Take heed that no man deceive you" (Matt. xxiv, 4). He also added that the wonders and signs of false Christs and false prophets at the end of this age will, if possible, deceive the very elect (verse 24). From the day on which the devil deceived Eve he has been diligently working on that line, perhaps never more so than now, but the time draws near when he shall be imprisoned and deceive the nations no more for a thousand years (Rev. xx, 1-3). One cannot but tremble for the multitudes who are deceiving and being deceived in these days, but it must end soon. The prayer of Peter in I Pet. v, 10, 11, is just right for all the faithful witnesses suffering for the truth.

We cannot wonder that Jeremiah longed to separate himself from all the unbelieving ones about him and get away somewhere alone with God (verse 12), and to be arrested and falsely accused and smitten and imprisoned and like to die in a filthy cell (verses 12-16, 20) was hard indeed for poor humanity. Even John the Baptist seems to have grown discouraged under his imprisonment and seeming neglect by Him whom he had pointed out as the Lamb of God (Matt. xi, 4-6). Oh, how great is our need of patience and an unwavering faith in God that will not be offended under any circumstances (John xvi, 1-3; Rev. xiii, 10; xiv, 12; Heb. x, 36, 37).

After many days—how long they must have seemed—the king sent for Jeremiah and inquired, "Is there any word from the Lord?" (Verse 17.) There was no new word, but just the former one concerning the captivity in Babylon. Jeremiah took occasion to ask why he had been imprisoned and to ask that he might not be sent back to where he had been, so he was left for a time in the court of the prison (verses 18-21)—just a breathing space ere his persecutors would again seek his life, but it would be helpful while it lasted. Note the daily piece of bread of verse 21, and let us learn the lesson of daily bread and daily strength, the matter of the day in his day (chapter iii, 34, margin). Jehoiachin had no doubt an abundant supply from the king's table. Poor Jeremiah had a piece of bread.

The next chapter tells how the princes, with the king's consent, cast Jeremiah into a dungeon, where he sank in the mire and would have died of hunger if he had not been rescued by an Ethiopian named Ebedmelech, who, with some other men and by means of ropes and some old rags to put under his arms that the ropes might not hurt him, drew him up from the dungeon, and again he is permitted to remain in the court of the prison and was there on the day that the city was taken (chapter xxxviii, 13, 28). The sequel to the story of Jeremiah and how he was given perfect freedom to go where he pleased after Jerusalem was taken, but, choosing to remain in the city, was afterward compelled to do down to Egypt, is found in chapters xl to xliii.

Earning a Spanking.

Mrs. Brown—I was downtown yesterday. I didn't know but I might meet you. Mrs. Greene—I was downtown, too, and I'm awfully sorry I didn't see you. Little Johnny Greene—Ma, don't you remember we saw Mrs. Brown's dog and you said: "Come, let's hurry away from here. That old cat must be somewhere near." What old cat did you mean, ma?

Peculiar.

"I do not understand it," said the philosopher.

"What is bothering you now?" inquired the other.

"If a man is two hours late arriving home his wife raises a row, while if he is gone two years she will give him a royal welcome. Women are peculiar."—Pearson's Weekly.

A Matter of Measure.

"He writes poetry by the yard."

"That's probably why his verse is so poor. Poetry should be written by the foot."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

HUNTED BY A WALRUS.

The Big Bull Got Quite Sociable Before He Was Done For.

In George Borup's "A Tenderfoot With Peary" appears an exciting incident of walrus hunting. During a raid upon a herd of fifty walrus asleep on a pan "it was blowing some, and the choppy waves made the shooting look as if the guns had spiral barrels." The ineffective target practice produced these hair raising developments a few seconds later: "Suddenly a giant bull rose out of the water just along side of Wesharkoupsi. He threw his harpoon, but as the barb came off he might as well have heaved a lead pencil. The walrus gave a derisive grunt, dived, and a second later shot out of the water on the other side, deluged us with liquid and came down slap bang on the gunwale of the boat opposite me.

"By this time Wesharkoupsi was high in the air and out for an altitude record. Instead of throwing his harpoon he threw his soul into his yells and just spat in the brute's face. The other huskies were trying to back water or hit him over the head with the oars, nearly sideswiping me and incidentally short circuiting their cussing at Wesharkoupsi, the walrus and everything is general.

"All this time the walrus was sitting alongside of me, asking if there were any more at home like Wesharkoupsi. It was easier to pull his whiskers or smash his mug with my fist than shoot. If I held the gun to my shoulder the muzzle would stick beyond his head, so, firing from the hip, I gave him the entente cordiale."

GETTING THE FACTS.

His Second Story Probably Differed From the First One.

Long experience as a consulting attorney has given Mr. Mooney a judicial habit of mind. He never accepts the facts at par value, but always leads those facts into the rear office and drops acid in their eyes. The other day a friend rushed in, warm and red.

"Mooney," said the friend excitedly, "I've been insulted. Hinks just met me and called me all sorts of names. We've had trouble over that partition matter, you know. He said I was a pettifogger and a thief and a scoundrel and a perjurer and a wire haired thug."

"Um!" said Mr. Mooney, sitting farther down in his chair and looking at the speaker over his glasses. "Um! And what do you propose to do about it?"

"What do I propose to do about it? Why, I was so astounded at the moment that I could make no reply at all. But, now that I have somewhat recovered myself, I have determined to go down to Hinks' office and knock his block off. I'll beat him to a quivering froth."

"Um!" said Mr. Mooney, slipping down a notch. "Um! So would I if any one called me the names that Hinks called you. But before you go suppose you sit down with me for a moment."

The indignant friend took a chair.

"Now," said Mooney, dangling his eyeglasses, "what are the facts in the case?"—Cincinnati Times-Star.

No Caste In Snores.

The cause and cure of snoring concern all classes, says the London Chronicle. We have record that both the house of lords and the workhouse have suffered from it. There was a former Duke of Norfolk who fell into the habit of sleeping audibly in the lords, and it happened that he was hard at it on one occasion when a bill concerning the parish of Great Snoring, in Norfolk, came before the house. The roar of laughter with which the bill's title was greeted awakened the duke and relieved his fellow peers. At the other end of the social scale we have the poor law commission minority's commendation of the ingenious workhouse master who divided the old men at night so that the snorers and the deaf men slept in one ward and the rest in another.

Johnnie Knew.

A teacher in an uptown school was giving her small charges a lesson in politeness the other day.

"Now, when," said she, "should you say 'Excuse me, please?'"

There was a moment's silence, then a very small boy put up his hand.

"Well, Johnnie?"

"Please, ma'am, you should say 'Excuse me, please,' when you sneeze at th' table and don't turn away your head quick enough."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Fish and Brain.

The saying that fish is the best brain food comes of an old long tongue windbag years ago saying: "Thought is impossible without phosphorous." So a Swiss chemist, knowing that fish contained phosphorous, put two and two together, and brought forth a saying that will never die.

She Knew All Right.

"You don't know what that's a picture of, Johnny?" said Mrs. Lasping in a tone of reproof. "You ought to read your ancient history more. That is the temple of Dinah at Emphasis."—Chicago Tribune.

Usually the Case.

The husband may be boss of his own house, but his wife usually conceals the fact from his knowledge until he forgets about it.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

The best preparation for the future is the present well seen to, the last duty well done.

Gilbert Always Remembered.

This Gilbert story reaches me from an old Harrovian, says a writer in the Manchester Guardian. In 1872 the people of the town got up theatricals to raise funds for a hospital. Dr. Butler, the head master, said he would not allow the school to go unless the pieces were first submitted to him. One was Gilbert's "Palace of Truth." In it is a passage in which the hero says to the heroine, "Meet me at 9 o'clock tonight outside the garden gate." Dr. Butler vetoed this and substituted, "Meet me at 3 o'clock this afternoon." This seemed to him more decorous. Some years after Gilbert was invited to the Harrow speeches. In reply to the toast of his health he said, "I am very much interested in visiting Harrow, for as far as I know it is the only place in the world where a line of mine has ever been condemned as improper." Great consternation prevailed—all the greater because no one except the speaker and one other person, who was just leaving Harrow in 1872, knew what he meant. It was not Gilbert's way to forget these things.

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MUST CARRY GOOD WATCHES

Railroad Men Are Compelled to Use Accurate Timepieces.

It may be news to many that the watch of the railroad man is as necessary in modern railroading as the air brake. Without accurate timekeeping there would probably be more accidents than if there were no air brakes. The train dispatcher starts a train at a certain time; he halts it at certain stations at certain times; he side tracks it for a period of varying length; the watch of the conductor on the side tracked train must agree with the watch of the conductor on the express to which he had to give way; each station master along the road checks the time of every train that stops or flies past.

In order that there may be agreement among all these railroad men there must obviously be not only timepieces, but accurate timepieces. There must also be some means of inspecting the timepieces to see if they are accurate and if they agree with some standard. The railroad man is therefore compelled to buy not simply an ordinary watch of reasonable value, but a particularly good watch, a timepiece which is adjusted to heat, cold and at least three positions. These three positions are pendant up, as carried in the pocket; dial up and dial down. Such an instrument will not vary more than thirty seconds a week, which is a good deal more accurate than many scientific instruments of precision used in laboratories. Even human proneness to error is considered in this matter of choosing a good railroad watch, for a lever set watch is preferred to the pendant set watch because there is just the chance that the stem of the pendant set may not be pushed back after setting through an oversight.

On one great line about 5,000 watches, worth on an average of $25 apiece (a low average), are used. If we take into consideration the number of watches that are used on other roads throughout the country it is evident that the value must run up into hundreds of thousands of dollars.

In order that the watch may be kept up to a regular standard it must be inspected regularly. There is not only a general time inspector on most railroads, but a staff of local inspectors who are placed along the road at convenient points and to whom the men may resort when they wish to compare their time with the standard time at that place. Once every two weeks the railroad man submits his watch to such an inspector, usually a jeweler or watchmaker by profession.

The inspector gives his expert opinion on the condition of the timepiece. If it needs cleaning he says so and does it; if it is fast or slow he regulates it, and not until it is running with sufficient accuracy is it allowed to escape from his care. A watch's record is kept as if it were a thief. So far as repairing goes, the railroad man is under no compulsion. He need not hand over his watch to any particular watchmaker or inspector for repair, but he can give it to any watchmaker in whom he has confidence. It must, however, be submitted to the inspector before it can be used in actual service.

That no favoritism is shown in the matter of watches is evident in the fact that no less than eight different manufacturers supply railroad watches.—Scientific American.

The Magnetic Needle.

There are two places on the earth's surface where the magnetic needle must point due south. They are not easy places to reach. One is in the arctic regions north of the northern magnetic pole, on the line between that pole and the geographical north pole. The other is in the antarctic regions, south of the southern magnetic pole, on the line between that spot and the geographical south pole. In the first case the point of the needle is attracted to the northern magnetic pole. In the second case the other end of the needle is attracted to the southern magnetic pole.

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32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
36	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
38	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
39	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Mishawum Road and Washington St.
43	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
45	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
48	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
65	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
66	Cor. High and Prospect streets,
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kirby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
211	Burlington Street opp. Cummings Street.
213	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

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Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
2, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.
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A Pastoral Love Affair

Combination of the Natural and the Artificial.

By ARTHUR BEMERTON

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Bessie and I fell in love naturally—in fact, too naturally. I have often thought how pleasant it must be for the animals and birds to mate without having to look into each other's record. A tiger may not only kill a man, but eat him and mate with a most respectable tigress without any questions being asked. Two birds may meet on the branch of a tree and without the slightest knowledge of each other become mates. But man and woman must not only know all about each other, but be of the same grade and each have a clean record, or there comes a lot of trouble.

And the most singular thing about it all is that either of them will murder any animal, except their own kind, and eat the carcass.

I, being an artist, when the buds were beginning to open went into the country to catch that first delicate shade of pale green which appears on the trees at that season. I was sitting on my tripod in a wood working in the colors when I heard the bark of a dog, and a moment later a little terrier stood growling at me. A girl, budding like the trees, not into leaves, but into womanhood, hurried up, calling in a soft voice:

"Frisk! Come away, Frisk! What do you mean?"

I paid no attention to the dog, and there was no need for the girl to call him off, for he had no idea of attacking me, but he gave me an excuse for addressing the girl.

And yet I question if any excuse was required. People who meet in crowds are constrained by conventionalities. We two, meeting in a wood, with not a sound about us—when the dog had ceased barking—except an occasional twitter of birds engaged in nest building, felt constrained in another way. We were impelled to be companionable. I began by telling her not to mind the dog, that he wouldn't disturb me, and she sidled around where she could catch a view of my sketch. One thing led to another until we felt quite well acquainted. I had chosen a delightful spot to transfer to canvas. It was on a declivity. An opening in the trees below revealed a patch of landscape, while at my feet gurgled a stream, at this season well supplied with water from snows recently melted at higher altitudes. The air was balmy and laden with perfumes.

One has but to mention this outline picture to indicate the result. Given an opening spring in a wood, buds, wild flowers, twittering birds, a vista, a brook, a dog and lastly a young man and a young woman, both in the first freshness of youth, what follows? Why, exactly what the poet says—the young man's (and the young woman's) fancy turns to thoughts of love.

The result of this meeting was another meeting and another and another. I didn't count them; I was too preoccupied to do so. I painted so long on my picture that before I finished it the delicate shade I had come to the country for had grown into a dark green and the full grown leaves had blotted out the vista which gave the work more than half its beauty. But while this beauty was disappearing the bud of love was opening.

So much for the natural features of this story. Now come the artificial—viz, a girl's confession to her father that she had met her fate, but had not met with any knowledge of that fate's antecedents; then a command from the father, tears from the girl and a triangular condition between the father, the girl and the artist such as has taken place ever since the first primeval girl planned to give her father the slip and climb a tree with the first primeval youth, the tree being too nigh for the old gentleman to follow. Bessie's father was really as reasonable as we considered him unreasonable. He merely wished to know who I was. Since I had lived in South America from the time I was two until twenty-two years of age I must send there for my credentials, involving a delay of a month or more. What cruelty to force a pair of lovers to wait all that time in a state of suspense!

"Sweetheart," I said to her one day, "suppose the reply should come that I am an escaped defaulter, jailbird, murderer."

"I would not believe the story."

"But your father would," I added contentiously.

One day, after having painted alone in the wood, on leaving it I saw something half covered with shriveled branches and dead leaves. I examined it and found the dead body of a man. Horrified lest I might be implicated in a murder, I threw back what I had removed and was about to hurry away when I saw two men coming for me. Within five minutes I was on my way to the nearest police station.

My antecedents were now not so much needed to enable me to possess my love as to preserve my neck. The status had changed a second time. The case was not now one of a father, a girl and an unknown man, but a father, a girl and an unknown man accused of murder. I sent at once a note to Bessie, informing her of my trouble, encouraging her to keep up a good heart and assuring her of my innocence. Receiving no reply, I concluded that her father would not permit her to send a reply.

Brooding in my cell, I could not but revert to the good old primeval times I have cited before when a suitor might kill as many of his fellow beings as he pleased without being objected to on that score for a son-in-law. I had killed no one. I was merely suspected of killing a man. And if Bessie's father did not kill men he killed the next grade of animal below men—or other men did the work for him, which is just as criminal—and devoured the flesh. It seemed to me that the only logical beings are the beasts and the birds. They kill and eat each other without inquiring whether or no they are eating the same species, while man—well, this is what man does.

He kills and eats every animal below himself. To kill even one of his own kind he considers the greatest of crimes unless he kills them in battle, where the more men he kills the bigger man he is, which is exactly what made the chiefs among his savage ancestors.

I was so impressed with this reasoning that I asked my jailer for writing materials and wrote it down, or, rather, elaborated the bare skeleton I had thought out. When it was finished I asked to have it delivered to Bessie's father.

In due time a reply came as follows:

I have always desired my daughter to marry a man distinguished for something. Artists and poets are usually distinguished for their ideality. You, being one of the kind, share that distinction. You may further lay claim to being the most impracticable numskull that, to my knowledge, the world has yet produced. You have interested me in yourself and your case. I have retained the best criminal lawyer I can find to take charge of your case, and if your innocence is proved I shall deem my daughter honored in wedding such an eminent fool.

This reply stung me to the quick. I regarded it as tantamount to a refusal of his daughter's hand even if my innocence were proved. As to the lawyer he spoke of hiring for me, I wrote him immediately that I had engaged the most eminent counsel in the land and would have no need of the one he had retained.

What was my surprise, when I was folding and addressing this second letter, to receive a visit from Bessie.

She threw herself into my arms hysterically. I couldn't tell whether it was joy or grief that moved her. When she became calmer I spoke of her father's communication.

"Father has turned right around," she said. "He's your friend forever."

"Really?"

"Yes, really. He considers you innocent of this crime with which you are charged. He says that no man who could have written that letter could have committed murder and if he did he would convince the judge that there was no case against him, since there is no logical difference between killing a man and a steer."

"I am glad," I said, embracing her, "that in thousands of years one couple may in some respects return to the natural methods of our progenitors. Are you quite sure your father is sincere in his change of mind toward me?"

"I am. If he were not he would not have permitted me to come here to visit you. He says you are the first man he ever met who did not talk and act artificially. He's simply delighted with you."

I showed her the note I had written declining her father's offer of counsel. She burst out laughing. I asked what amused her.

"You haven't any money to pay counsel," she said.

"Upon my word! I never thought of that."

"You are ideal and impractical," she said. "That's the reason I love you." And she embraced me.

Our colloquy was broken in upon by the sheriff, who came in to say that the real murderer had been arrested and had confessed. I was free to go. At the same time he handed me a letter postmarked Rio Janeiro.

"Ah," I exclaimed, "my credentials!"

Slipping the letter in my pocket, I accompanied Bessie to her father's house. He greeted me warmly, and I handed him the credentials I had received at the jail. Removing the envelope, he began to read, his eyes opening wider as he read.

"Are you a fool or a knave?" he asked, looking up at me.

"Both," I replied.

"What is it?" asked Bessie.

"Why, daughter, this pastoral business of yours has resulted in your catching the only son and heir of the biggest coffee planter in Brazil. I knew when I received his note that he was an original, but I didn't know he was rich. You tell me," addressing me, "that you are both fool and knave. Will you kindly inform me of the introspective reasoning by which you have arrived at this result?"

"Well," I replied, "no one but a fool who has the career before him that I have would spend his time sitting on a three legged stool in a wood daubing, and no one but a knave would make love to a girl without her father even knowing that he is doing it."

It was decided that Bessie and I should be married in June, and I concluded for my prospective father-in-law's sake—who must have a noted man for his daughter, even if a fool—to return to Brazil. I told Bessie's father that I should like to be married in the wood on a carpet of June roses, whereupon he said that he had had enough of that nonsense and didn't wish any more of it.

So we were married in a very matter of fact fashion at the bride's home of course, and sailed a few days later for my country.

I am now one of the most prominent citizens of Brazil and consequently much out of my element.

VICTIMS OF HUMOR.

Proctor Knott and "Sunset" Cox Bewailed Their Funny Tags.

The late Proctor Knott seems to be remembered chiefly as the author of the facetious Duluth speech, says the New York World. Yet he was a great lawyer, and as chairman of the house committee on the judiciary he had to do with serious and vastly important affairs. Mr. Knott's single appearance as a humorist fixed his reputation for all time, and no amount of profoundly serious work could change it.

Samuel S. Cox had a similar experience with greater reason for in early life he had cultivated the risibles quite devotedly. Mr. Knott lived long enough to perceive that he was to be identified not with learning or public service, but with an oratorical exaggeration, and Mr. Cox found in his maturity that the speakership, the goal of his career, was denied him because it was no place for a funny man.

Although never a humorist, Proctor Knott accomplished something with satire and irony in which most men fail. He made himself understood. Everbody knew that he was joking. Nobody ever demanded an explanation of his remarks on Duluth or a retraction or an apology. From that viewpoint, therefore, he was one of the successful men of his generation.

MARK ANTONY'S TRICK.

It Worked Like a Charm Till Cleopatra Learned the Secret.

According to Plutarch, Cleopatra was a votary of the piscatorial art, and so keen did the rivalry become between her and Antony that he resorted to the meanest artifices to insure victory. Mortified and irritated by the queen's superiority, he engaged divers to take live fish and place them on his hook. This was done so expertly that he pulled up fish after fish in rapid succession. Learning in some way the secret of his sudden success, Cleopatra pretended to congratulate him and to admire his dexterity, and at the same time she devised a cunning means of revenge.

Another match was arranged, and the fishing began in the presence of a large company of friends. Antony soon had a bite and pulled up a large salted fish to his great disgust and amid the loud laughter of all present. The secret was out; Antony's trick was exposed, and once more woman's wit had proved too much for man's ingenuity. A diver, specially instructed by the queen, had got the start of Antony's and attached the salt fish to his hook.—Mathews in "Angling."

The Yellowstone Wonders.

Dr. Arnold Hague shows that there is a strong contrast between the geological conditions connected with the geysers of Iceland and those of the Yellowstone park. Volcanic eruptions may be said geologically to be still going on in Iceland, while in the Yellowstone such action ceased many thousands of years ago. The Yellowstone phenomena as seen today represent a phase in the evolution of thermal springs. The tendency of a geyser is to develop a hot surface pool, after which explosive action may cease and the geyser, as such, become extinct, but this is a very slow process. Dr. Hague rejects the idea that the cessation of activity in a geyser indicates the dissipation of the original source of heat and ascribes it simply to a shifting of the channel of the ascending waters.

Money In the Laundry.

Three little heaps of silver and copper coin lay on the laundryman's counter.

"That is money that I have just found tied in the corners of customers' handkerchiefs," he said. "It is strange that with all the purses and hand bags manufactured for the accommodation of women so many of them will still tie their money up in a handkerchief. Sending it to the laundry is funnier still. Every day we dig out a little pile of unsuspected wealth, and many a careless customer gets her laundry back with nearly enough money in the package to pay the bill."—New York Sun.

Protected Against Bores.

To save himself from loss of time caused by callers who are a long while in coming to the point, a Paris functionary has had put on his office table a card bearing the words: "Be so good as to abstain from speaking of my health or the weather or of the bourse quotations, three subjects with which I am perfectly well acquainted. Start at once on the matter that brings you here."—London Telegraph.

Philip's Reminder.

Philip, father of Alexander, had a servant whose sole business it was to remind him that he was human. It is said accordingly that he never went from the house and, having returned, never gave audience to any one without first this servant would say to him three times in a loud voice, "Philip, thou art but a man!"

Awfully Agonizing.

"He told me my operation would be absolutely painless."

"And wasn't it?"

"Naw, it cost me a hundred dollars!"—Houston Post.

Reduced Rate.

Beggar—Please, mister, a dime for a poor blind man. Old Gentleman—But you are only blind in one eye. Beggar—All right, make it a nickel then.—Exchange.

The price of true success is patient toil. Never give up until you have tried every means to attain your end

A Faithful Likeness.

Sapleigh—I really don't think the photographer caught my expression, do you? Miss Keen (looking at photo)—I don't see any.—Boston Transcript.

A Strong Player.

Mother—What do you think you will make out of my daughter's talent? Professor—About a dollar a lesson, if the piano holds out.

UNCLE SILAS SULKED.

What Aunt Melissa Had to Say When She Heard the News.

Aunt Melissa Spigott was such an exceedingly energetic talker that the youngsters of the family used to suppose that her tongue must be copper toed, because it never wore out. Uncle Silas, on the other hand, was as economical of words as a marketman is of early strawberries.

The too free exercising of this unruly member of Aunt Melissa's on one occasion gave Uncle Silas serious offense, which he manifested by a severe silence lasting for several days. At the end of that period one of the elder daughters approached her mother upon the subject with the remark, "Ma, seems like you ought to make up with pa by now."

"Make up with pa?" exclaimed Aunt Melissa in great astonishment. "Make up what?"

"Why," returned the daughter, "don't you know poor pa's feeling bad yet? He's still huffing."

"Huffing—for the land's sake! How long's he been a-huffing?"

"Ever since you came down on him so hard about wasting sugar by not stirring his coffee; that's three days ago."

"Why, you don't tell me, Janie Maud!" Aunt Melissa looked amazed. "Your pore pa. Been a-huffing for three days, and I never mistrusted a thing of it!"—Youth's Companion.

Heatstroke and Sunstroke.

Heatstroke and sunstroke are terms usually applied indifferently to either of two quite distinct conditions, to each of which only one of the names properly applies. Heatstroke, as its name implies, is a condition caused by the action of excessive heat, either the torrid heat of summer or the artificial heat of a foundry, a furnace, the stoke hole of a steamship, etc. It occurs with almost as great frequency at night as in the day, and its victims may be overcome on a cloudy day or without having ventured from their homes. The other form, properly called sunstroke, is due to the direct action of the sun—probably of its ultra violet or chemical rays rather than of its heat rays. Only those who have been long exposed to the direct rays of the sun, such as soldiers on the march, harvesters, ball players, etc., are the subjects of true sunstroke.—Dr. T. L. Stedman in Good Housekeeping.

Responsive Flowers.

Karlstrom says flowers have understanding and know when persons care for them. He says they respond to a loving touch and to a caress. The Swedish collector touches flowers affectionately as he walks through his greenhouse and insists they have a language for those who understand. He points to a flower with drooping head and says it is calling for water. In different ways, he explains, flowers ask for light, warmth, sunshine, and when satisfied the flowers lift up their heads buoyantly and express the pure joy of being. Karlstrom advises the study of flowers through magnifying glasses, saying their beauty is not half appreciated otherwise. A flower under the glass, he asserts, reveals remarkable beauty and if taken to pieces discloses wonders never appreciated.—New York Press.

A Sensitive Horse.

Harsh treatment, though it stop short of inflicting physical pain, keeps a nervous horse in a state of misery. A single blow may be enough to spoil a racer. Daniel Lambert, founder of the Lambert branch of the Morgan family, was thought as a three-year-old to be the fastest trotting stallion of his day. He was a very handsome, stylish, intelligent horse and also extremely sensitive. His driver, Dan Mace, though one of the best reinsmen in America, once made the mistake, through ill temper or bad judgment, of giving Daniel Lambert a severe cut with the whip, and that single blow put an end to his usefulness as a trotter. He became wild and ungovernable in harness and remained so for the rest of his life.

How Kangaroos Fight.

Kangaroos are distributed over all parts of Queensland. The "old man," or fully grown male, is mostly found on downs and in open forest country. An "old man" sometimes grows to the height of six feet and when hunted into a rocky gorge or corner will turn and face its pursuer. It is a formidable adversary at close quarters. Its mode of fighting is to clasp its enemy in its arms, hug him to its breast and then with its powerful hind claws rip him open.

Turn About.

"Papa says if I give up my singing lessons he will present me with a pair of diamond earrings."

"You have never worn earrings, have you?"

"No; I should have to have my ears pierced."

"Ah, yes! I see his idea. He wants to pay you back in your own coin!"

A Dubious Compliment.

Dobby was showing off his baby.

"Think he looks like me, Slithers?" he asked.

"Well—no," said Slithers, looking at the youngster critically. "He's a queer looking little cuss all right, but I shouldn't go as far as to say that he looks like you."—Judge.

Woman's Woes.

As soon as a married woman gets $90 saved up she becomes oppressed by the thought that she is merely accumulating a fortune for the second wife to spend.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Our Near Neighbors.

Mother — Don't you know, darling, that we are commanded to love our neighbors? Little One — Yes, an' I s'pose that's 'cause we can get along with most everybody else.—Exchange.

It is far better to be innocent than penitent, to prevent the malady than invent the remedy.—Secker.

THE MARINE BAND

History of Uncle Sam's Famous Musical Organization.

STARTED BY A KIDNAPING.

Tradition Says That the Original Band Was Spirited Away From Sunny Sicily by Captain McNeil of the American Frigate Boston.

One of the best known and most popular musical organizations in this country is the United States Marine band. It is always selected to furnish the music at important government functions, such as inaugural balls and receptions at the White House, and is always assigned the post of honor in notable parades. Indeed, it is the ablest and most famous military band in the country.

There is an interesting tradition that the original Marine band was kidnaped from the sunny slopes of Sicily. The story goes that one Captain McNeil of the American frigate Boston was cruising in the Mediterranean, when his soul yearned for the sound of real music, an art that had been little developed in this young republic. When ashore he heard a regimental band play so tunefully that the bluff old seadog became inspired. The inspiration was promptly put into execution. In his suavest manner he invited the Sicilians aboard his ship to play for "a ball." The invitation was accepted with alacrity, induced no doubt by the prospect of American gold.

A few nights afterward the entire organization was on board the frigate with its instruments when the captain suddenly found it expedient to return to the United States. So it was up anchor and away before the astonished Sicilians could protest. There is no authentic record of what became of this band of Italian musicians, as many of the marine corps archives were destroyed in 1814.

The official records do show, however, that shortly after the marine corps was organized, probably in 1801, Lieutenant Colonel Archibald Henderson brought from Naples a group of thirteen Italian musicians, which was the inception of the organization as an instrumental band.

An act to establish a marine corps was approved by President John Adams on July 11, 1798. This law provided for a drum and fife corps consisting of sixteen drummers and sixteen fifers, one of whom should act as fife major. This constituted the Marine band until the arrival of the Neapolitans, about three years later.

For several years the band had no special leader. First one member and then another acted as fife major. This practice continued until Aug. 14, 1815, when J. L. Clubb, of the sloop Lexington, was regularly appointed and served until 1824. He was succeeded by Eutine Friquet, who served until Oct. 29, 1830, when Francis Schenig was appointed, serving until Sept. 22, 1843. Schenig was relieved by Francis Scala, who served until 1848 and again from 1854 until Dec. 13, 1871.

It was under Scala's leadership that the band first became famous. He inaugurated the open air concerts at the White House and the capitol grounds, for which congress allowed extra compensation in 1856. These concerts grew in such favor that steps were undertaken to improve the organization, which was still officially known as a fife and drum corps. Legislation was obtained to reorganize it as a band, with a principal musician and thirty members. On July 25, 1861, President Lincoln affixed his signature to a law that recognized the first band as part of the military service of the United States.

Scala retired in 1871 after having served in the band nearly thirty years, twenty-two of which he was its leader. He was succeeded by Henry Fries, who served until Aug 22, 1873. Louis Schneider was appointed Sept. 2, 1873, serving until Oct. 29, 1880. On Oct. 30, 1880, John Philip Sousa was chosen leader. Sousa had formerly been a member of the band, as had his father. The elder Sousa enlisted in 1861 under the name of Suacca, but upon re-enlistment he gave the name of Sousa, which he continued to use thereafter.

Sousa left the service July 30, 1892, to organize a band of his own, and Francesco Fanciulli was appointed. He served until Oct. 3, 1897. When his term expired he was not reappointed, and the band was without a leader until the following March, when William H. Santelmann was appointed.

In 1898 the band was again reorganized. In order to bring it up to the standing to which it was entitled as the leading military band of this country a law was passed, which President McKinley signed March 3, 1898, increasing the band to seventy-three members, consisting of a leader with the pay and allowance of a first lieutenant of the marine corps, a second leader at $75 a month and allowances, thirty first class musicians at $60, thirty second class musicians at $50, ten privates and a drum major. The members are enlisted for four years.—John B. Cox in Washington Star.

For the Wheels.

Mr. Wickwire—I have had such a queer humming noise in my head all day. Mrs. Wickwire—Why don't you try a little machine oil?—Indianapolis Journal.

This work of helping the world forward happily does not wait to be done by perfect men.—George Eliot.

Grammar and Greed.

Mrs. Peavish says that if she could have another chance she would rather marry a man who splits his infinitives than one who hates to break a dime.—Galveston News.

Belief.

"Do you believe in a hereafter?"

"You bet. I have several enemies who are too strong for me to punish myself."—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Woburn Journal

Telephone 55.
Residence 280.

FRIDAY, AUG. 25, 1911

INFANTILE PARALYSIS.

If quality, instead of quantity, is duly considered and given its full weight, the evidence supports the contention that there is no such disease as "Infantile Paralysis."

A learned Southern Doctor of Medicine, who is eminent and a leader in the profession, reported a few weeks ago that, after devoting months to an earnest and scientific study of the subject, and bringing to bear on it all the information that other skilled Doctors were able to furnish, also, consulting hospital authorities, and examining individual cases of alleged "Infantile Paralysis," he was forced (for he had hitherto believed in it) to confess that he had failed to discover the least trace of such a disease, or a scintilla of proof in support of its existence.

After applying every test known to medical science, the result of skill and investigation, his patient search for the starting point, the origin, the germ, of the disease proved utterly abortive.

This learned and eminent medical practitioner started out on his work with the preconceived idea that a new and dangerous disease had really been discovered and entered on the catalogue under the name of "Infantile Paralysis" simply because its victims were chiefly among infants, young children and youths, and that not infrequently it produced paralysis.

Right there was, in our opinion, where the Doctor erred. If he had started on his voyage of discovery with intent to gather evidence of the existence of the well known and dreaded disease of Spinal Meningitis he would have found an abundance of it in the symptoms, manifestations, progress, manner and suddenness of attack, and results, which its supporters claim are peculiarly characteristic of "Infantile Paralysis."

He would haue foune that an old disease had been given a new name. That's all.

The Doctors in the New York hospital where the first Woburn victim of the new disease was found and removed thence to her home in this city, were positive that the complaint was not contagious, and that no possible harm could come to her, her attendants, fellow passengers, or the public, from her removal. And no evil results have followed it. The evidence of these N. Y. hospital Doctors is worth a good deal more than that of some others in the profession.

Accepting the above testimony as true, this terrible disease lately discovered? is about as contagious as a common cold, notwithstanding the senseless hue and cry that has been made over the alleged cases here of "Infantile Paralysis."

THE TRUTH.

There are a number of people in Woburn, old and young, who, sad to say, never lose an opportunity to "knock" our city and speak of it so slightingly that one would imagine that Woburn had done them an irreparable injury instead of merely being the place of their birth and the city whose schools had educated them.

These people belong to a class who will never do anything to aid in the improvement of the city themselves, but seem to take delight in criticising those who do attempt to better any of the existing conditions.--*Haggerty's Times.*

Fortunately for Woburn the number of people alluded to above is small and their influence limited, else they might be a harmful element and do positive injury to one of the very best and most desirable residential and wideawake business cities in the Metropolitan District. They are a noisy lot but overestimate their ability to do harm, for every Federal and State caucus in the last 30 years has reported a gain of Woburn's population. They are natural born kickers, faultfinders, built to work always and under all circumstances on the "off side." If they were provided with nice comfortable homes in Paradise, with all the modern improvements, rent free, they would kick all the same, and go around and tell everybody what a mean place Paradise is to live in.

There is nothing lacking in Woburn to make "life worth living." It is amply equipped with every desirable modern improvement, every convenience, that any reasonable person could ask for. High above tidewater, pure air, abundance of sweet spring water, perfect sewerage, gas and electric lights and power, numerous street railway lines, schools that rank with the best in the State, churches, flourishing religions, benevolent, fraternal, temperance and other societies, prohibition, an unexcelled Fire Department, generally good and honest municipal government, good roads, a Federal P. O. building about completed at a cost of $80,000, a District Court, scenery unsurpassed anywhere in the vicinity of Boston the Capital of the State—these are only a few of the advantages which Woburn offers to residents and newcomers.

And, yet, the kickers keep on kicking.

NO ENTHUSIASM.

The official Organ said the Democratic lovefeast advertised to be held in a hall here one evening the latter part of last week was going to be "a big thing on ice"—Sure! A whole lot of the most eloquent Democratic orators in the land were to deliver orations, and the City Committee were wide awake and full of ginger.

That was what the Organ said.

The real thing: hardly anybody present, except the orators, and they didn't orate to any alarming extent.

From which the following conclusions are reached viz: (1) It takes money to arouse Democratic enhusiasm. (2) Governor Foss hasn't yet opened his "bar'l."

PRECAUTIONARY.

At a meeting of the Woburn Board of Health on the evening of Aug. 22, with highly commendable forethought and praiseworthy regard for the public health, orders were issued forbidding all public gatherings of our citizens, in which prohibition were included Sabbath Schools, excursions, picnics, theatre parties, etc. Some private parties, for which preparations had been made, have been abandoned, and there is talk of petitioning the School Board to postpone opening the public schools.

All on account of the presence of a disease called "Infantile Paralysis," which some doctors fear is contagious.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements

N. E. Tel. Co.—Directory.

— Dr. Charles T. O'Brien is taking his vacation among the Granite Hills.

— If Boston boys want to keep out of jail they mustn't come to Woburn and steal apples.

— The alarm from box 67 at 3.05 Wednesday afternoon was for a fire in the dump on Kilby street.

— Mr. and Mrs. Ward Hart, two worthy people of this city, are enjoying themselves at Milton, N. H.

— Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Strout of Montvale avenue are at Bayside (formerly Northport,) Maine, for a fortnight.

— Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Gilbert and their daughter Dora, of Montvale avenue are having a good time at Philadelphia.

— The hot days and cool nights of the present week have been good for malarial diseases, but bad for their victims.

— Mr. Andrew R Linscott of N. W. attended the 45th reunion of the 39th Regiment, M. V. M. at Revere on Aug. 18, and had a fine time.

— Dan Norris, wife and daughter, have been camping on Concord River this week. There is nothing in the world that Dan loves better than he does the woods.

— It is reported that the public schools of this city will resume business on Sept. 14. The teachers and attendents will remember the date without being often reminded of it.

— Rev. Stephen A. Norton, D D., orders the next three issues of the JOURNAL sent to him at Sebec Lake, Maine, where hay fever is unknown. Presumably his family are with him.

— Lyle C. Corbett of the Woburn postal service was not blamable for the upsetting of his skiff at Nahant one day last week—an unlooked for gale did it. But he came near drowning.

— Mr. Joe W. Field, the Civil War Vet attended the reunion of the 50th Mass. Regiment at Haverhill yesterday. As member of the Salem Cadets he helped save "Old Ironsides" once n War times.

— President Herbert C. Huntress of the Towanda Club, General Manager of the S. B. Goddard & Son Woburn and Boston Insurance Company, has recovered from injuries to his right leg, and is about to return to Woburn.

— Last Monday morning, at the close of a pleasant visit, in Princeton, Deacon Grimes, Associate Editor of the official organ of the Woburn Democracy, resumed his tasks on that excellent paper—barring its politics.

— Mr. Robert B. Wyman, ice dealer, of 75 Elm street, N. W., was thrown from the wagon in which he was riding last Saturday and seriously injured. Dr. Robert Chalmers attended to the case. The horse was running away at the time the accident happened

— Rev. Mr. Estes, pastor of the M. E. church, will close the union vacation Sunday services on Aug. 27, as authoratively announced by the JOURNAL in its issue of Aug. 18. It is reasonable to suppose that great spiritual good has been garnered from the union services.

— Dr. Fred Gowing of Boston and Woburn is a busy man, but he will probably find time to attend the Gowing family Association reunion to be held in Thompson's Grove near Silver Lake in Wilmington on Thursday, Aug 31 The Doctor used to be President of the Association in which he takes a lively interest.

— We are pleased to be able to inform Mrs. Mary C Drew of Dover, N. H., a former highly esteemed resident of Woburn as the wife of the late Dr. Drew, and her daughter, Mrs. M Josephine Mathes, also of Dover, that their relative, Mrs. Olivia (Gilman) Drew, widow of Dr. Drew, a brother of the well remembered Woburn physician was in fine health and spirits on the day last week when a pair of JOURNAL attaches called on her at her beautiful home No. 111 North Common street in Lynn.

— Mrs. Flora Nichols, bookeeper for the firm of Eames & Carter, coal dealers, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Fred Cottle at their summer home on Martha's Vineyard for two weeks. She and Mrs. Cottle are sisters, so the two ladies and Mr. Cottle, the gentleman, are enjoying Flora's oceanside visit very much indeed.

— Invitations are out to attend the wedding reception of Mr. ARTHUR VIALL JONES and Miss DOROTHY ADELA KNAPP, both of this city, to be held on Wednesday evening September 6, 1911, from 8 to 10 o'clock, at the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Walter C. Knapp, 81 Pleasant street, Woburn.

— Winchester residents are the most particular people about their diet that can be found anywhere. The last thing they did in this line was to officially forbid any milk from some sections of Woburn to be delivered in that town on account of the nonsensical hurrah that is being heard concerning "Infantile Paralysis." Did you ever!

— Church avenue was greatly rejoiced over the return of Mr. George Buchanan, a respected resident of that fashionable thoroughfare, last Tuesday, Aug. 22, from a visit with his son, Mr. Frank Buchanan, at Canton, Supt. of the Mattapan Div. of the B. S. S. Railway. The elder Mr. B is popular with the people on the the avenue, who were glad to see him back home again.

— A week ago this evening the St. Charles C. T. A. S., of which Mr. James F. McGovern of Church avenue is President, entertained, in royal shape, a Company of the Wilkesbarre (Penn) Regiment of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America, who were attending a National convention of the Union in Boston at the time. The Company came from their camp on Castle Island in Boston Harbor and greatly enjoyed the trip and reception.

— Postmaster Capt. E. F. Wyer has concluded to take a vacation this fall as he has seldom failed to do for lo! these many years. He will not, however, go to Vermont for his outing, but take it by piecemeals there at home, or so near about here that when Mrs. W. blows the dinner horn, or conchshell, he will not be so far away as to fail to hear the ever welcome sound. The Captain thinks he will have ample time for his vacation before Uncle Sam gets the new P. O. ready for him to move into.

— No: mercantile, mechanical, and other business is not quite up to highwater mark here just now, but what else can reasonably be expected in vacation time—"between hay and grass," as it were? Trade and manufacturing dull? Of course, why shouldn't they be when everybody and the womenfolks are away on their vacation? Wait! Things will begin to hum pretty soon; the crops will be housed; fall stocks of goods shelved; people coming to town to buy, and others to make homes. No use to fret. Cheer up, do things, and be happy.

— Do you mind, Gentle Reader, that leaves are beginning to fall quite profusely from some of the ornamental and fruit trees in this city? Those dreaded signs of approaching autumn and winter seem to have started out early this year and set people to shivering and grow anxious about the coal bills. It is fair to presume that when Minister Norton of First church reached Sebec Lake away in the upper edge of Piscataquis County, Maine, this week, the strawberry season down there had fully, or nearly, passed, while prudent people in Boston are getting ready to bank up their houses, and the leaves to "die in October."

— Last Sunday evening Mr. and Mrs. Edward T. Shea of Salem street left Boston by boat for "Away Down East" to visit relatives, friends, and the gentleman's former neighbors and associates. They went to Ellsworth on the Penobscot, the birthplace and boyhood home of Mr. Shea and where his father resides. From thence they go to Bar Harbor, which as a resort of wealth and fashion, shares the honors with Newport, R I, and Narragansett Pier; and then for a visit to Orr's Island, on which one of Ned's brothers is a permanent resident. The elder Shea is a widely known stonemason who, in a long business career in Eastern Maine, has furnished granite for many of the best residences at Bar Harbor, Bangor, Ellsworth, and other places, and is not quite ready yet to retire. Mr. and Mrs. Shea lotted on being away from home 2 weeks, during which Georgia, Frances, Phil and the other children are running the home ranch in fine style.

— Miss Dorothy A. Knapp, daughter of Mr. Walter C. Knapp, Superintendent of the Woburn Gas Light Works, and Mrs. Knapp, had no hint of what was coming to her, and was, therefore, surprised when a large company quietly descended on the premises, 81 Pleasant street, on Thursday, Aug. 17, and generously "showered" her with many things of beauty and utility, which she warmly thanked them for; and then she provided for their entertainment a season of rare enjoyment which included music, refreshments, and a plenty of other good things. Miss Dorothy was taken completely by surprise; but it was suspected that Miss Mildred, a younger sister, was deeply in the plot and was, more than likely as not, the ringleader, but she was abundantly capable of denying the soft impeachment without the slightest movement of her sober honest face. The reason for turning on the shower at the present time was an expected event of more than ordinary importance in which Miss Dorothy, the grateful recipient of the gifts, and Mr. Arthur V. Jones of Warren avenue, son of the late Charlie A. Jones, Esq., Treasurer of the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank, are to be the chief actors next month. The happy party consisted of the following persons: Mrs. Ethel Fowle Johnson of Lawrence, Mass., Miss Helen Hathaway of Everett, and the Misses Grace Jackson, Evelyn Briggs, Bessie Leighton, Marjorie Leighton, Nellie Hopper, Alice Winn, Edith Willoughby, Ruth Fountain, Harriet Woods, Fannie Carter, Martha Ray, Isabelle Ray, Jeanette McClellan, Nellie Clark, Edith Buel and Mildred Knapp of Woburn.

— Ladies, it is about time to begin to prepare for housecleaning. See C. A. Nichols in Buel Court about it.

— Mr. John Cole Andrews, printer, and Mrs. Andrews, (nee Winn) are at Middleton enjoying their vacation this week.

— Lawyer Harold Johnson of the Law firm of J. W. & E F Johnson, this city, has returned from the seaside and is ready for work.

— Chief of Police Charles F. McDermott is taking his annual vacation, and Lieut. Thomas Mulkeen is at the head of the Department.

— How much do you think the Woburn Public Library and contents are valued at? The report for 1910 sets the amount at $900,000—almost a million dollars.

— One week from next Tuesday, or Sept. 5, will see the end of that period of the year commonly called dogdays, the reason for which is that it is the time (40 days) during which the dog-star reigns. A kind of weather peculiar to itself, unlike that of any other period during the year, prevails. Same this season.

— Viola Rupp was surprised last evening at her home corner Beacon and Pleasant streets by her young friends and presented with a gold bracelet, it being her fourteenth birthday. The presentation was made by Master Roy Bruce, after which games were played and refreshments served. Those present were Madeline McDonald, Olive Hoskins, Anna McCafferty, Margaret Lydon, Winifred Sullivan, Helen Trainor, Elizabeth Fox, Gertrude Murch, Christina LaCasse, Mary Connolly, Mary McGovern, Annie and Helen Lynch, May LaSage, Viola Rupp, Roy Bruce, Joseph Joyce, Thomas Feeney, John Joyce, John Martin, Harold Lydon, Charles Lyons, Albert Ring, Frances Sullivan, Henry Johnson, William and Arthur Cavanaugh, Charles and Gordon Rupp.

Life Saved At Deaths Door.

"I never felt so near my grave," writes W. R. Patterson, of Wellington, Tex., as when a frightful cough and lung trouble pulled me down to 100 pounds, in spite of doctor's treatment for two years. My father, mother and two sisters died of consumption, and that I am alive today is due solely to Dr. King's New Discovery, which completely cured me. Now I weigh 187 pounds and have been well and strong for years." Quick, safe, sure its the best remedy on earth for coughs, colds, lagrippe, asthma, croup, and all throat and lung troubles. 50c & $1.00. Trial bottle free. Guaranteed by All Druggists.

L. C Corbett of Woburn Taken Ashore by Life Savers as Crowd Watches.

Capsized from a sailing dory off Bass Point during the storm of Aug. 18, Lyle C. Corbett, an employee of the Woburn Postoffice, was rescued after he had clung 35 minutes to the overturned craft.

Hundreds of people saw the Nahant life saving crew go out and reach him when he was almost exhausted.

Corbett was sailing around the fish weirs when the wind caught him 500 yards offshore. He tried to pull out the mast, and had it almost clear when the boat capsized.

Miss Vivian Snow, in her cottage on Pearl street, saw the accident and telephoned the life saving station as Corbett was sighted there.

Edward Cann, a conductor of the Lynn & Nahant line, had secured a motor boat and was starting out from a steamboat landing to Corbett's rescue when the life savers reached him. Another motor boat was close to Corbett at one time, but its occupants paid no heed to his shouts for aid.

Corbett is staying at 16 Maple avenue, Nahant. His home address is 70 Chestnut street, Woburn, and is a popular clerk in Capt. Wyer's Postoffice.

Reunion Of The 39th.

Last Friday 83 survivors of the gallant 39th Massachusetts Civil War Volunteers assembled at Revere Beach and celebrated their 45th annual reunion, some of them coming from as far West as Illinois.

A fine dinner was enjoyed at the Kirby House, and with business and social intercourse a pleasant day was passed by the Veterans.

Company K composed largely of Woburn men, was represented by the following survivors, the oldest of whom was Mr. Abijah Thompson of Woburn, who is 88 years and better.

A. Thompson, George E Fowle, J. Fred Leslie, A. R Linscott, R F. Poole, W. P. Warren, Edward Hoskins, A. D. Carpenter, John H. Sheehan of Matamoras, Pa., F. Spokesfield of Worcester, W. P. Brown of Winthrop, A. G. Brown of Malden, C. H Colgate of Somerville.

Falls Victim To Thieves.

S. W. Bends, of Coal City, Ala., has a justifiable grievance. Two thieves stole his health for twelve years. They were a liver and kidney trouble. Then Dr. King's New Life Pills throttled them. He is well now. Unrivaled for Constipation, Malaria, Headache, Dyspepsia. 25c at All Druggists.

Miss Cotton.

This community were surprised and deeply pained on Friday morning last to learn of the sudden death, at 11 o'clock Thursday night, Aug. 17, 1911, of Miss Marguerite Webber Cotton, daughter of Mr. Marcus H Cotton, of a disease which some doctors have named Infantile Paralysis, and others, equally learned, call Spinal Meningitis, with which she was confined to her bed only a few days.

She was the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Marcus H Cotton of No. 11 Plympton street, born in Woburn on Sept 21, 1893, and still a pupil in the High School, from which she would have graduated next June. Amiable, kind, gentle, she was a favorite with the Master, teachers and pupils of the H. S. by whom she will long be missed and sincerely mourned

No member of Woburn First Congregational church and Sunday School had more or warmer friends than Marguerite Cotton, or was more worthy of the high esteem in which she was held. She had a wide circle of friends in this city, who, with the JOURNAL, extend heartfelt sympathy for Mr. and Mrs Cotton, and the two brothers of the deceased, Elwyn and George.

The funeral, wholly private, was held on Saturday.

Take a good look every day and see much finer country in a mover's wagon than you do from a car window.

Boston Theatres.

CARNIVAL AT REVERE

Now the Boulevard Business Men's Protective Association of Revere, for a fitting close of the season, Labor Day Week is to present one week of Mardi-Gras festivity which, it is confidently asserted, will outshine all other carnivals ever offered at the North. The great feature will be a royal procession in honor of the king and queen of the carnival.

B. F. KEITH'S THEATRE.

Charles J. Ross and Mabel Fenton who for years were stars with the Weber Field's aggregation make their first appearance in vaudeville in Boston at B. F. Keith's Theatre next week in a new sketch written by Mr. Ross entitled "Just Like a Woman." It was first produced in New York last week and made one of the biggest successes of the season, so that it was instantly engaged for the Boston House.

THE TREMONT.

"Excuse Me," Henry W. Savage's production of Rupert Hughes episodical farce inaugurated the season at the Tremont Theatre Monday night and as was expected of it, proved an immediate and immense success. The reviewers of the Boston newspapers were unanimously enthusiastic in its praise. The Globe referred to the first performance as "one long, unbroken laugh" and each of the other important journals was as hearty and sincere in commendation.

THE NATIONAL

The new National Theatre at Tremont and Berkeley streets, which has been in construction more than a year, will be opened on September 11th. This great house with a seating capacity of nearly 3,000 will be the largest auditorium in the East. It has 300 seats more than the Boston Theatre, and is larger than the new Boston Opera House. It is the intention of the management to make this the greatest popular priced place of amusement in the country, and it is claimed that owing to the enormous capacity it will be possible to give a bigger show for the money than any other house that might be available.

Mrs. Robert Duncan.

Mrs. Joanna Munro Duncan was the beloved wife of Mr. Robert Duncan of Warren avenue, this city, a prominent and successful leather merchant of Boston. She was born at Pictou, N S., on Nov. 11, 1852, had been a resident of Woburn for more than 30 years, and died at Chebeague Island in Casco Bay near Portland, Maine, on August 17, 1911, after a long illness, which she endured with Christian fortitude and patience.

Mrs. Duncan was an active and influential member of the First Congregational Church of Woburn which, with the community, will miss and deeply deplore her passing away.

A largely attended funeral was held at her late home on Sunday, Aug. 29.

Wilmington.

The Gowing Family Association will meet for its Twenty-Third Reunion on Thursday, August 31st, at Thomson's Grove, near Silver Lake, Wilmington, Mass. Lowell and Reading electric cars pass the entrance. Basket dinner: coffee, baked beans and fruit provided. Each is requested to bring own knife, fork and spoon. All bearing the family name, and those connected by marriage are cordially invited to attend. Per order of Executive Committee.

Wife Got Tip Top Advice.

My wife wanted me to take our boy to the doctor to cure an ugly boil, writes D. Frankel, of Stroud, Okla. I said 'put Bucklen's Arnica Salve on it. She did so, and it cured the boil in a short time. Quickest healer of Burns, Scalds, Cuts, Corns, Bruises, Sprains wellings. Best Pile cure on earth. Try it. Only 25c at All Druggists.

WINCHESTER.

Postmaster Richardson and wife are at Oak Bluffs for a week or 10 days longer.

Our Italian residents know how to celebrate Feast and Saint Days and do it up brown.

It is expected that Calderwood Band will give a fine concert on Manchester Field tomorrow afternoon, Aug. 26.

This town is to have a new Flagstaff of Oregon pine to take the place of the one lately destroyed. Lexington parties have the contract for it.

The Winchester lads beat the College Boys all hollow in that game of ball the other day. We have some fine ball experts and artists in this town.

The weary wanderers are getting back to their homes, sure sign that the vacation season is about over for this year. Welcome home, ladies and gents.

Cloudy skies and chilly winds remind us that autumn is near at hand, dogdays soon to end, and the harvesting of crops and gathering of fruit is now in order.

Considerable curiosity is felt here concerning the attitude of Mr. Tuck and Mr. John Carter towards the candidacy of Governor Foss for a second election, and whether or not they will vote for him if he should be nominated. These popular Winchester gentlemen are strong friends and supporters of Bryan of Nebraska, but Foss is not, and just how this situation will affect the Democratic vote here this fall is the thing that is puzzling the politicians.

Air In the Lungs.

In one minute, in a state of rest, the average man takes into his lungs about 488 cubic inches of air. In walking he needs 97.6 cubic inches; in climbing, 140.3 inches; in riding at a trot, 201.3 cubic inches, and in long distance running, 347.7 cubic inches

"The Almighty Dollar."

The idea of the forceful phrase "the almighty dollar" is much older than the time of Washington Irving. Ben Jonson's "Epistle to Elizabeth, Countess of Rutland," commences thus:

Whilst that for which all virtue now is sold,
And almost every vice, almightie gold.

—London Notes and Queries.

When Tennyson Sat Up Nights.

We have had Alfred Tennyson here; very droll and very wayward, and much sitting up of nights till 2 or 3 in the morning with pipes in our mouths, at which good hour we would get Alfred to give us some of his magic music, which he does between growling and smoking, and so to bed. —Fitzgerald's "Letters" (1838).

Had Misjudged Him.

"Does your father ever kiss your mamma, Willie?" asked the lady who had once been the gentleman's sweetheart.

"Yes, every morning when he goes away to the city."

"Dear me! And to think that I once doubted his courage!"—Chicago Record-Herald.

Creditors have better memories than debtors.—Franklin.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, Main Street Rev. F. M. Estes, Pastor.
SUNDAY SERVICES:—
Preaching, 10.30 A. M.
Sunday School, 12 M.
Preaching, 7 P. M.
Prayer Meeting, Wednesday, 7.45 P. M.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Service in Five Cents Savings Bank Building, Room 13, very Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Christ Jesus."
Reading Room open to the public Tuesdays and Fridays from 2.30 to 4.30.

Married.

In this city, Aug. 19, by Rev. Fred M. Estes, Hugh Thomas Scott and Sadie Milward, both of Woburn.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notice 10 cents a line.

In this city, Aug. 16, Lois Emma Chapman, aged 4 years, 4 months, 28 days.
In this city, Aug. 17, Marguerite W. Cotton, aged 17 years, 10 months, 27 days.
In this city, Aug. 18, Martha Hall Bowker, aged 90 years, 29 days.
In this city, Aug. 19, Daniel McColgan, aged 65 years.
In this city, Aug. 20, Alfred Lewis Hurd, aged 36 years, 8 months, 19 days.
In this city, Aug. 22, John J. Wall, aged 23 years, 8 months.
In this city, Aug. 22, Mary Maloney, aged 61 years, 2 months, 18 days.

Mortgagee's Sale
— OF —
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by John A. Reddy of Woburn in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts to Mary I. Poland, dated November 24th, 1908, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 3406, Page 59, for breach of the conditions of said mortgage deed, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction on the premises hereinafter described, on **Saturday, the second day of September, A. D. 1911** at three o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, and therein described substantially as follows:—A certain parcel of land with the buildings thereon, situated in Woburn, in said County of Middlesex and bounded as follows, namely:—Easterly by Flagg street, twenty-five (25) feet; northerly by land of Mary A. Jones; westerly by land of Elizabeth McCall et als; southerly by land of John Shinkwin and by land of John J. Jones. Being the same premises described in a deed to Bernard F. Matthews from Bridget Matthews, dated July 25th, 1904, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, in Book 3031, Page 54.

Said premises will be sold subject to all outstanding tax titles, unpaid taxes and assessments, if any, thereon.

One Hundred (100.00) Dollars will be required to be paid by the purchaser at time and place of sale; balance within ten days upon passing papers at the office of John G. Maguire, No. 420 Main street, Woburn, Mass.

MARY I. POLAND, Mortgagee.
Woburn, Mass., Aug. 9th, 1911. 11-18-25

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Joanna Frances Maguire, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased:

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by John G. Maguire, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, without giving a surety on his official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the thirteenth day of September, A. D. 1911, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least, before said Court, and by mailing post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this eighth day of August, in the year one thousand nine hundred and eleven.

11-18-25 F. M. ESTY, Ass't Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

Middlesex ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of George Cooke, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Richard G. Cooke, of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on his bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex on the fourteenth day of September, A. D. 1911 at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this fourteenth day of August, in the year one thousand nine hundred and eleven.

18-25-1 F. M. ESTY, Asst. Register.

Commonwealth of Massachuretts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors and all other persons interested in the estate of George Russell, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to George P. Russell and William A. Russell, both of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on their bonds.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge in said County of Middlesex, on the fourteenth day of September A. D. 1911, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this eleventh day of August, in the year one thousand nine hundred and eleven.

18-25-1 F. M. ESTY, Ass't Register.

FOR SALE.

Two House Lots of 7,000 feet each, on Sturgis street, Woburn, adjoining homestead of Benj Nichols. Will sell for considerable less than the assessed value. No grading necessary. Plenty of stone on premises for cellars. Inquire of J. A. STOCKWELL, 10 Tremont St., Boston. Tel. Main 2736. jo30 2m



PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists

SEPTEMBER 1st
The forms of the Boston Telephone Directory Closes on this date

If you intend to install a telephone YOU SHOULD GIVE YOUR ORDER AT ONCE, so that the work may be completed by that date and your name listed in the directory.

If you contemplate a change in your service that may require a change in your number GIVE NOTICE AT ONCE, so that your listing may be revised.

Call at 119 Milk Street or at 165 Tremont Street, Boston. Orders will be taken at either office. If unable to call in person, telephone, free of charge, to Fort Hill 7600—Contract Department.

New England Telephone & Telegraph Co.

Electric Light
Electric Power

Clean
Efficient
Economical
Scientific Service

This is the Best Service a man can have in his Home, Store or Factory.
It will increase the Output of your Factory and Reduce the Cost — We can prove it whether your Plant is Large or Small.

PHONE US AT ONCE.
Oxford Three Three Hundred.
(Reverse the Charge)

ASK FOR INFORMATION

The Edison Elec. Ill. Co. of Boston.

THE BRYANT & STRATTON COMMERCIAL SCHOOL BOSTON

Will Reopen Sept. 5th

Persons desirous of becoming competent and successful Accountants, Book-keepers, Stenographers, Secretaries, or Commercial Teachers, with assurance of employment, will find in the

BRYANT & STRATTON
COMMERCIAL SCHOOL
BOSTON

Now Located in its New School Building, 334 Boylston Street

A most desirable opportunity for study and practice under the direction and supervision of a large corps of Well Known and Experienced Teachers

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SECRETARIAL COURSE — CIVIL SERVICE COURSE
COMMERCIAL TEACHERS COURSE

Every possible requisite is afforded for personal safety, rapid progress, with cheerful and healthful surroundings.
This school does not employ Agents, Solicitors, Canvassers, or Runners.
Persons who cannot call for personal interview may have printed information of terms and conditions by mail.
H. E. HIBBARD, Principal, 334 Boylston St., Boston.

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EYEGLASSES AND SPECTACLES
KRYPTOK BIFOCAL GLASSES
Far and Near Glasses in a Single Pair.

Two piece bifocals will cloud, spot, make rainbows, chip, and come apart. KRYPTOKS will not.
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Leave STONEHAM SQ. for SAUGUS CENTRE, LYNN and SALEM at 6.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes to 10.30 P. M. Leave corner Main and Franklin Streets, Melrose, for Saugus Centre at 5.45 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45 P. M. SUNDAY at 8.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes to 10.30 P. M. Leave corner Main and Franklin Streets, Melrose for Saugus Centre at 8.45 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45 P. M. RETURN leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Square at 6 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 11 P. M. SUNDAY at 9 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 11 P. M.

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SENTIMENT CHANGING

Republicans Think Situation In State Looks Better

HOPE TO DEFEAT GOV. FOSS

Newspaper Opinions on State Administration—Campaign to be a Hot One —Foss Experts Show Inconsistency

There is an entirely different feeling abroad in the state today regarding the result of the state election next November, than was prevalent a month ago. On the earlier date almost any one conversant with the politics of the commonwealth would have vouchsafed the prediction that Governor Foss stood a good show of succeeding himself. After the legislature was prorogued and its members went home, a somewhat different sentiment became manifest. Up to that time, the people in the country, who had not seen the governor at close view, gained the impression that he was giving the state a good administration. After the legislators returned to their constituents and began to enlighten them, the change in sentiment was noticeable.

The Democratic legislators were even more outspoken in regard to Governor Foss' pretensions than the Republican members. Some of them reported to their constituents that Mr. Foss was playing politics every day in the week. The Boston Herald has stated the situation editorially. It said: "Mr. Foss has impressed himself on the people of this state as a courageous, intelligent and high-minded executive. To the extent that the facts ever become known, he will be seen to have been insincere, undignified, and essentially demagogic; and yet these actualities have been very skillfully obscured from the popular gaze. * * * * Mr. Foss originally recommended almost exactly the sort of legislation which in the Ellis milk bill went through both houses; and then he vetoed it. * * * * The supposition that Lomasney and Fitzgerald are really hostile to Foss is the result of some of the cleverest acting that has in years been performed in this state, either on or off the professional stage."

Republicans Sensing the Change in Sentiment

It is plainly evident that Republicans are feeling much greater courage in regard to the coming campaign than they have hitherto felt. Of course, it will be a fierce fight in any event. Mr. Foss has always provided the bulk of the funds for the Democratic campaign when he has been a candidate, and has spent whatever he thought was necessary. Nevertheless, the Democrats have maintained that he was not nominated to "open a barrel." In 1909 Fred J. Macleod, now railroad commissioner, then chairman of the Democratic state committee, issued this amazing statement, as reported in the Boston Herald of Oct. 3 that year, after Mr. Foss had been nominated for lieutenant governor: "It was never anticipated, nor agreed, and is certainly not now expected that Mr. Foss will open a barrel. Just the contrary is the truth. The express stipulation has been from the first that Mr. Foss must not and shall not be called upon to finance the Democratic campaign—and he will not do so, directly or indirectly."

As a matter of fact, in that campaign Mr. Foss, according to his sworn statement filed on Nov. 9, 1909, at the office of the secretary of the commonwealth, confessed to having contributed the following sums to the Democratic campaign fund:

Oct. 6, $2000; Oct. 8, $2000; Oct. 13, $2000; Oct. 21, $2000; Oct. 23, $1000; Oct. 27, $2000; Oct. 29, $2000; and Nov. 1, $5000. Nov. 6, contributed to Foss campaign committee $18,757,82.

This makes a total of $39,757,82, and the sums contributed by all other persons amounted to less than $4000. There are people who wonder that Mr. Macleod could get so far from the truth.

Unsupported Charges of Stealing Resented

There are many people who believe that when the governor declared that "there is not the slightest doubt in my mind that a lot of the state's money has not only been wasted, but stolen," he offended men in both parties, especially when he refused to give particulars. The impression prevails that he was talking solely for political effect, otherwise he would have made his generalities good by specific instances. A sample of the newspaper comment upon the governor's charges is an editorial by Ex-Senator Herbert C. Parsons in the Greenfield Gazette, in which he says:

"Governor Foss' interview in a Sunday newspaper is preposterous to the limit in his charge of wholesale stealing. The state as a whole has been exceedingly forbearing with the governor's verbosity. But as the year has gone on, it appears that Mr. Foss is the most political of politicians. With superficial investigations, wholesale attacks on well managed state work, grand stand plays, a capacity for vast misinformation, his administration has descended into an attempt to create political capital."

Practice What They Condemn In Others

In connection with these charges, it is interesting to note that some of the governor's experts are not at all consistent. One of them in a report on a state institution, arraigned the superintendent in vigorous language be the money paid out in wages. There was no real criticism of the conduct of his office. Since then these experts have filed their bills and they have been considered by the governor's council. These gentlemen were very much surprised and somewhat amused to discover that Mr. Sherman, the boss expert, had failed to furnish vouchers for a number of charges approved by him. Considerable interest also developed at the fact that Mr. Scovell, another of the experts, charged $15 a day for an apprentice expert, employed by him for less than $6 a day. Mr. Scovell's justification was that it is customary for experts to charge for "over head expenses."

Last week the Cambridge Republican club held a summer outing at Bass Point, at which there were many of the party leaders present. This week Saturday the Essex club will continue the campaign with President Taft as the chief guest. The Democrats open early in September, and from now on it is evident that the campaign is to be a decidedly active one.

WRECKED THE PIANO.

Rubinstein Proved His Ability and Secured His Pass.

When Rubinstein, the composer, was a youth he left Russia, his native country, to study music in France and Germany. He finished his studies when he was twenty years old and then returned to St. Petersburg. But before he could begin to give public recitals it was necessary that he should have a pass from the police authorities. It was true he was a Russian subject and a very inoffensive young man, but then he had been absent from his native land some time. He might have imbibed revolutionary ideas when abroad, and it was best not to take any risks, but have him registered and kept under surveillance.

Rubinstein applied to the police for a pass, but, probably because he was shy and mild mannered every official bullied him and gruffly passed him to another official equally rude and overbearing. Finally he became so tired of the indignities that he went to see the governor general. He had just begun to tell his story when that dignitary roared:

"You a musician? Pah! I'll put you in irons and send you to Siberia! That's the only fit place for such as you!"

Rubinstein nearly fainted from fright, but he got away as best he could. The days went by, and still no pass came to him. Some of his friends, however, knew of the treatment he had received. One day Rubinstein was summoned to appear beore the chief of police, General Gallchoff. He had to wait three hours. At last he was called into the great man's presence and addressed as follows:

"Well, young man, I have been spoken to about you. I am told that you are some sort of musician, but I don't believe anything of the kind. Go to my chief secretary, Schesnok, and play for him, so that we can tell if you really are a musician—that is, a man who understands music."

All this was said in a contemptuous tone. Rubinstein was taken to the secretary, who was the possessor of the most wretched piano Rubinstein ever had heard, much less played on. He was angry and disgusted, and a thought flashed across him. Here was an opportunity to be revenged for the insults heaped upon him. He would vent his indignation on the piano. And so he did. He pounded and hammered the poor instrument until it seemed to shriek. The discordant notes which came from it, falling upon his delicate ear, served but to increase his rage and frenzy. It was as if a cyclone was at work. String after string snapped, and the unhappy secretary stood by, expecting every minute that his beloved instrument would fly into splinters. At last Rubinstein stopped from sheer exhaustion.

"Come with me," said the secretary.

And the pianist followed him into the presence of the chief of police.

"It is true, your excellency," he said. "Rubinstein is a great musician."

"Then give him a pass," replied the general.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Australia's Flame Flower.

Waratah is the name of the national flower of Australia. The traveler who passes through the Australian bush sometimes comes suddenly on a burned out ridge, the undergrowth of which has been destroyed by fire. Among the charred trees tongues of fire still seem to rise. These are the waratahs, each stem of which is about six feet high and bears a flame red flower, heart shaped and the size of a man's closed hand. This flower is difficult to cultivate in a garden, but some people have succeeded in growing plants from seed that has first been roasted.

Sailing a Boat.

Visitor—I would like to get you to teach me to sail a boat.

Boatman—Sail a boat? Why, it's easy as swimmin'. Jest grasp the main sheet with one hand an' the tiller with the other, an' if a flaw strikes ease up or bring 'er to an' loose the halyards, but look out fer the gaff an' boom or the hull thing'll be in the water an' ye be upset, but if the wind is steady y'r all right unless y'r too slow in luffin, 'cause then ye'll be upset sure. Jump right in an' try it; but, remember, whatever ye do, don't jibe!

Deepest Lake In the World.

The Great Sunken lake in the Cascade mountains, about seventy-five miles northeast of Jacksonville, Ore., is thought to be the deepest lake in the world. Its shores slope abruptly down an average of 200 feet on all sides before the water is reached. The depth of the water is unknown, and its surface is always smooth and unruffled, being so far below the mountain rim that winds cannot reach it.

A Model Husband.

"You appear pleased, my dear," said her friend.

"Indeed, I am. You know while I was away visiting mother Henry went fishing, and the neighbors say he came home with a beautiful skate."

"And is that why you are pleased?"

"Certainly, my dear. I looked in the encyclopedia and found that a 'skate' is a large fish."—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Use of Water.

"There's no use talking," said Dr. Dustin Stax, "this corporation of ours will have to dissolve."

"How will you go about it?"

"I don't know. The only way I know of to dissolve things is to keep putting plenty of water into them."—Washington Star.

Making Him Happy.

Marks—I know your wife didn't like it because you took me home unexpectedly to dinner last night. Parks—Nonsense! Why, you hadn't been gone two minutes before she remarked that she was glad it was no one else but you.—Boston Transcript.

A Gifted Barber.

"The barber told me a very interesting story as he shaved me."

"Indeed?"

"Yes, and also illustrated it with cuts."—Washington Herald.

EGGMEN SERVE "SOUP."

Its Queer Recipe Is in Possession of the Secret Service.

Here is a recipe for soup served only after nightfall, preferably in the early morning hours.

"First take about ten or a dozen impwri hz xug, crumble it up fine and put it in a pan or washbowl, then pour over it enough uswhohs (either chhx or iaky) to cover it well. Stir it up with your hands, being careful to break all the lumps; leave it set a few minutes; then get a few yards of cheesecloth and tear it in pieces and strain the mixture through the cloth into another vessel, wring the sawdust dry and throw it away. The remains will be the ihai ugx uswhohs mixed. Next take the same amount of water as you used of uswhohs and pour it in; leave the whole set for a few minutes."

This is the "soup" employed by yeggmen, and a single portion of it is guaranteed to open the door of the stoutest safe, provided an aperture can be made sufficiently large to pour in the stuff. The names of the ingredients are written in a crude sort of cipher commonly used for preserving such secrets. This and dozens more of the same transparency of meaning are in the possession of the United States secret service men, the police, detective agencies and others who deal with the cooks of such dishes. By a substitution of letter for letter—the first six for the last six of the alphabet, the second six for the third six, with G and N taken out of turn and made interchangeable—the cipher is easily read. "Impwri hz xug," translated, is "sticks of dan" (short for dynamite). "Uswhohs, either chhx or iaky"—alcohol, either wood or pure—may be used.

The directions for serving this soup require considerable attention and the best of trained service. After the "gay cat," or advance agent of the band, has learned all that can be found out about the bank, store or post-office, its lighting, protection and the means of escape by freight train, vehicle or on foot, his companion or companions come on, avoiding notice as far as possible. "Stickups," or lookouts, guard the place while the "inside men" break into the safe. Sealing the cracks about the safe or vault door with soap, the yeggmen pour in the soup through a small hole left open at the top. The liquid flows down by locks, hinges and bolts and is set off by fuse or detonator. Blankets and covers of any kind are used to muffle the sound of the explosion and the fall of the door. Perhaps the "stickups" are forced to create a diversion outside and to frighten the citizens or mislead them while the "inside men" pick out the valuable papers escape. Who pays the check for the soup then depends upon the ingenuity of detectives.—New York Post.

EYE STRAIN.

It Has Many Symptoms and May Affect the Whole System.

Chief among the symptoms of eye strain are watering of the eye, a gluing together of the eyelids on awakening in the morning, headache, the position and character of which vary with each individual. It may be neuralgic or it may be deeply seated, as was the case with Wagner, the musician, who was complaining constantly of "the nerves of his eyes."

The headache is often replaced by an inflammation of the eyelids, especially in young and healthy persons, who also have a little conjunctivitis, with a feeling of tension or fullness in the eyes which may become real pain of a dull aching character, the eyeballs being very tender on pressure.

Sometimes there are vertigo and sickness, with dyspepsia, palpitation and even difficulty in breathing. Sleeplessness is a very frequent symptom, due in part to the excessive flow of blood to the brain and in part to the low tone of the whole nervous system.

The symptoms of eye strain appear sooner in those who lead a confined and sedentary life, who follow occupations which need a constant use of the eyes in bad or unsuitable light and in those who are debilitated from any cause. The symptoms appear later in those of coarser fiber, who pass much of their time in the open air or who follow occupations which do not need a prolonged use of the eyes for close work.—London Lancet.

Odd Bargain of Dumas.

The library of Carpentras possesses among its treasures a curious collection of autographs. One is the signature of Alexandre Dumas pere to an old bargain which he proposed and which was accepted. This strange contract was that the author should present to the library of Cavaillon copies of all his works, those already published and others which he might write in return for a supply of melons to be sent to him as long as he lived.—Westminster Gazette.

The Sperm Whale's Oil Tank.

Professor R. C. Andrews believes that the oil tank in the head of the sperm whale is a provision of nature to save the monster from starvation when food is scarce. He says that his experiments show that the oil from the tank is absorbed by the whale's body at times when adequate food is unobtainable.—London Telegraph.

Anecdotes.

What is an anecdote?

An anecdote is a story of extremely uncertain age that is founded on fiction and embellished by fancy.

After lying dormant for years it is dug up and credited to an entirely innocent and unsuspecting United States senator.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Puzzle For Willy.

The new school superintendent was chock full of new pedagogy.

"Never ask leading questions when examining your pupils," he commanded his teachers. "Do not hit at the answers. Make the learner find them unassisted."

This is how the young lady teaching Greek history obeyed:

"Willie, who dragged whom how many times around the walls of what?"—Everybody's.

Ambiguous.

"Did your late employer give you a testimonial?"

"Yes, but it doesn't seem to do me any good."

"What did he say?"

"He said I was one of the best men his firm had ever turned out."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

For a Rainy Day.

Figg—I suppose you have something laid up for a rainy day? Fogg—Sure! I've a lot of things ready to soak when it comes.—Boston Transcript.

MYSTERIOUS MEKRAN.

A Desolate Land, Desiccated by Nature and Shunned by Man.

"A mysterious veil has always hung over the land of Mekran," says the London Times. "Mekran is the name given to the long coastal region stretching almost from the Indus to the entrance to the Persian gulf. Sailors have coasted along its white shores from time immemorial, but few in modern days have ever penetrated the ranges of hills which lie beyond. The greater part of Mekran is desolate and forsaken, a land desiccated by nature and shunned by man. The few tribes which linger there are the jetsam of history, stray wreckage which has drifted into this obscure corner of the world in the backwash of great events. It is even believed that the Dravidians passed through Mekran on their way to southern India and left stragglers, whose descendants have dwelt there ever since. There are patches of Mongols from the days of Jenghiz Khan; colonels of half breed Arabs from the time when an Arab dynasty held Sind; unmistakable Rajputs, who were there before Alexander; African negroes, the offshoots of medieval slavery, and traces of still older peoples whose origins are lost in the mists of time.

"Yet Mekran cannot always have been either so dry or so deserted. Many of its hills are closely covered with little stone houses, mostly square at the base, narrowing upward like truncated pyramids, and with dome shaped interiors. They are tombs, and among the rubbish found within them are fragments of light green pottery of fine quality, which no one seems able to identify. Then there are vast masonry dams, obviously built to catch the water in the hills, just as engineers are making dams in the Indian ghauts to-day.

"Sometimes the hills are terraced for cultivation, after the fashion of hills in southern Japan and elsewhere, only in Mekran the terraces are dry and bare, and not even a blade of grass remains. The crumbling ruins of whole cities, the very names of which are forgotten, lie concealed between the serrated ridges."

FEATHERED POLICE.

Birds Do a Wonderful Amount of Work For the Farmer.

Birds work more in conjunction with man to help him than does any other form of outdoor life, according to an article in Success Magazine. They police the earth and air, and without their services the farmer would be helpless. Larks, wrens and thrushes search the ground for grubs and insects. The food of the meadow lark consists of 75 per cent of injurious insects and 12 per cent of weed seed, showing it to be a bird of great economic value. Sparrows, finches and quail eat a large amount of weed seed.

Practically all the food of the tree sparrow consists of seed. Examinations by Professor F. E. L. Beal of the biological survey of the department of agriculture show that a single tree sparrow will eat a quarter of an ounce of weed seed daily. In a state the size of Iowa tree sparrows alone will consume more than 800 tons of weed seed annually. This, with the work of other seed eating birds, saves the farmer an immense amount of work.

Nuthatches and chickadees scan every part of the trunks and limbs of trees for insect eggs. In a day's time a chickadee has been known to eat hundreds of insect eggs and worms that are very harmful to our trees and vegetables. Warblers and vireos hunt the leaves and buds for moths and millers. Flycatchers, swallows and night hawks are busy day and night catching flies that bother man and beast. Hawks and owls are working silently in daylight and darkness to catch moles, mice, gophers and squirrels.

Insulted.

A traveler relates a story illustrative of life in Spain. Alighting at the door of an inn, a man extended his hand, and, naturally supposing him to be a porter, the traveler offered him his valise.

The man stepped back, tossed his head and frowned scornfully.

"Do you take me for a porter?" he demanded. "I would have you understand that I am no porter."

"Indeed!" said the traveler apologetically. "Then may I ask, senor, what you are?"

"I am a beggar, sir, and asked you for alms!"

PHYSICIANS AND FEES.

A Medical View of the Doctor's Charge For His Services.

Those who discuss the physicians' fee frequently miss the essence of it. As a matter of fact, under present social conditions the charge made to the wealthy and well to do is the normal and proper fee; the lowered charges made to those less fortunate are concessions. The tremendous field of the physician's charity is therefore usually underestimated, for it extends to a great majority of his patients.

In olden times, when medicine was nearly all art and but little science, the fee was unknown. Like other artists, the leech received an honorarium, the weight of which depended naturally upon the resources of the patient. The popular impression that physicians make the rich pay for the poor is incorrect. They extend their services to all alike, and all are supposed to pay as much as they can afford for services really priceless and impossible to represent adequately in money values.

Any attempt made to establish standard fees by law is sure to work injustice to the physician. The "standard" fee would have to be much higher than the average fee at present and there would have to be some method of enforcing its sure payment. Only with the standard fixed, as now, by the ability of the wealthy is it possible for the poor to receive the benefits of the highest professional skill without losing their self respect.—New York Medical Journal.

What Is a Bath?

What is a bath? Is it the simple bath of hot or cold water and soap or the Turkish bath of hot air or the Russian one of steam, or the mud bath of Saint-Amand-les-Eaux, or the compressed air bath of Reichenhall, or the baths of wine favored by famous beauties, or the sun bath of modern hygienists, or the Laplander's plunge into the hot blubber of a just killed whale, or the bath of asses' milk, to provide which for his consort an Earl of Portman bought cheap the Portman estate north of Oxford street as a farm to keep a herd of asses? Now, which of these is a bath?—London Chronicle.

BUDDHIST CREMATION.

The Funeral Pyre and the Disposition of the Ashes.

A Buddhist cremation is a strange and uncanny event, and it is not often that a foreigner is given to witness one. I saw some of the preliminary ceremonies at a temple in south China, but found myself apparently becoming persona non grata as the time for the cremation proper approached and did not care enough about seeing it to intrude. I have since heard and read several descriptions of the grewsome ceremony.

The priests are dressed in white sackcloth, similar to that worn by the mourners at the funerals of the laymen, and their brows are bound with white bandages. The corpse, dressed in a cowl and with the hands fixed in an attitude of prayer, is placed in a sitting position in a bamboo chair and carried to the funeral pyre by some of his fellow monks, all the other monks of the monastery following in a double line. As the procession advances the walls of the monastery echo with the chanting of prayers and the tinkling of cymbals.

When the pyre is reached the bearers place the corpse upon it, and the fagots are kindled by the head priest, and while the flames are mounting the others prostrate themselves in obeisance to the ashes of their departed brother. When the fire is burned out the attendants collect the charred bones and place them in a cinerary urn, which is often deposited in a small shrine within the precincts of the monastery, to remain there until the ninth day of the ninth month, when the ashes are sewed up in a bag of red cloth and thrown into a sort of ossuary or monastery mausoleum.—Lewis R. Freeman in Los Angeles Times.

THE FIRST SOAP.

According to Pliny, It Was In Use Among the Gauls.

Who invented soap? According to Pliny, soap was an invention of the Gauls, who used it for giving a bright hue to the hair. He also states that it was employed by the Germans both as a medicinal and as a cleansing agent, two kinds being used—hard and soft. There is reason to believe that it was introduced into Germany by the Romans, though on this point there is some difference of opinion.

Homer tells us in the "Odyssey" that Nausicaa, daughter of Alcinous, king of the Phaecians, and her attendants washed clothes by treading upon them with their feet in pits of water, so that apparently she and her servants were unacquainted with the use of soap.

The fact that soap was obtainable by boiling together oily or fatty substances and alkalis was known at an early period of history, but it must be borne in mind that the substance referred to in the Old Testament and translated "soap" (Jeremiah ii. 22, "For though thou wash thee with niter—properly, natrou—soda—and take thee much soap," and Malachi iv. 2, "For he is like a refiner's fire and like fuller's soap") refer to the alkali itself and not to the substances prepared from oily bodies and these alkaline matters.

The French word for soap (savon) is supposed to have been derived from the fact of its having been manufactured at Savona, near Genoa.

The manufacture of soap began in London in 1524, before which time it was supplied by Bristol at a penny per pound. A duty was imposed on soap in 1711, but after several reductions was totally repealed in 1853.—London Journal.

Washington Monument Bent by Heat.

The towering Washington monument, solid as it is, cannot resist the heat of the sun poured on its southern side on a midsummer's day without a slight bending of the gigantic shaft, which is rendered perceptible by means of a copper wire 174 feet long hanging in the center of the structure and carrying a plummet suspended in a vessel of water. At noon in summer the apex of the monument, 550 feet above the ground, is shifted by expansion of the stone a few hundredths of an inch toward the north. High winds cause perceptible motions of the plummet, and in still weather delicate vibrations of the crust of the earth otherwise unperceived are registered by it.

Blood Thicker Than Some Water.

"Blood is thicker than water"—though not much thicker—and not so thick as sea water. The water of the ocean contains thirty-five parts of saline material a thousand, while the vital fluid of the human body contains but seven parts a thousand or one-fifth as much. In the human body each of its myriads of cells is bathed with this seven-tenths per cent saline fluid.—Dietetic and Hygienic Gazette.

The Comeback.

"You used to say," she complained, "that you counted that day lost when you did not hear the sound of my voice."

"Yes, I know," he replied, "and I shall never cease to long for those dear lost days."—London Answers.

Identification.

"I shall try to leave footprints on the sands of time," said the man who is earnest, but not original.

"Very good," replied the absentminded criminologist, "but thumb prints are now considered more reliable."—Exchange.

The beautiful is beauty seen with the eye of the soul.—Joubert.

An Optical Delusion.

Affable Stranger—I beg your pardon, but isn't this Miss Greenleaf? The Lady—No; I am Miss Redpath. A. S.—Ah, excuse me! I must be color blind.—Boston Transcript.

Revenge.

She—You ask me to marry you. Can you not see your answer in my face?

He (absently)—Yes—er—er—it's very plain.—Life.

The usual fortune of complaint is to excite contempt more than pity.—Johnson.

Tortured For 15 Years

by a cure-defying stomach trouble that baffled doctors, and resisted all remedies he tried, John W. Modders, of Moddersville, Mich., seemed doomed. He had to sell his farm and give up work. His neighbors said, "he can't live much longer." "Whatever I ate distressed me," he wrote, "till I tried Electric Bitters, which worked such wonders for me that I can now eat things I could not take for years. Its surely a grand remedy for stomach trouble. Just as good for the liver and kidneys. Every bottle guaranteed. Only 50c at All Druggists.

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The beginning of successful operation of UNITED STATES POSTAL SAVINGS BANKS, and the possibility of legislation, by Congress, looking to the establishment of NATIONAL SAVINGS BANKS, as outlined by Senator Aldrich, in his tentative plan for a new banking law, seems to indicate a popular demand for places of savings under the control and supervision of the UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT.

To meet this legitimate demand and to extend increased banking facilities to the people of Woburn and vicinity, the WOBURN NATIONAL BANK has opened a new department to be known as its SAVINGS DEPARTMENT, and will receive deposits of money to bear interest FROM DATE OFDEPOSIT at the rate of three per centum per annum on sums not less than $100. These deposits however will not be subject to check.

All deposits in this bank are GUARANTEED by its capital stock of $100,000, its surplus and undivided profits December 31, 1910, of $68,860.34, and by the personal liability of its responsible stockholders to the extent of an additional $100,000.

These directors give its affairs their personal attention:

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William E. Blodgett, Treasurer of R.Guastavino Co.
John C. Buck, Cashier.
Robert Chalmers, Physician.
Everett P. Fox of W. P. Fox & Sons, leather manufacturers.
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Woburn, January 30, 1911.

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Love and a Laundry Check

The Way Two Lovers Became Reunited.

By MABEL D. CALHOUN

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"Well—I'll—be—jiggered!"

Chris Webb brought his horse to a standstill and stared down at the small square of yellow paper that fluttered before Dixie's dancing hoofs like a will-o'-the-wisp of the daytime. Suddenly he dug his knees into Dixie's shoulders, and as she sprang forward Chris leaned over and caught the flying paper with a practiced hand. Then he scanned it closely and uttered a long drawn whistle.

Plainly it was a Chinese laundry check and represented to its owner a necessary article of wearing apparel that probably lay unclaimed in the wash house of some moon faced Celestial.

A laundry check found on the sidewalk in town is a common occurrence. A laundry check discovered in an obscure canyon in the desert regions of Arizona becomes a matter for considerable interest, especially if one has just convinced himself that this particular canyon has never been trod by the foot of civilized man.

"There isn't a Chink laundry within fifty miles, or I'm a sinner! And I was sure I'd struck a new trail, and after naming that gulley and all to find this!"

Hours afterward when he rolled dustily up to the bunk house and turned Dixie over to the friendly proffered services of Dutchy Fink there was some comment on his extended absence.

"Where's the critter?" asked Henderson, making room for his comrade at the table and passing Webb's cup to be filled.

"Dead," replied Christopher, his strong white teeth biting deep into a hunk of corn bread. "I followed the trail clean off the range into the sand and cactus and then I missed it. After awhile I saw a buzzard high in the air, and I guessed what had happened, so I followed and found the critter under a twisted cottonwood."

"Dead?" questioned Peters.

"Almost. Of course I couldn't leave her that way with that devilish buzzard hanging around, so"—he paused for another draft of coffee.

"So you shot her, Chris?"

"Yep, and then I shot the buzzard."

They laughed indulgently. "You always was soft hearted, Chris," commented Peters, filling his pipe. "Who'd stop to bore a strayed critter after chasing her twenty miles?"

"I would," said Chris in a voice that indicated he was weary of the topic. "Any you chaps got baccy?"

He deftly rolled a cigarette in his lean brown fingers and drew a light from Henderson's smoke. "Which one of you fellows is wearing biled shirts?" he asked lazily.

"Not guilty!" they cried in chorus, and Peters continued, "They ain't a chap had nerve enough to sport a biled shirt on the Three Forks outfit—not since Pinky Fleming was took for a ghost and a greaser shot him dead—right through the biled shirt!"

"Since then biled shirts has been looked on like sudden death," put in Henderson gravely. "No, sir, there ain't nobody on Little Forks wearing biled shirts. Why you ask, Chris?"

"Anybody know where there's a Chink laundry?" demanded Chris patiently.

"I expect there's one in Tucson," suggested Peters. "Seems like a dream—I remember shooting up a Chink laundry there. That was a long time ago," he added hastily.

"Then there ain't a Chink laundry nearer than Tucson?" said Chris.

"How about Cactus Branch?" suggested Redwood from his quiet corner. "Seems I recollect once when I was passing the Lone Horn—I was going to the roundup at the Branch, you know—some of the wimmen folks asked me would I leave a bundle at the laundry there and git a check for it. Being of an obliging nature, I jest naturally said I would, and I'm blamed if they didn't tote out a big, squashy bundle, and me expecting a couple of collars or mebbe a b'iled shirt! Mrs. Traymore—you know Jim Traymore's running the Lone Horn now—Mrs. Traymore says not to lose it, because it's a 'precious thing.' It's nothing but a fancy white dress her sister was expecting to wear to the schoolhouse dance, and the girl had set her heart it should be done up right and nobody but a Chink must do it.

"As I was roped in for the job I bows most polite and says I will leave the check on my way back. Well"—he paused and eyed his companions dubiously—"you all recollect the roundup at Cactus Branch."

"Being as it only happened last week, we have strong recollections," confessed Chris, rubbing his head thoughtfully. "We specially recollect all about you, Redwood, and you sure didn't take the trail by the Lone Horn when you came back, and you ain't been off this outfit since."

"That's right," admitted Redwood gloomily.

"What happened?"

"I left the squashy bundle all right, and the Chink said it would be 4 bits, and he gave me a piece of paper covered with turkey tracks, and now I don't know where the blamed paper is unless"— He brightened suddenly and slapped his knee. "Now, I reckon mebbe I made a cigarette out of it. I was short of paper about that time."

Henderson laughed loudly. "You'd have knowed it if you'd smoked that, Redwood. Mebbe we can help you out, because if that girl don't git to the dance, why, I don't know what us chaps will do. I've seen her."

"Is it that bad?" asked Peters sympathetically.

"She's a peacherino!" quoth Mr. Henderson warmly.

Chris got upon his feet and tossed away the end of his cigarette. "What trail did you follow when you came back from the roundup?" he yawned carelessly.

Redwood shook his head hopelessly. "I've been trying to figure that out ever since. I must have got lost, for I was three days getting back here, and I had nothing to eat"—

"You can cut that out," interjected Peters, grinning. "I found you at Bederman's, and that's over to the southeast—somewhere near where Chris has been after his stray critter."

Mr. Webb's air of langour increased. "Then I reckon this young lady can't go to the dance unless she gets this dress what the Chink is washing, eh?" He yawned again.

Redwood nodded. "I reckon it's the only party dress she's got; she seemed mighty particular about it," he said regretfully.

"And she can't get the dress without the check?" persisted Chris sleepily.

"No checkee, no shirtee!" returned Redwood.

"You going to the dance?"

Mr. Redwood smiled laboriously and ran his hand along one leg with a painful gesture. "I reckon my leg's most too stiff this time, so I guess I won't be around tomorrow night," he said.

They laughed heartlessly as they parted for the night.

In his own corner of the roughly partitioned bunk house Christopher Webb pulled the laundry check from his pocket and studied the strange hieroglyphics with thoughtful eyes. "I'll do it," he said suddenly. "I reckon she'll be mighty grateful to the one who brings back her party dress. I expect it's a pretty thing—all frills and furbelows and lacy stuff, like what Annie used to wear." His dark eyes became almost black with a sudden intensity of emotion, and his brows knitted painfully. "I wasn't cut out for a bookkeeper or for city life. If she'd only have seen that my coming into the open was my call to what I could do best, but she gave me the go by, and here I am! I'm a darned sight better off in some ways than I was there in Denver. I've got health and I've got a thousand salted away against the ranch I'll buy some day, but I haven't got her!"

His head drooped a little, and then, as if aware of his weakness, he threw back his shoulders and laughed softly. "No need to keep that other girl away from the party," he said in a low tone as he proceeded to make an elaborate toilet with such facilities as the ranch afforded.

It was past midnight when he let himself out of the door and made his way into the corral. It was the work of a moment to catch up a mount. This time it was a rawboned sorrel with a long raking stride that carried his rider over the trail with remarkable swiftness. At 10 o'clock the next morning Christopher Webb dismounted stiffly from the sorrel and entered the door of a Chinese laundry in the flourishing town of Cactus Branch. In his hand he carried a laundry check, and when he came forth he bore a large and squashy looking bundle, which he placed carefully before him when he remounted.

A brief stop for breakfast and then he was back on another trail, this time the one leading toward the Lone Horn. He knew Jim Traymore slightly, had met him three years before when Chris had first come out into the open, as he called his departure from the city, but he had not seen Jim recently. He had heard that he was married now and taken the Lone Horn.

At 5 o'clock he clattered up to the veranda of the Lone Horn ranch house and shouted in a stentorian voice:

"Laundry!"

There was a delighted shriek from within and light footsteps on the wooden floor of the hall. Then a slender form gowned in pale blue cotton darted across the veranda and held up eager arms for the bundle—a lovely golden haired girl with wistful blue eyes and a sadly drooping mouth, who did not see Christopher Webb's amazed face. She saw nothing save the bundle and a tall, kindly disposed cowboy who had ridden out of his way to oblige her.

"How can I thank you"— she was beginning when Christopher spoke from the shadow of his broad hat.

"Annie!" he said in a low tone.

Annie Lee looked at him for a moment, and then, dropping her head against his knee, she cried softly for awhile. "Elsie married Jim Traymore a year ago," she explained, "and I came out here to visit them. I didn't know where you were, Chris, but I felt somehow if I was out in this country I might be near you anyway. I—have wanted you so!"

When Christopher broke the news to his comrades at the Three Forks he added, laughing, "I reckon that there occasion will demand a biled shirt, eh, boys?"

"So do, so do," urged Henderson eagerly. "Seems like a wedding oughter break that there biled shirt hoodoo."

"You got any laundry checks up your sleeve?" demanded Peters of Henderson. "You speak kind of wishful, like you'd love to wear a biled shirt."

"I expect all of you to wear 'em when—when it's necessary—that is, when I'm married," said the happy Christopher authoritatively.

Bill and His Watch.

"Bill, can you give me the correct time?" says one of Bill's friends.

"Sure," says Bill, dragging out his watch. "My watch was just 'leven seconds slow at twenty minutes of 4 day before yesterday afternoon, and I don't believe it's varied more than a quarter of a second since. It's now twenty-two minutes and seven seconds past 5."

"Thanks, old man," says Bill's friend, who then drops his own watch into his pocket and goes on his way.

Really he wasn't so particular about knowing the time himself as desirous of giving pleasure to Bill, for he knows that Bill is one of the few million men in the world who think each that his watch is a wonder and who feel themselves flattered when their friends ask them for the correct time.—New York Sun.

Caught Her Secret.

Old Podkins lay back in his chair in calm content, and, though his wife was quite near him, he was happy, for she had not broken the silence for nearly five minutes.

He had been married for five and twenty long years, and Mrs. Podkins almost daily during twenty-four of them had disturbed the domestic peace by a too full exercise of her tongue.

"My dear," broke in Mrs. P., thinking it time she said something to interrupt the quiet, "I see by the papers that a petrified jaw two yards long has been found in Cornwall."

"What!" cried Podkins, starting up. "Now I know your secret. But you never told me your ancestors came from that part of the world!"—Dundee Advertiser.

Pointed Advice.

There was a traveling man once who found himself short of funds. His first thought, of course, was to wire his firm, which he did. In a night letter he explained the situation and asked:

"How shall I act?"

The next morning he got a day message which was nothing if not illuminative:

"Act as if you were broke."—San Francisco Chronicle.

FELL AMONG THIEVES.

And the Old Man Didn't Know Which Set Was the Worst.

An old man from rural England with his wife was on a holiday in London and decided on an evening at a theater. He looked up the advertisements in the papers and selected a house where "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves" was being played. It was a "cheap" house, the price of stalls being given as two-and-sixpence. The farmer was surprised, however, on arriving at the box office to be met with a demand for 6 shillings for the two tickets. The extra sixpence per seat, it was explained, was for booking. Then he was called upon to pay sixpence for a program, and the female attendant who showed him to the seats also asked for sixpence, in addition to which there was a shilling to be paid for hats and coats being taken care of in spite of his protest that they could take care of them themselves. A footstool was brought for his wife and was accepted without suspicion that it would be charged for, but the attendant who brought it demanded another sixpence, and finally opera glasses were handed to them and payment of another sixpence requested. Then the farmer went in search of the manager and, finding him, said in a tone of deepest disgust: "You may do what you like with these tickets. There are so many thieves in front of the house that we don't think we want to see the forty on the stage!"—London Answers.

THUNDERSTORMS.

They Kill Over 300 Persons a Year In Madagascar.

Thunderstorms never occur in the arctic regions, and even the north of Scotland very seldom suffers from such a visitation. The nearer you get to the equator the more frequent and severe are the electric manifestations. In parts of Central Africa the average of thunderous days rises to the astonishing total of 250 per annum.

Yet there are curious exceptions. In Java and Sumatra, both intensely hot climates, there are but ninety-two storms yearly, and in Borneo only fifty.

The Gold coast of Africa has only sixty a year, which is less than occur in Florida, though the latter country is outside the tropics.

In Jamaica there is a thunderstorm every day during the rainy season, which lasts for five months. These storms almost always occur between midday and 3 in the afternoon.

Perhaps the most astonishing fact with regard to thunderstorms is that the island of Mauritius, which is only 550 miles east of Madagascar, has, on an average, only one thunderstorm in eighty years. Yet in Madagascar the lightning is more destructive than anywhere else in the world, the annual death roll being over 300.—Pearson's Weekly.

Bones Stronger Than Oak.

The wonderful power of bone structure has been tested scientifically to show how that hollow bone bears strain. A very small bone, only one square millimeter (.0155 square inch) in diameter, will hold thirty-three pounds in suspension without breaking, while a piece of the best oak of the same thickness will hold up only twenty-two pounds. The bone is therefore half again as strong as the solid oak, thus showing that nature is economical in the weight given to bones, making them hollow and at the same time makes them stronger than if they were solid and much heavier. This principle has been recognized in mechanics, engineers using hollow steel tubes instead of solid to meet great strain.—New York World.

Tobacco In Vienna.

"They have a way of asking a stranger when he comes to Vienna," says a letter from that city, "'Who is the largest, the most reliable, the smallest, the best and the worst dealer in cigars and cigarettes in Vienna?' Of course the stranger does not know the answer, and the native tells him triumphantly, 'The government.' The government has the monopoly, and every person employed in a tobacco shop—they call them 'trafik'—is a government employe."

Presence of Mind.

He—Our love is opposed and we are destined to be unhappy all our lives. Let's commit suicide and die together. She—All right, darling. I couldn't live without you. He—How shall we do it? She—Don't you think ice cream ptomaines would be about the quickest way?—Burlington News.

A Bride and Her Dowry.

The first colonial mint was established in 1612, but it worked only in brass. Forty years later Massachusetts entered upon the business of coining money.

The Pine Tree shilling is not only a part of the history, but of the romance of the colonies as well. The officers of the mint, or perhaps it would be better to say the mill, from which it was issued were John Hull and Robert Saunderson. They coined for the colony, but exacted a toll for their work, just as the man who ground grain for his neighbors was wont to do. Their profits were said to be enormous, and more than once it was suggested that a new arrangement should be made. They were satisfied, however, to keep at it in the old way.

After John Hill's daughter had been married to Samuel Sewell the old mint master invited all the wedding guests into one of the rooms of his house, where he instructed his daughter to get on to an improvised platform at the end of a pair of steelyards. In a tub at the other side the old man poured Pine Tree shillings until the scales balanced. "There, Sam," he said, "take her and her dowry. It's not every bride that's worth her weight in silver."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Soft Capped Projectiles.

Many persons know that certain armor piercing shells have soft metal caps on the point, with the result of greater effectiveness over those not so provided, but the way in which the cap acts is not generally well understood. A needle may be driven into a board with a hammer when it is thrust through a cork, whereas it would break off unsupported. Many have thought that the soft cap supports the hard point of the projectile in the same way. A British authority who has given much study to the mutual action of the projectile and armor states that a shell frequently fails because of the fact that a very small piece of the point is forced back into the mass, thus splitting it. A larger piece is then similarly forced back, and so on. The main advantage of the soft cap, in the opinion of this authority, is to prevent such splitting.—Harper's Weekly.

WASHING AWAY THE LAND.

Erosion of the Drainage Basins of the United States.

Investigations by the United States geological survey of the erosion of numerous drainage basins of the United States show that the surface of the country is being removed at the average rate of about an inch in 760 years. Though this amount seems trivial when spread over the surface of the country, it becomes stupendous when considered as a total or even in separate drainage basins. The Mississippi river, for instance, carries annually to the sea 136,400,000 tons of dissolved matter and 340,500,000 tons of suspended matter, and of this total the Ohio river carries 83,350,000 tons and the Missouri river contributes more than twice as much. The Colorado river, which has built up for itself a vast delta, brings down more suspended matter than any other river in the United States, delivering annually 387 tons for each square mile of its drainage basin or a total of 100,740,000 tons.

The rivers of the United States carry to tidewater every year 270,000,000 tons of dissolved matter and 513,000,000 tons of suspended matter. This total of 783,000,000 tons represents more than 350,000,000 cubic yards of rock or 610,000,000 cubic yards of surface soil. If this erosive action had been concentrated on the isthmus of Panama at the time of American occupation it would have excavated the prism for an eighty-five foot level canal in about seventy-three days.

A FAMOUS DWARF.

Borulwaski, the Pole, Was Handsome, Scholarly and Witty.

A notable dwarf, who had a long lease of life over parts of two centuries—he was born in 1739 and died in 1837—was Boruiwaski, the Pole, of whose debut an interesting tale is told. As a boy of fifteen, when he was just one inch higher than a two foot rule, Boruiwaski was presented to the Empress Maria Theresa, who was so charmed by his good looks and grace that she seated him on her lap and gave him a hearty kiss. To the queen's question as to what he considered the most interesting sight in Vienna the dwarf replied, "What I now behold, so little a man on the lap of so great a lady." This speech rendered the little fellow a great favorite.

He became a special favorite of Stanislaus II., who took him to England and introduced him to George III., and for more than half a century Borulwaski made his home at the English court.

This dwarf, who at his tallest was a yard and three inches, had a sister whose head just reached her big brother's shoulders. Borulwaski was not only a handsome and courtly man, but a scholar of repute. He lived in five reigns, and when he died, lacking only two years of reaching the century mark, he was laid to rest in Dunham, side by side with the Falstaffian Stephen Kemble.

A Dark Smoke.

Funny thing about smoking! If a man were compelled to puff a good cigar with his eyes shut the operation would lose its zest. A man who had undergone a slight operation upon one of his eyes had to stay in a darkened room for a week with his optics bandaged. After a few days his doctor told him he could take a gentle smoke if he liked. He jumped at the chance and to his amazement found it afforded not the slightest pleasure. To be sure, men often smoke in the dark, but there's always the rosy glow of the lighted end to be seen and the faint outline of the cloud of smoke in the air. There's no more fun in a sightless smoke than a saltless egg or a kiss implanted upon your own hand. What's the psychology of it.—New York Press.

Universal Language.

He spoke his love in German—she answered not a word. In French he tried to woo her—the maiden never heard. He tried his luck in English, in Irish—all in vain; in Turkish, Greek and Latin, and in the togue of Spain.

And then an inspiration came to the anguished youth. "The universal language," he cried, "I'll try, forsooth!" He kissed the demure maiden and pressed her to his breast. She understood that language, and you can guess the rest.—Pearson's.

Thorough Mourning.

Mandy, who had just become a sorrowing widow, was sorting out several suits of black underclothes. Her friend asked in great astonishment:

"Mandy, whah fo' yoh done got them black undehga'ments?"

"'Cause when Ah mourns Ah mourns."—Everybody's Magazine.

Both Curious.

Collector—Look here, the firm I represent wants to know when you're going to settle this bill. Debtor—Could I get a job with the concern you work for? My curiosity and theirs seem to coincide.—Toledo Blade.

Praise For the Sardine.

It is encouraging in these days, when everything nice is condemned by scientific faddists as nasty, to have the high authority of the London Lancet in support of the popular theory that the sardine is of great dietetic value. The sardine is good, the Lancet tells us, because, for one thing, it encourages the consumption of oil, which tends to avoid "many ills, and especially those associated with wasting diseases and gouty dispositions." This consumption of sardine oil, it adds, "prevents the overloading of the tissues with nitrogenous waste products, and a digestible fat favors nutrition considerably. The sardine supplies also an excellent proportion (25 per cent) of nitrogenous material, and so it becomes a real and economical food. In addition to this the sardine has appetizing qualities, and where appetite serves digestion follows."

Did His Best.

The Clergyman—Do you mean to say that your wife goes to church every Sunday without you? Husband—Well, it isn't my fault. I can't persuade her to stay at home.—Stray Stories.

An Even Thing.

Mistress—Bridget, how long would you stay with me if I couldn't pay you? Maid—As long as you'd keep me if I couldn't cook, mum.—Harper's Bazar.

Immortality.

"Speaking of immortality, what's the matter with the hen?"

"Go on."

"Her son never sets."—New York Times.

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson IX.—Third Quarter, For Aug. 27, 1911.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, Jer. xxxix, 1-10. Memory Verses, 9, 10—Golden Text, Num. xxxii, 23—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

We have come to the end of the story of Judah for the time being, for when in captivity their history ceases during that period. Thus the 573 years of Acts xiii, 17-21, from the exodus to the building of the temple, perfectly agrees with the 480 of I Kings vi, 1, by subtracting the ninety-three years of the captivities in Judg. iii, iv, vi, xiii; so also the whole period of the present age of Israel's rejection of Christ, which comes in between the sixty-nine weeks and the seventieth week of Dan ix, 25-27. Every believer should lay to heart that all time spent out of fellowship with Christ is time lost.

The ten tribes had been carried captive in the ninth year of their King Hoshea, which was about the sixth year of Hezekiah, king of Judah. The Lord had borne with Judah about 130 years longer, sending them prophet after prophet and giving them such good kings as Hezekiah and Josiah, but they were incorrigible. "They mocked the messengers of God and despised His words and misused His prophets until the wrath of the Lord arose against His people till there was no remedy. Therefore He brought upon them the king of the Chaldees * * * to fulfill the word of the Lord by the mouth of Jeremiah" (II Chron. xxxvi, 15, 17, 21).

The account of this siege of Jerusalem, with the capture of Zedekiah and many of his people, is recorded in Jer iii and II Kings xxv, and more fully in those two chapters than in our lesson chapter. There were at least two very strange things in connection with this siege and the capture of Zedekiah Ezekiel was a captive in Babylon, hundreds of miles distant, and yet without telephone or telegraph or wireless he was told to note the very day the siege began and set it forth by an object lesson to the captives at Babylon (Ezek xxiv, 1-3; Jer. iii, 4). He was told to tell the captives that the king would be carried to Babylon and die there, yet he would not see Babylon (Ezek. xii, 13). This is explained by verse 7 of our lesson. The time and manner of the flight of the king and his men of war from the city, according to verse 4 of our lesson, were also seen by the prophet in Babylon and set forth before the people by an object lesson (Ezek. xii, 1-13). The capture of Zedekiah by night helps to make more real that the darkness and the light are both alike to Him with whom we have to do; that we cannot escape Him when He wants us; that it is impossible to hide from Him (Ps. cxxxix, 1-12).

We think of Jonah and his capture and second commission and also of Num. xxxii, 23, "Be sure your sin will find you out." On the other hand, consider how safe we are when God hides us. Think of Moses in a cleft of the rock with God's hand covering him, of Elijah hidden by the brook Cherith and at Zarephath and of Jeremiah and Baruch hidden from Jehoiakim! If we are true believers we may well rejoice that our life is hid with Christ in God (Col. iii, 3). From the murder of Abel to the present time and on to the time when he shall be shut up for a thousand years the devil's motto seems to be "Kill, kill!" See his dread work in verse 6 of our lesson. Yet the murder of Zedekiah's sons bears no comparison to the murder of the Son of God in the presence of Mary, His mother. These men and all others die because of their own sins. He died for the sins of the whole world.

Some were carried captive to Babylon for their good, like Daniel and his friends, Ezekiel and others, but Zedekiah and his companions were carried captive as a reproach and a proverb, a taunt and a curse. This was shown to Jeremiah in the vision of the two baskets of figs (Jer. xxiv). It is not true concerning every one that "all is for the best," but it is true concerning all who are redeemed by precious blood; that all things are for their good that they may become in their daily life more like Jesus Christ (Rom. viii).

So the city was taken and burned, and the walls were broken down and the people carried into captivity for seventy years, as the Lord had predicted by Jeremiah (chapter xxix, 10). The mountains remained as before, and it is written, "As the mountains (not the walls) are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about His people from henceforth even forever."

The captain of the guard left in the land some of the poor of the people who had nothing and gave them vineyards and fields (verse 10), reminding us of Zeph. iii, 12, "I will also leave in the midst of thee an afflicted and poor people, and they shall trust in the name of the Lord." One feature of the coming kingdom will be kings' special care of and favor to the poor and the needy (Ps. lxxii, 1-4, 12, 13).

Jeremiah was still a prisoner when the city was taken (xxxviii, 28), but the captain of the guard (the chief of the executioners—margin verse 9) received orders from the king of Babylon to look well to him, do him no harm, but do whatever Jeremiah might desire (verses 11, 12; chapter xl, 2-5). Thus was fulfilled the Lord's promise to Jeremiah in chapter i, 19, "I am with thee, saith the Lord, to deliver thee."

Odd Marriage Notices.

Here are some quaint old time marriage notices that have been dug up by the Springfield Union:

In Bozrah, August, 1819, Mr. John Bate of Williamstown, Mass., to Miss Mary Ann Bass of the former place, after a courtship of one hour.

Is not this angling well, I ask,
Such tender bait to take?
He caught in one small hour a Bass.
The Bass, though, caught the Bate.

Married, at Bridgewater, Dec. 16, 1788, Captain Thomas Baxter of Quincy, aged sixty-six, to Miss Whitman of the former place, aged fifty-eight years, after a long and tedious courtship of forty-eight years, which they both sustained with uncommon fortitude.

In Boston, April, 1821, by the Rev. William Sabine, Joseph Willicut to Miss Susan Whitmarsh, after a tedious courtship of thirteen days, and but thirty-five days after the death of his former wife.

The best way, it seems, a deep sorrow to smother,
For the loss of a wife is—to marry another.

Sure It Was His Wife.

Three o'clock was the very earliest the man could get up to the store, so his wife asked him to meet her then.

"I don't know in what department I shall be at that time," she said, "but just before 3 I will telephone to the clerk at the information bureau near the main entrance, and if you will just step over and ask him he will tell you where I am."

At two minutes past 3 the man sought information as to the whereabouts of his wife.

"I have a message," said the clerk, "from a woman who said her husband would inquire for her about 3 o'clock. Maybe it is for you. She said to tell you that she has gone to Blank's store, over on Sixth avenue, to finish her shopping because the clerks in this store are impudent, the place is ill ventilated and she couldn't find anything she wanted here anyhow and never has been able to find anything here and this is positively the last time she will ever try to find anything here. Of course that might have been your wife"—

"Oh, yes," said the man; "that was her all right."—New York Sun.

Cochineal Insects.

Before many years cochineal scarlet will have become a thing of history only, like the Tyrian purple of antiquity. That is the conclusion of M. Leon Diguet, who has been studying the state of the cochineal industry in Mexico. The first specimens of cochineal were taken to Europe by the Spanish adventurers in the sixteenth century. The Indians had cultivated the coccus cacti, from which the color is derived in pre-Columbian times, and after the Spanish conquest the industry developed rapidly. The city of Oaxaca was the center of the cochineal country in the days of Humboldt, but only a few plantations of the nopal cactus, on which the insects are fed, now remain. The female insects only are used to form a dye, and they are gathered by brushing the branches of the nopal as soon as they begin to lay their eggs. They are then desiccated in ovens or killed with boiling water.

Duel With Horsewhips.

A novel but brutal form of duel between two carters took place at Baja, Hungary. Being both in love with the daughter of the farmer who employed them, they decided to fight for her with their heavy horsewhips, the girl agreeing to act as umpire and accept the winner. In order to insure that there should be no running away, they first fastened themselves to two posts in the ground. The girl gave the signal to begin, and the two men, who were stripped to the waist, began to belabor each other with such fury that long bleeding welts soon covered their faces, arms and bodies. Unable to bear the horrible sight, the girl ran away for help. When she came back with some of the neighbors they found the two men lying on the ground covered with blood and exhausted. The duel was declared a draw.

A Luscious Morsel.

A speaker at a literary dinner in New York said:

"He who writes for posterity can only expect the approval of posterity. To his own generation his work will be as unpalatable as German carp—and you know the recipe for cooking German carp?

"No? Well, then, this is it:

"Catch a German carp in a stagnant and muddy stream. Clean it immediately and hang it in the sun three days to dry. After it is thoroughly dried nail it to a spruce board and cover it with a paste of salt and mud. Let it stand two days longer. Now bake it forty-eight hours. Remove the nails, scrape off the salt and mud paste carefully and then eat the board—never eat the carp."

Why the Head of a Lion.

A custom there is in most parts of Europe to adorn aqueducts, spouts and cisterns with lions' heads, which though no illaudable ornament, is of an Egyptian genealogy, who practiced the same under a symbolical illation. For because the sun being in Leo, the flood of Nilus was at the full and water became conveyed into every part, they made the spouts of their aqueducts through the head of a lion. —Sir Thomas Browne, "Vulgar Errors."

Eskimo Beliefs.

Eskimos believe that earth and air are filled with spirits. The one drags men into the earth by the feet, from which they never emerge, the other strikes men dead, leaving no mark. They often stop and listen and say that Tuna of the wind is passing by, imagining that the air is full of voices.

Lawyers on a Strike.

Over 300 years ago one of the most unusual strikes ever recorded took place in Paris, when all the lawyers walked out, so to speak. A law or ordonnance was issued and promulgated by the French king Henry III., ordering all lawyers to sign their pleadings and to state the amount they were charging their clients for their services. This was done so that the lawyers could be properly and sufficiently taxed on their income. The lawyers objected, and the strike, causing an entire stay of judicial proceedings, followed. Peace was restored by the nonenforcement of the ordonnance, though it was not repealed.

The Better Job.

The Inquisitive Guest—I suppose, now, you would like to get a job in a restaurant patronized by millionaires where you'd get big tips. The Obsequious Waiter—No, sir. I'd rather have a job in a restaurant where fourflushers on $12 a week salaries bring the girls they are trying to make a hit with.—Toledo Blade.

Work and Worry.

"Worry wears out more people than work does," said the ready made philosopher.

"Of course it does," replied Mr. Growcher, "for the simple reason that so many of us would rather put in our time worrying about work than doing it."—Washington Star.

Violent Language.

First Deaf Mute—So when he heard the report he got furious about it. Second Deaf Mute—Furious! Why, he was so mad that the words he used almost blistered his fingers. — Exchange.

Curious.

Mayme—Sure I used to go with him. Did you tell him I was going to be married? Grayce—I sure did. Mayme—Did he ask how soon? Grayce—No; he asked how long.—Toledo Blade.

My liberty leaves off where the rights of another begin.—Victor Hugo.

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Old Time Trade Signs.

On nearly all street corners even in the largest metropolis of Europe may be found relics of the middle ages and of the earliest times. Take, for instance, the wooden image of a shoe, which every cobbler hangs out above his door. It goes back for its origin to the Rome of the pre-Christian era. In the ruins of the lava buried cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii many shop signs of stone and terra cotta have been discovered, the forerunners of those that for centuries adorned the highways not only of Europe, but of the new world. Among them was the emblem of the shoemaker's trade, a Cupid carrying a dainty pair of women's shoes. But the Romans did not stop there. They used the image of a goat to indicate the dairies, that of a mule driving a mill to point out the bakers' shops and a bush of evergreen to direct the thirsty traveler to a tavern. This particular sign gave rise to the English proverb, "Good wine needs no bush."

The View From an Aeroplane.

It is a great surprise to the uninitiated to see how uniform the surface of the earth appears when viewed from a great altitude. Although individual objects are hard to identify, such things as rivers, lakes and railroads are easily recognized by their contour, direction or some slight individuality or characteristic which can readily be shown upon a map, especially if the maps are made or corrected by men who fly above the earth and get an accurate and literal bird's-eye view of its surface. Objects which seem to loom up with the greatest clearness to one standing on the surface of the earth appear very different and quite insignificant when viewed from above, while a patch of colored soil which would not be noticed at all by a person standing on the ground is a most valuable landmark to the air sailor. — Columbian Magazine.

Jumping Cocoons.

Many visitors to the southwestern states and Mexico have amused themselves by watching the queer motions of "jumping beans," the seed vessels of a plant, each of which contain the pupa of an insect whose spasmodic movements cause the bean to hop and roll about.

More remarkable are the "jumping cocoons" found in South Africa. The cocoon is formed by the mother insect and is very hard. The pupa when ready to emerge must cut its way out. The front of its head has a sharp, chisel-like edge, and by driving this against the inside of the shell it gradually makes a hole. The violent motions of the pupa within cause the cocoon to leap so that one has been seen to spring out of a small glass tumbler. —St. Louis Republic.

Saved Storage Charges.

Young men with meager salaries evolve financial makeshifts abhorrent to the moral and physical sensibilities of their opulent elders. Said one young sprig of boarding house gentility to another who expected to seek new quarters upon his return from a two months' trip on the road:

"What are you going to do with all this personal truck that is cluttering up your room? It will cost you anyhow a dollar a month for storage."

"Not the way I am working things," said the man who was going away. "I have purposely refrained from paying board for four weeks, and the landlady will hold my stuff. Of course I shall square up when I come back and get it again, and in the meantime she will give it free storage."—New York Times.

The Division.

He—So young March and his father are carrying on the business? She—Yes. The old man runs the business, while young March does the carrying on.—New York Globe.

The most changeable things in the world are the course of waters and the humor of women.—Pittacus.

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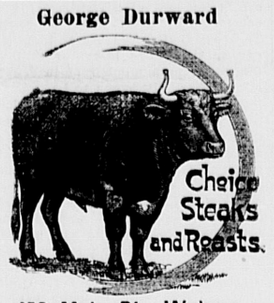
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For North, direct, 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
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35	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
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36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Mishawum Road and Washington St.
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An Instructor In Painting

A Tale of Orr's Island

By TOM F. BROWN

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During the summer of 19— Constance Phillips, an art student chose the coast of Maine for a field in which to paint pictures. There is an island on that coast which has been made preeminent among its neighbors by a celebrated authoress, who located one of her stories there. Harriet Beecher Stowe's "Pearl of Orr's Island" has been read by millions of her fellow countrymen, thus familiarizing them with at least the name of the locality.

Miss Phillips, being alone, stopped at a small hotel near the house in which Mrs. Stowe wrote her story. In the morning after breakfast she would take her artist's paraphernalia and start out in search of a scene to transfer to canvas. But she found nothing of the marine order that pleased her more than the view looking eastward from the lower end of the island. Descending an incline, she found herself just above a rocky shore overlooking a strip of Casco bay. There she set up her easel and, embracing in her subject a bit of the rocks and a bit of the ocean, began her work.

Constance painted all the morning, but unfortunately her ability to transfer to canvas what she saw was not of a high order. Like many aspirants for success in art, she felt it, but was unable to express it. What she had placed on the canvas disappointed her. She was looking at her work ruefully when she heard a step behind her and, turning, saw a man descending through the wild grass and weeds. As he passed her he lifted his cap and, casting a glance at her picture, paused, looking from it to its subject.

"You have selected quite an attractive view," he said. "Your discrimination in this respect is proved by your having chosen the best there is here."

"I fear it is all discrimination," said Constance, viewing her work lugubriously.

"You mean that you are not gifted with the artistic touch?"

"I fear I am not."

"A good deal depends upon that which for the want of a better word I shall call the trickery of art. There are all sorts of methods of producing effects which, though in themselves mechanical, tend to successful painting. Judging from this bit of work, I fancy you have something to learn in this respect."

"Lots."

"For instance, this bit of rocky cliff is depicted against that wood across the water. The cliff is of a dark brown, the wood a dark green, two dark substances, the one directly behind the other. You must make one of them of a different shade from what it is. The rock, being in the foreground, is the most important. You have got its color to perfection. The wood, being distant, would bear more blending with its neighboring objects. It will bear lightening, which will darken the rock."

Constance mixed some colors on her palette, gave the wood beyond the rock a dab and was quite pleased with the improvement. The rock stood out boldly, while the wood appeared at its proper distance.

"Are you a teacher of art?" she asked.

"I have taught art, but I do not teach now. I am interested at present in regaining my physical strength, which is somewhat run down."

Constance noticed that he was pale and thin. His eyes, which were large and expressive at any time, seemed more so in his invalid condition. She thanked him for his suggestion and, removing her canvas, folded her easel and her stool, put her palette and paint in her box and was starting away when the stranger said:

"Have you to carry those things far?"

"To the village, about a mile up the island."

"Do you come back to paint this afternoon?"

"I expect to."

"Then it is not necessary that you should lug them both ways. I have a shack on the crest, between here and the road, and you can leave them there."

"That would indeed be a saving of labor."

He took up a part of her belongings while she carried the rest, and they walked together up a little path to one of those summer cottages containing only beds, chairs and cheap tableware which city folk rent either for a few weeks in summer or for "the season." There was a broad porch on three sides of it, and its occupant, setting down the artist's materials on the porch, said:

"They may remain here till you return in the afternoon, and if you don't come again today I will take them inside and keep them for you till you need them."

"You are very kind," Constance replied. "Do you live here all alone?"

"For the present. I go back to the city early in September."

"I will relieve you of my belongings about 3 o'clock this afternoon."

"If it is not necessary that you work all day I would advise you not to do so."

"Why?"

"Well"—he looked up at the sky for a reason and found one—"in the morning we are fresh and can do our best work. Besides, when we have just finished a bit of work we are liable to either undervalue or overvalue it. If you leave what you have done this morning without looking at it till tomorrow you will be able to put a much better estimate upon it than now, just after working upon it."

"And if I leave it here I can't see it, can I?"

"No, you can't. And in the morning when you are fresh you will know just what it requires. You see, the course I advise is beneficial in more ways than one."

Constance left him and, striking a disused road through the pines, walked away toward Harpswell village. After dinner instead of going back to her work she took a siesta and later a tour of observation in search of objects to transfer to canvas.

The next morning was clear and crisp. Constance walked to the cottage where she had left her belongings and, approaching, saw her easel set up on the north porch and her picture resting on it. She was far better pleased with what she had done than she had been the day before. Just then the stranger came out, and she said to him:

"You are an admirable teacher. Last evening I was disposed to throw my work into the fire. This morning I am very well satisfied with it."

"Perhaps it is because you see it through rested eyes."

Constance took her picture down to the position she had occupied the day before and began her day's work. She was again disappointed. It seemed to her when noon came that her picture looked much as it had done the day before. She carried it up to the stranger's cottage. He saw her coming and went out to meet her.

"I fear that I have spoiled it," she said to him. "This morning it was fine; now it is worse than it was yesterday."

"Put it away from you again," he said, "till tomorrow morning."

"I will leave it with you till tomorrow morning if you will kindly keep it, but I know that during the day I have injured it rather than improved it. I am heartsick over it." Growing confidential: "I am very poor and have hoped soon to be able to make my living in this way. If the more work I put on a picture the worse it is, what chance is there for me?"

"We must all meet discouragement," he replied, "but when we are in its toils there is a kind fairy called rest that unwinds them, and when we are refreshed we take hold again with renewed vigor."

So Constance left her picture with her new found friend, went to her room and lounged the rest of the day. In the morning she found her picture again set up in an advantageous light, and again her dissatisfaction with it of the day before was changed to comfort.

Day after day Constance worked on her picture, every morning comforted by its appearing to her to be improved from what it was the day before, every noon fearful lest she had lost more than she had gained. The stranger taught her many a "trick," as he called it, by which objects were brought to their relative position and striking effects produced. One thing she knew—taken altogether, the picture was really growing into something beautiful. She believed that what she was doing was due entirely to a subtle influence her instructor exerted over here.

During this time the summer was fading into autumn. The water and the sky took on a cold hue, and the cottage residents of Orr's island began to return to their permanent homes. Constance finished her painting and was delighted with it. She was surprised at her talent.

Constance's instructor told her that if she would take her picture to a prominent art dealer in Boston he thought she would get a good price for it. He said he would meet her there on a certain date and introduce her. On the day named she took her work to the store, but her instructor failed to meet her. She showed the dealer the picture, and he studied it carefully.

"Did you paint it?" he asked.

"Certainly. Why to you ask that?"

"Because I would have sworn that was a Frank Elliot."

Taking up a small microscope, he brought it to bear on a lower corner.

"It is an Elliot," he said.

"What do you mean?" exclaimed the astonished Constance.

The dealer handed her the microscope, and she brought it to bear on the picture. There she saw "F. Elliot del."

"Who is Frank Elliot?" she asked.

"Our principal American marine painter just at present."

"Where does he live?"

"Nowhere. He's been trying to regain his health at Orr's island, I believe."

Constance was dumfounded.

"What value do you place upon the picture?" she asked.

The dealer pondered a few moments, then said:

"It is worth about $1,200."

"Goodness gracious!" exclaimed the girl, her breath quite taken away.

At that moment Constance's instructor walked into the shop.

"Hello, Elliot," said the dealer. "Been trying to fool me again, have you? You can't do it. I'd know your work in a dungeon."

The sequel to this story is very brief and very prosaic. Frank Elliot and Constance his wife, now in summer occupy the cottage at Orr's island, where he painted the picture.

PILLMAKING CRABS.

Queer Way These Tiny Creatures Get Their Food From the Sand.

Curious little crabs, mostly about the size of a pea, are found in abundance on the shores of the Malay peninsula. They are usually first perceived on the beaches after the going down of the tide, when they give the beach the appearance of being covered with loose, powdery sand and holes of various sizes. Upon looking more closely it is perceived that little radiating paths converge among the litter of sand to each hole and that the sand itself is in minute balls.

At the approach of an observer there immediately becomes apparent a peculiar "twinkle," which is nothing else than the simultaneous and rapid retreat of a multitude of the tiny crabs into their holes.

Should one who is watching these curious little creatures take up his position by one of their holes and remain perfectly motionless they will in time come out, when he will be enabled to see them at work.

Coming cautiously to the mouth of the hole, the crab will reconnoiter a bit, and when satisfied that no enemy is near it will venture about its own length from its lurking place. Then, rapidly taking up particles of sand in its claws, it will deposit them in a groove beneath the thorax.

As it does so a little ball of sand is rapidly projected as through its mouth. This it seizes with one claw and deposits on one side, proceeding in this manner until the smooth beach is covered with little pellets or pills corresponding in size to its own dimensions. This is evidently its method of extracting particles of food from the sand.—Harper's Weekly.

AN IRISH LEGEND.

The Foxes Mourn When a Head of the Gormanston Family Dies.

"Among the oldest families in Ireland are the Gormanstons. It is said that when the head of the house dies and for some days before the foxes leave all the neighboring coverts and collect at the door of the castle. This strange phenomenon," writes E. T. Humphries in the National Review, "occurred when the twelfth Viscount Gormanston died in 1860 and again in 1876, when the thirteenth viscount shook off this mortal coil. The fourteenth holder of the title died in 1907. Inquiry was then made to test the truth or otherwise of the weird legend.

"The son, in a letter published in the New Irish Review, stated that when in the chapel watching his father's remains prior to burial he heard noises outside as of a dog sniffing at the door. Upon opening it there was a full grown fox close to the steps and several more around the church. The coachman confirms the presence of the foxes; so does another family retainer.

"The daughter of the thirteenth successor wrote saying that upon the illness of her father the foxes sat in pairs under the bedroom windows, howling and barking all night, and if driven away returned.

"The family crest is a running fox, and a fox is one of the supporters of the family arms."

His Thoughtful Wife.

"I hate to boast," said a Cleveland lawyer, "but my wife is one of the most economical women in the world. The other day she told me she needed a new suit. I said she ought to have it, by all means, but asked her not to spend a big bunch of money without letting me know about it. Well, the next day she said: 'The tailor said he couldn't make that suit for less than $150. I thought it was too much, but told him to go ahead.'

"'Well, I suppose it is all right,' I said, 'but why didn't you consult me first?'

"'Why, dearie, I didn't want to spend car fare for two visits.'

"I tell you, it's these little economies that count, eh?"—Cleveland Press.

Pay of French Ministers.

Ministers in France are not so well paid as in England. All members of the French cabinet receive the same salary, £2,400 a year, and as they have to forfeit the allowance of £600 which they receive as senators or deputies their net annual gain through taking office is only £1,800. It is true they are provided with official residences, furnished, heated and lighted at the public expense. Their tenure of office is, however, so precarious that they can never venture to let their private residences, so they save nothing under the head of rent.—London Chronicle.

The Oxidization of Brass.

Brass when immersed in a hot solution consisting of one-half ounce of golden sulphuret of antimony and four ounces of caustic soda in each gallon of water becomes oxidized with a pleasing brown shade. The shade becomes darker if the metal is immersed in a dilute solution of sulphate of copper, used cold, about four to eight ounces to the gallon. Several immersions in the same manner give deeper brown tones.

Felt So Small.

Boggs—Did you get in all right last night? Woggs—Oh, yes. Boggs—Then the doors wern't locked, as you feared? Woggs—Indeed they were, but my wife yelled at me as I was coming up the steps, so I crawled in through the letter slot.—Puck.

He who has truth in his heart need never fear the want of persuasion on his tongue.—Ruskin.

As One Sees It.

"Jones grumbles that his wife can't take a joke."

"That's funny, seems to me."

"How so?"

"She took Jones."—Judge.

His Standing.

"Is Julia's suitor a man of birth?"

"Sure he's a man of berth. He's a Pullman car conductor."—Baltimore American.

THE USE OF TOBACCO.

Cut It Out One Day Each Week Is the Advice of a Doctor.

If a man who uses tobacco will give it up for one day each week he will keep himself from becoming a "tobacco fiend." This is the advice of a well known doctor, who says that quite a number of men, including himself, have adopted this plan.

"By leaving off tobacco for one day a week you give your system time to get rid of the effects of the drug," he said.

"You will then enjoy your tobacco far more, too, because you have become unaccustomed to the flavor, and it is therefore more enjoyable when you resume smoking.

"The effect of tobacco is a general sedative action on the nervous system, which diminishes the power of taste and smell. That is why tea tasters seldom or never smoke.

"Leave it off for a day, and the sense of taste recovers. Not only that, but leaving off tobacco for one day voluntarily breaks the tobacco habit, exercises the self control and prevents one from becoming a slave to the habit.

"Slaves to the tobacco habit suffer from irritable hearts, loss of appetite for breakfast, eye trouble, sometimes going as far as blindness, chronic catarrh of the throat and nervous depression."—New York American.

STUYVESANT'S LOST LEG.

Doubt as to Which It Was Shown In Paintings and Statues.

There is no doubt Peter Stuyvesant had a wooden leg. The histories tell of how he stomped about the streets of New Yleuw Amsterdam, leaving a dot and dash trail in the road like a Morse code. But there is one point on which historians seem perplexed—or it may be that the readers of history are unobserving—which leg had the good Peter lost?

In the Wall street section those who roam may see at least five representations of the late lamented governor of the Dutch colony. Three of these are painted on the panels of signs, and two are statues, like Peter's leg, made of wood.

One of the statues and two of the paintings represent the governor wearing a chair leg attached to his right nether limb, while in the others painters and sculptors have chosen to represent that it was his left leg he had lost.

All show the leg bedecked with ribbon bows, and all show him as a benign individual—not at all in keeping with the character given him by the historians in question—wearing knickerbockers and a felt chapeau and offering a roll of manuscript to whomsoever looks.—New York Times.

London Through the Ages.

The occupation of the site of London dates back much farther than most readers are aware. The city that Julius Caesar found occupied a site which had been inhabited for unnumbered thousands of years. It is now known that during paleolithic and neolithic times—the two great divisions of the stone age—man dwelt on the site of London, but it first became the settlement of a community at the opening of the historic age, when it was a stronghold of the Celts. The remains of its Roman period are the finest of the kind in Great Britain. The Anglo-Saxon and Danish periods are finely represented, and even later periods, such as the Tudor, furnish relics that have been buried by that strange process of superincumbent growth which makes the soil under a great city resemble the fossiliferous strata of geology.—Youth's Companion.

Bathing an Elephant.

The elephant's bath takes a week to carry out in every detail. It requires the services of three men, and it costs $300. This treatment is necessary for a circus elephant, and if the animal is a valuable one the proprietor of the circus does not consider the money wasted. The first process consists in going over the immense body with the best soap procurable; 150 pounds of soap is used, and the elephant's ears are especially carefully attended to. When the soaping and drying are completed the elephant is well sandpapered and after that rubbed all over with the purest Indian oil until the mouse gray skin is supple and glistening. This last touch is the most expensive part of the bath, as $150 has to be spent on the oil alone.—Philadelphia Record.

EUGENIE'S ESCAPE.

How the Empress Got Out of France After Sedan.

As soon as the hot headed citizens of Paris learned in September, 1870, that their emperor, Napoleon III., had surrendered to the Prussians at Sedan these Parisians rose in a riotous mob and made posthaste for the Tuileries. They were armed and after royal blood and plunder. The empress had to flee for her life. Assisted by the Austrian and Italian ministers, she made a hurried flight from the palace, but found the mob ahead of her in the garden; back again and then out by a secret way into a side street, where they entered a carriage. A street gamin recognized the empress here, but the shouting of the mob was so great that the boy's cry of warning was not heeded.

Once the carriage was stopped by a mob, but the party alighted and managed to escape. Finding themselves near the residence of Dr. Evans, the American dentist, they took refuge there, and the doctor took upon himself the responsibility of Empress Eugenie's safety. The empress put on a dress belonging to Mrs. Evans and, with Mme. Breton, her friend, was driven by Dr. Evans to the suburbs. Dr. Evans explained that the women were a patient and her attendant whom he was taking to a sanitarium. Two days later the fugitives reached a coast town, whence they escaped to England.

RACE FOR A THIEF

Wild Chase Through the Streets In the Heart of London.

A DETECTIVE'S QUICK WORK.

The Police Officer Was Not Only Rapid Himself, but Compelled an Unsuspecting Bystander to Join In the Mad Flight and Capture.

In defending the London police from charges of incompetence a contributor to Blackwood's Magazine narrates an incident in which he figured a few years ago, when he accompanied his wife to a Bond street jeweler's, where she went in to match some pearls and have some gems reset, he awaiting her on the street, where he smoked his cigar. He says:

"I noticed three well dressed men go into the shop and several women, when suddenly one of the well dressed men came out through the glass doors of the shop and pushed rapidly past me as he turned up the street. At the same moment I was seized violently by the arm by a milkman who had been arranging his cans on his handcart just in front of the shop.

"'Quick, governor!' he shouted. 'After him or we lose him! Look; he's passed the bag to a pal!'

"Now, for the life of me I cannot tell you what impelled me. I'm not the kind of man that you can picture tearing up Bond street in the wake of an agitated milkman. But there was something in the grip that man took of my arm that impelled me, so that I threw away my cigar and ran after the man with the bag neck and neck with the milkman, who exhorted me to continue in my efforts by shouting:

"'Throw a leg, governor! If we lose him we lose him forever!'

"We tore up Conduit street. I don't know what the passersby thought. I had no time to think of them. When we reached Regent street our quarry dived into the traffic like a frog into a mill race. We went in after him. How I missed being knocked down I don't know. The milkman took the same risks. We were across almost as soon as the man and sped after him. I don't know what streets we doubled down. I know that at this period it flashed across my mind that I was making a conspicuous ass of myself. Here I was racing down the slums of Soho at the bidding of a strange milkman, who never stopped in his exhortations to me.

"'Keep it up and we'll get him!'

"Our quarry doubled and tacked, but we stuck to him till just as we were pacing down the very worst looking street of the lot he suddenly slipped into a low house, of which the door was open. My milkman never lost a second. He whispered hoarsely in my ear:

"'Stop here, governor, and grab the first person as comes out of that house, no matter who he is! I know the way behind.'

"In a flash he was gone. He had nipped down an alleyway and disappeared. I felt a real fool, and the whole folly of my action rushed in upon me. I had left my wife stranded in a shop in Bond street. I had lost my hat and my stick, and here I was in an almost deserted street, standing outside a door waiting with orders from a strange man to grab the first person that came out of it. In two seconds more I would have left the place and gone to the nearest hatter, a wiser and chastened man. But just at that moment a boy of about fifteen came out of the door. My milkman must have left his spell upon me, for I immediately threw my arms around him.

"'Lemme go, governor!' he shouted. 'I ain't done nuffin' to you!'

"He struggled hard, and the more he struggled the more I felt impelled to hold him. And then suddenly, as if by magic, two policemen appeared on the scene and seized my boy for me. My milkman, wreathed in smiles, appeared in the doorway from which the boy had just come, saying blithely and quite respectfully:

"'You've done that very well, sir. We've got the other two inside.' He then added, 'I'll just put my hands over this young feller.'

"He took off the boy's battered hat, and out of the lining came a roll of £80 in Bank of England notes. He then went through the boy's clothes and produced out of his socks a pair of ruby and diamond earrings which, to my astonishment, I saw were the very gewgaws that my wife had taken with her to have reset. The detective, for my milkman was nothing less, then pinched the boy's ear and said:

"'Where's the lady's bag?'

"'In the yard, sir,' he answered sulkily enough.

"The milkman retrieved it, and, sure enough, it was my wife's bag.

"'But,' I said to the detective, 'how did you know that I was connected with the lady who owns this bag?'

"'It's our business to know a few things,' he said. 'But if you hadn't been game to run we should have lost the lot. We were only just in time.'

"We left the boy and the two men in the house in the custody of constables and took a cab back to Bond street, and here the strangest part of the story comes in. We found my wife still discussing her pearls with the jeweler, quite unconscious of the fact that her bag was gone."

What is not good for the swarm is not good for the bee.—Marcus Aurelius.

Too Low Down.

"Why don't you name your mule, Uncle Jackson?"

"Ain't no name ornery 'nough to fit dis mewl, suh."—Buffalo Express.

Dangerous Moonlight.

Moonlight most intense sometimes causes sore eyes in Cuba, and the natives navigate and perambulate with umbrella and parasuna.

The Woburn Journal

Telephone 55.
Residence 280.

FRIDAY, SEPT. 1, 1911

TIMELY WORDS.

Dr. Seth W. Kelley of Wyman Green, this city, is the Dean of the Woburn medical profession. The people have confidence in his ability and integrity.

Commenting on the presence of "Infantile Paralysis" here Dr. Kelley made statements calculated to allay the fears, anxieties, and excitement caused by the professional action of an agent of the State Board of Health who was sent here as an expert to investigate the matter on the utterly unnecessary summons of some of our city Doctors reinforced by the alarming stories scattered abroad.

In the year 1907 Dr. Kelley filed with the Woburn Board of Health the first report of a case of the kind ever received by that Board. In 1911 he filed the first report of a case examined since the return of the disease to this city. It prevailed here prior to 1907 just as it always has; but no Doctor of reputable professional standing ever considered it contagious, or that reports of it to Boards of Health were necessary; nor did State or City Boards of Health so regard it.

Dr. Kelley was familiar with the disease and constantly treated cases long before any respectable medical authority deemed it contagious.

Last Saturday Dr. Kelley said to a newspaper reporter:

In his opinion the condition and number of cases in Woburn at the present time are very much exaggerated, and that needless fears have been aroused regarding the spread of the disease by contagion. He cited one of his cases in support of this and said:

The patient was visited by members of the family and friends during her illness, without question, and so far as known, no other case developed from it, supporting the generally accepted opinion that it is not a contagious disease in the generally accepted sense of the term.

The Doctor, who is careful in his speech when discussing medical subjects, also, told the reporter that, in his opinion, many of the cases of illness among children which have been pronounced infantile paralysis, are not this disease at all.

TO SWING AROUND THE CIRCLE.

In a few weeks President Taft is to start out on a Presidential speechmaking tour through the West preparatory to the campaign of 1912. It will be lengthy.

It is reported that he will announce the principal planks in the platform to be adopted at the Republican National convention to be held at Chicago next summer, and his speech at the National Encampment of the G. A. R. at Rochester, N.Y., last week seemed to warrant such a conclusion.

President Taft appears to be confident of a renomination, and in this he is undoubtedly correct; but the election will be an entirely different matter.

Last week the late T. R. put a stop to further talk about being a candidate next year for President; so, our friend Taft may have no fears from that quarter. And he, also, is getting more mellow, it is said, towards "The Interest" and working into their good graces.

In the meantime the President is enjoying life playing golf at Beverly.

ON THE JUMP.

A report was current on the streets Wednesday that Speaker Joseph H. Walker of the Massachusetts House of Representatives likewise a candidate for Governor, met a few friends here on Tuesday evening, Aug. 29, and talked matters political with them. The matters aforesaid concerned especially his prospects for the Republican nomination for Governor, for which he has two strong competitors—Rep. Norman B. White of Brookline, and Lieutenant Governor Frothingham. What the Woburn Republicans said to Speaker Walker we are not able to report.

In his canvas the Speaker pours phials of wrath impartially on the heads of Governor Foss and the Republican "Machine," as he calls the State Committee, both of which parties, he says, are working against him. Rep. White makes the same complaint,

With the Republican State Committee in favor of Frothingham, if such be the case, it looks as though Walker and White stand a poor show for the nomination.

☞ Possibly Griffin Place, Esq., a prominent real estate and insurance agent of this city, may be a candidate for Mayor this fall. Some of the straws seem to be blowing in that direction. There are people who think his recently published letter points that way, too. Mr. Place would make an ideal Mayor, and we doubt very much if the city could do any better than to elect him next December. He has the intelligence and integrity to make a firstclass Chief Executive for Woburn.

THE CANDIDATES.

Only three candidates in Woburn have taken out nomination papers for Representative to the Legislature of 1912.

Of course, one of the trio will be elected, for only a person who has taken out papers according to the law of direct nominations can be voted for at the November election, and the time for filing such papers expired on Aug. 26.

The gentlemen who have filed papers are Charles M. Strout of Montvale Avenue, and Henry L. Andrews of Burlington street; both as Republicans; and Representative Joe Henry Parker, Jr., for reelection as a Democrat.

In the case of Parker there will be no contest; but that between Strout and Andrews is likely to be a warm one.

THE PRIMARIES

For the nomination of candidates for office from Governor down to Representative to the Mass Legislature are to be held on Sept. 26, or three weeks from next Tuesday.

The only Woburn candidates who have filed nomination papers are Charles M. Strout, Henry L. Andrews and Joe Henry Parker.

☞ It is expected that Mayor Murray will decline another nomination for the office of Mayor if one should be tendered him this fall, which is quite doubtful. His present administration has not been a monumental success, and his personal friends, fearing defeat, will advise him not to run for another term. They see many potent reasons for such a course, the chief being his inability to pull through. His opponents, on the other hand, would be able to present strong reasons for his defeat.

☞ The gypsy and browntail moths have got to go now—sure pop! After 3 years of search and expenditure of vast sums of money the Mass. B. and G. Moth Commission have found a parasite in Italy that will knock the moths higher than Gilroy hung his bacon, provided it comes up to the manifesto. An experiment with a recent invoice of parasites is being tried at Melrose Highlands, and if they survive our cold New England winter the gs and b ts are goners.

☞ The JOURNAL suggested the other day that cheeseparing was not always true economy, and cited the Mayor's veto of an appropriation for schoolhouse repairs. We did not imagine that our objection to his veto would have any effect; but last Tuesday evening the City Council passed the order over the veto, and the School Board get the needed money for the repairs.

☞ Rev. William March, Missionary of the American Board in Turkey, son of the late Daniel March, D. D., Pastor Emeritus of the First Congregational church of Woburn, visited here last week. He is in America on a year's furlough. His family are with his wife's relatives in Ohio.

☞ Next Monday, Sept. 4, is Labor Day, a legal holiday. Gentlemen, are you ready for the question?

☞ Going to Boston next Monday to see the Labor Day parade? A great time is expected.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements

L. F. Bond—Citation.
Dauchy Co.—Seven Barks.
Edison Elec. Ill. Co.—Light.

— There was another powerful rain storm on Tuesday. It set in about 2 o'clock A. M.

— The Ladies Aid Society of the Methodist church are to give an entertainment and supper on Oct. 25, 26.

— The R has reappeared in the names of the mouths, and the ban on clams and oysters is off. Pitch in, boys!

— We have been informed lately that the scholars are not feeling hilarious over the near opening of our public schools.

— This is Friday, Sept. 1, and on next Tuesday, Sept. 5, or next day after Labor Day, the reign of the Dog Star will end for 1911.

— We understand that the public schools in this city are to reopen on Thursday, Sept. 7. The statement is not vouched for by the JOURNAL

— Mr. Fred Stanley, proprietor of the famous old Boston Branch grocery of this city, and wife have got home from a delightful vacation outing.

— Co. G (Woburn), 5th Regt., M. V. M., went off rifle shooting at Wakefield last Saturday. They say that this Co. contains some of the best shots in the State.

— The morning songs of the crows in the groves of Myrtle street, seconded by the lowing of the kine on the green, are pleasing to ears attuned to sweet sounds.

— The great game of ball which was to have been played on Library Field, this city last Saturday was abandoned on account of the "Infantile Paralysis" excitement here.

— Mrs. Julia P. Lewis of Illinois, who has been visiting people here several weeks left last Saturday for Maine to see friends in her native town and other places in Somerset County.

— The Fowle Kindred Association are to hold their annual reunion at North Reading next Monday. Mr. Elmore A. Pierce, Historian of the Association, will read a paper.

— On next Monday morning, Labor Day, two strong ball teams, the North Woburns and Winchesters, are to play a game on Library Park, this city. It will doubtless attract a big crowd of spectators.

— It is Mayor Murray's son who manages the leather factory on Monroe street, for the removal of which the people have petitioned the Board of Health. It will have to go, if the people have their say about it.

— The first song of the Katydid in 1911 was listened to with pleasure about Wednesday evening, Aug. 23, which means that the first frost may be expected here 6 weeks therefrom, that is, Oct. 4, 1911.

— According to the annual City Reports for 1910 there were 338 births (stillborn excluded) in Woburn in 1910, and 282 deaths, a net natural increase of population during the year of 56. There was almost one birth a day the whole 12 months.

— If you want to get your name in the Fall and Winter Telephone Directory of the New England Tel. and Tel. Company you must send it right off now to 119 Milk street, or 165 Tremont street, Boston, or you will lose the chance.

— The greatly enjoyed half holiday which the Woburn printers have had every Saturday afternoon for years through June, July and August, closed on Saturday, Aug. 26, much to the regret of the town typos, some of whom had rather play than work.

— Mr. Joseph Linnell, proprietor of Linnell's wellknown provision market, of which Mr. James H. Linnell is the gentlemanly and popular General Manager, is ending up his vacation in a leisurly and comfortable manner around home and in the readingroom of the market.

— Mr. Edward I. Andrus, an employee of the Bridge Department of the Boston & Maine Railroad Company, and Mrs. Andrus started last evening for St. Albans, Vt., and Swanton, the birthplace of Mr. Andrus, where they will visit relatives and friends several days. They expect to return to their home on Court street, this city, on Labor Day or evening.

— Mr. A. Herbert Holland, Treasurer of the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank, and Mrs. Holland preferred the White Mountains of the Granite State for the scene of their vacation rest and pleasures to any other region in America. In the absence of the Treasurer Mr. Carl Jaquith, the Teller, a smart one with the pen, ink and figures, filled the office in a style that nobody could beat.

— Mr. Arthur Whitcher, the druggist, pharmacist, and a pretty good doctor himself, is getting a good ready for the dedication and opening to the public of the elegant and costly new Federal Building on Federal street, this city, which Capt. Wyer, Postmaster, is to occupy. Arthur cherishes the Building as the apple of his eye, so to speak, and will make its opening a notable occasion.

— Neighbor George Buchanan of Bennett street, a kind gentleman, venerable in years but youthful and sprightly in step and spirit, placed the Business Manager of the JOURNAL, last Tuesday evening, under lasting obligations to him for the largest bouquet of the loviest flowers that ever grew in a garden, graced a parlor centertable, or delighted the eyes of a lover of the most beautiful and brilliant productions anywhere to be found in the Floral Kingdom.

— According to common and generally accepted idea this is the first day of fall. Almanacmakers claim that Sept. 21, the date of the Autumnal Equinox, when the "sun crosses the Line" and the "Line Gale" is due, really marks the advent of fall. Practical people, however, give only slight heed to the claim of the scientists, but still hold to Sept. 1. If they are right, then this is the beginning of the autumn season, the final quarterly lap of the old year, reminding men of the speedy incoming of the new.

— The petition of E. A. Downing and 55 others to the Board of Health for the removal of the leather factory on Munroe street ought to be granted. It is a menace to the health of large number of people who are subjected to its vile and poisonous odors continually, and an eyesore to everybody who has occasion to pass near it. Dr. Robert Chalmers, a leading physician of the city, is one of the petitioners. With that ugly building razed or removed that section would become as desirable for residences as any in the city.

— Harvesting of field crops and gathering of fruits is now in order. Corn will soon be cribbed, and potatoes dug to fill the bins. Many garden vegetables have already had their day, and early pears and apples have been gathered. Cranberry beans are ready for the sickle, and succotash is ripe. The gold of the delicious punkin is deepening in the warm sunshine every day, and will be on hand for service at the Thanksgiving dinner. Roasting ears and hominy are likewise in order, and the harvest season yields many other good things.

— City Auditor Robert J. Corry of 48 Bedford street surprised and gratified his numerous good friends in City Hall and elsewhere a few days ago by announcing, for the first time, his marriage on Feb. 27, 1911, to Miss Beatrice Carroll Donavan of Montvale avenue, by Rev. Fr. Demilia, rector of Our Lady of Pompeii church of Boston, an interesting event that has been kept a secret, and nobody suspected, for the past six months. Auditor Corry accepted the congratulations of his friends modestly, as becometh a faithful public official.

— Mr. Samuel Highley, President of the Woburn Business Men's Association, has been appealed to by an agent of a Lynn shoe manufacturer, who seeks room enough for his business to enable him to turn out 700 pairs a day, for information respecting his being able to do so in this city. Mr. Highley asks for aid in searching for such information by hunting up and reporting such a site as this manufacturer wants. The first thing Mr Highley should find out in this case is, whether the applicant expects help from our citizens to carry on his business, or not.

— There was a powerful rainfall yesterday, a continuance of the storm that began at 2 o'clock A. M. Tuesday.

— The Parks owned by the City of Woburn, namely: Wyman Green, Alfred Street, Hammond Square, Rag Rock, Common and Statue, are valued at $31,400. The stonecrushing plant, steam roadrollers, etc., are registered as worth $12,500; Fire Alarm Telegraph, $10,850; Pumping Station, $50,000; Gravel Lots at $5,550; Armory, $23,325, etc.

— Last Sunday morning opened up fine as to weather. The vigorous rain storm then prevailing would have delighted the old lady mentioned by us a week or two ago, and proved a godsend to her farm hands by giving them a day of rest from toil. But it was a glorious rain, per se (as a large share of the readers of the JOURNAL are graduates from High Schools, Seminaries, and Universities perhaps more Latin should be employed in producing these local columns than has heretofore been the case). The "rain on the roof" was soothing melody to the Editorial ears. He would have been better pleased, however, if it had been accompanied by a strong, wet northeast wind that would have sent the storm fiercely beating against the windows, and making the rafters shake, and the trees to bend their tops to the ground; but it did very well, indeed, and was keenly enjoyed by the JOURNAL as long as the rain poured.

— Miss Angie Heartz, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Heartz of Bennett street, this city, has resigned the position of teacher in the public schools of Stoughton, where she has taught for several years and fully sustained her reputation of being a firstclass one, and accepted that of instructor of French in the High School of Weymouth, in which the late Herbert Owen was Master before coming to Woburn and serving as Master of its High School some 15 years, and, we believe, where Mrs. H. Josephine Hayward was a teacher. There are four of the "Heartz Girls," all of them thoroughly educated, and three occupying high positions in educational institutions, while Elsie has a position in a leading Boston businesss house. We have an idea that the secret of the success of these estimable young ladies is found in the fact that their mother is a native of the good State of Maine, born and bred in the land of the famous "Oxford Bears," and still thinks it about as good a country as the sun shines on.

— Mr. Thomas S. Lyons of Main street, manufacturer of belt knives and machinery, was summoned to Morris, Illinois, and went there last week to set up and put to running such machinery for parties in that town Morris, is located 60 miles due west of Chicago on the Illinois River and Illinois & Michigan Canal, both containing stagnant water and constantly breeding all sorts of malarial diseases. If some of our Woburn Doctors had been in that town in 1871 and 1872, and witnessed the terrible havoc a run of Spinal Meningitis, misnamed, in modern times, "Infantile Paralysis," made among infants and young children, they would have had stronger reason for creating the Woburn scare than they had. The almost instantaneous attack, the convulsions of the victims, their screams and agony were terrible to hear and witness. And yet no Morris or other Doctors thought, or dreamed, that the disease was contagious, or that the cases should be reported to Boards of Health. In the spring of 1872 a couple of Morris residents, with their two small children, to escape the malady, came to our home 100 miles west of there, remained weeks, and nobody "caught" the disease, or supposed there was any danger of doing so.

A Fierce Night Alarm

is the hoarse, startling cough of a child, suddenly attacked by croup. Often it arouses Lewis Chamblin, of Manchester, O., [R. R. No. 2] for their four children were greatly subject to croup. "Sometimes in severe attacks," he wrote "we were afraid they would die, but since we proved what a certain remedy Dr. King's New Discovery is, we have no fear. We rely on it for croup and for coughs, colds or any throat or lung trouble." So do thousands of others. So may you. Asthma, Hay Fever, La Grippe, Whooping Cough, Hemorrhages fly before it. 50c and $1.00. Trial bottle free. Sold by All Druggists.

Good News for Everybody.

George Ade is Going to Write 10 New Fables in Slang for the Boston Sunday Globe—Every One of Them is Up to Date—The First One About the Automobile Crank is a Gale of Fun.

The Boston Sunday Globe, after much negotiation, is enabled to announce that, beginning next Sunday, it will publish 10 new "Fables in Slang" by George Ade. Considering Mr Ade's fame as a writer for the stage and his income therefrom, you can imagine that a handsome pecuniary compensation was necessary to induce him to step aside from the dramatic field to till again the soil on which his first prolific crops of mirth were grown.

Yet it would be unjust to Mr Ade to intimate that money alone was the moving power which led him to come back to his first audience. On the contrary, his natural love of the newspaper world and newspaper audiences were so strong and his gratitude toward those who first encouraged him with their generous applause so intense, that he could not resist the temptation to come back and have a new series of laughs with them. As far as New England is concerned these will appear exclusively in the Boston Sunday Globe.

Don't forget to tell all your friends that George Ade is going to write a series of new fables in slang for the Boston Sunday Globe beginning Sunday, Sept. 3.

Union Services.

The union services of the Congregational, Baptist and Methodist churches will be held at the Baptist church, Sunday, September 3. Rev. H. B Williams officiating at both services. This will conclude the union services for the season. September 10 the cooperating churches will resume their regular services in their respective houses of worship.

Every man should keep a fair sized cemetery in which to bury the faults of his friends.—Beecher.

Boston Theatres.

B. F. KEITH'S THEATRE.

As next week will mark the opening of the regular theatrical season in Boston, a splendid programme of allstar vaudeville features has been arranged for B. F. Keith's Theatre, one that is remarkable alike for the number of novelties that it contains and for the number of acts that are new to Boston. There are no less than five attractions of headline calibre, and three of them have never before been seen in that city.

THE BOSTON.

The attraction at the Boston Theatre for a limited engagement beginning Labor Day Matinee, Monday, September 4th, will be the return of Klaw & Erlanger's massive production "The Round Up." The theatrical annals of Boston do not record such a towering success as "The Round Up." It is the great American play of the hour. Every character and scene in the piece breathes the life of the great Southwest. The enthusiastic interest displayed by every audience is the most flattering endorsement this really great production can receive. The battle scene in the third act is a stupendous stage effect, the like of which has never been seen before. There will be no advance in prices: 25, 50, 75, $1.00 and $1.50. Regular matinees will be given on Wednesday and Saturday.

THE TREMONT.

"EXCUSE ME" BEGINS THIRD WEEK MONDAY.

Not in a very long time has the playgoing population of Boston and its surrounding communities been offered an entertainment that is so full of clean, wholesome, invigorating fun as "Excuse Me," Henry W. Savage's production of Rupert Hughes Pullman palace car farce now playing at the Tremont Theatre. And that the playgoing public thoroughly realizes that fact is proved by the size of the audiences which have been flocking to the theatre for the past two weeks. Thus far there has not been one performance—not even a midweek matinee—when every seat upon the first floor and in the balcony was not occupied.

HOLLIS STREET.

The Hollis Street Theatre, Boston, will begin its season with a matinee on Labor Day, Monday, Sept. 4th, when Henry B. Harris will present Helen Ware in a new three act play "The Price." The piece is from the pen of George Broadhurst, author of "The Man of the Hour" and other successful plays. It is said that in the new play Miss Ware will have a part worthy of her talents which have made her one of the foremost emotional actresses of our stage. The characters in the play are a prominent artist, his wife, his secretary and a physician. The threads of these people's lives are so entangled that each one plays an important part in the working out of the solution of their happiness. The usual Wednesday and Saturday matinee in addition to the special matinee on Labor Day.

THE NATIONAL.

Everything is now in readiness for the grand opening of the new National Theatre on Tremont street, near Berkley street. This latest Boston playhouse, which is the largest vaudeville theatre in the world, has been declared to be one of the finest examples of popular price playhouses in America. The acts to be produced at the National will astonish the public for brilliancy and popularity. There will two performances daily and out of town patrons will have ample opportunity to get trains. The National will give the theatre goers high class vaudeville at popular prices.

COCAINE WHICH DULLS THE NERVES never yet cured Nasal Catarrh. The heavy feeling in the forehead, the stuffed up sensation and the watery discharge from eyes and nose, along with all the other miseries attending the disease, are put to rout by Ely's Cream Balm. Smell and taste are restored, breathing is made normal. Until you try this remedy, you can form no idea of the good it will do you. Is applied directly to the sore spot. All druggists, 50c. Mailed by Ely Bros., 56 Warren Street, New York.

Attacks School Principal.

A severe attack on school principal, Chas. B. Allen, of Sylvania, Ga., is thus told by him. "For more than three years," he writes, "I suffered indescribable torture from rheumatism, liver and stomach trouble and diseased kidneys. All remedies failed till I used Electric Bitters, but four bottles of this wonderful remedy cured me completely." Such results are common. Thousands bless them for curing stomach trouble, female complaints, kidney disorders, biliousness and for new health and vigor. Try them. Only 50c at All Druggists.

A Great Aid In Teaching.

"Cheerfulness is an important factor in the teaching of young men and women," said H. E. Hubbard, one of the most prominent commercial educators in Boston. "Efficiency depends largely on cheerfulness, and cheerfulness on sunlight and fresh air, so we planned the Bryant & Stratton school building on broad lines, leaving a large open area in the centre for entrance of sunlight and air, and the advantages of such an environment are undeniable." The plan of individual teaching adopted first by the Bryant & Stratton school, offers each pupil an opportunity independent of any other. His instruction and graduation are a personal matter, depending upon ability and application.

This school does not send solicitors from house to house seeking pupils, as is the custom with many schools. The intelligence of its pupils in general does not respond to such methods.

The expression of the thousands of graduates from this school is its highest recommendation and is worthy of the consideration of those who would profit by the experience of others.—*Boston Herald.*

Kills A Murderer.

A merciless murderer is Appendicitis with many victims, but Dr. King's New Life Pills kill it by prevention. They gently stimulate stomach, liver and bowels, preventing that clogging that invites appendicitis, curing Constipation, Headache, Biliousness, Chills. 25c at All Druggists.

REPUBLICANS CONFIDENT

Reports Indicate That Deserters Will Return

DEMOCRATS FIX UP SLATE

Insurgent Candidates Fight Democratic Machine—The Tariff to Be an Issue In the Fall Campaign—Protection Creates Opportunity For Labor

From all over the commonwealth reports come to Boston that there will be a great change in the vote cast for governor this fall. The voters have been thinking very steadily for a year now. It is said by those who have made a critical study of the situation that the Republicans who voted last fall for Eugene N. Foss for governor because of his declaration that his election would make a heavy cut in the cost of living have found out that they have been buncoed. They say that prices are as high today as they were last year at this time, and in a number of instances even higher. It seems to be evident that they have come to the conclusion that prices are high not because of the tariff, but almost solely by reason of the fact that the supply is not equal to the demand. Republicans denied that the election of Mr. Foss would make any difference whatever in the prices of the necessities of life. Voters either did not believe them, or else decided that they would see for themselves whether Mr. Foss was telling the truth, or not. Quite likely the governor will insist that he has not been given sufficient time in which to regulate prices. Nevertheless, he declared flatly that his election last fall would be the signal for prices to take a drop. A number of articles are higher in price today than they have been for a great many years, and dealers in farm products say they will go still higher by reason of the drought this summer and the short supply.

The Machine Is Still Supreme

The Boston Journal on Saturday printed a list of Democratic candidates for the state ticket which it says is backed by the Democratic state committee. The statement is also made that "The governor is responsible primarily for the slate from beginning to end. He selected David I. Walsh for his running mate, after two or three others had received encouragement. Edward O. Skelton is the present choice of Governor Foss for secretary of state. The governor asked him to run, and Mr. Skelton, feeling Republicans had not done their duty by the old soldiers in selecting a successor to William M. Olin, changed his registration from Republican to Democratic, and consented to accept the Democratic nomination." The other newspapers print similar lists, and declare that they are officially endorsed. Nevertheless, there are other candidates who seek the nomination. George W. Anderson and Joseph J. Leonard are named as Democratic candidates for attorney general. Frank J. Donahue is the insurgent candidate for nomination to be secretary of state.

George W. Anderson has been a leading Boston lawyer for a number of years, and has served on the Boston school board. Frank J. Donahue is a newspaper writer, and was the legislative candidate for secretary of the commonwealth when Representative Albert P. Langtry, Republican, was chosen by the general court to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Secretary Olin.

All the Republican candidates for governor have filed their nomination papers and the contest is now on.

The Tariff as an Issue

It is expected that the tariff will be a prominent issue in the campaign this fall. How protection works in some instances is interesting. In 1890 a new industry was born in the United States. It was the manufacture of tin or terne plates. This industry was fostered by increasing the tariff on tin plate from 1 cent a pound to 2.2 cents per pound. Democratic members of the congress which passed the McKinley act of 1890 declared that it was impossible to establish the tin plate industry in the United States. Republican members were so certain that it could be done that they incorporated in the act a provision that on and after Oct. 1, 1897, tin plates lighter in weight than sixty-three pounds per hundred square feet should be admitted free of duty unless it should be made to appear to the satisfaction of the president that the aggregate quantity of such plates produced in the United States during either of the six years next preceding had equalled one-third the amount of such plates imported and entered for consumption during any fiscal year after the passage of the act and prior to Oct. 1, 1897. The industry did even better than that every year. Previous to that date, however, the Democrats, having secured control of both branches of congress and the president, passed an act in 1894 cutting the duty on tin plates to a figure ranging from .7 cent to 1.1 cents per pound. A Republican congress in 1897 placed the duty at 1.5 cents per pound.

Tin Plate Industry Grew

Nevertheless, the growth of the industry continued. The production in 1890 was only 2,250,000 pounds. In 1891 is was over 42,000,000, while in 1892 it had increased to 123,606,000 pounds. The increase during the Democratic years was slower, yet in 1897 it had reached the enormous figures of 732,000,000 pounds. The last year given, 1907, showed an increase to 1,153,097,000 pounds. During all this time the importation of tin plates was rapidly decreasing. The imports amounted in 1900 to 1,036,000,000 pounds. In 1908 the imports had decreased to 149,739,000 pounds, and in 1909 to 117,000,000 pounds.

The department of commerce and labor announces that the imports for the present year will fall below 100,000,000 pounds. In the case of tin plate an industry was established without raising the price of the product, notwithstanding the fact that originally a duty of 2.2 cents a pound was placed upon imports. In 1881 the price of tin plates was 3.6 cents a pound. In 1892, with this duty on the product, the price of tin plates was 2.9 cents per pound. In 1897 the price was 2.3 cents per pound and in 1898 2.2 cents per pound. In 1908 the price was 3 cents per pound.

Thousands Are Given Employment

Not only that, but the United States has now become a large exporter of tin plate. In 1898 we exported 20,827 pounds; in 1899, 206,000 pounds, and 2,400,000 pounds in 1902. In 1910 exports to foreign countries were slightly over 26,000,000 pounds and 34,750,000 pounds additional to noncontiguous territory. For the eleven months ending with May, 1911, 99,300,000 pounds valued at $3,835,406 was exported from the United States, while for the same period the imports amounted to 91,557,586 pounds valued at $2,892,149. This shows an excess of exports over imports of 7,678,284 pounds. In other words, a great industry furnishing employment to many thousand men has been built up in this country without cost to the consumer.

Gloves and Rings.

Gloves have always been connected with royalty. When the tomb of King John was opened a century ago it was discovered that his hands were gloved. In France the gloves worn by the king at the coronation were consecrated by the officiating bishop, and at English coronations a glove is thrown down as a challenge to any one to dispute the royal title. When George II. was crowned an unknown Jacobite came forward and lifted the glove on behalf of the absent Stuart, and at the coronation of Edward VII. the Duke of Norfolk handed to his majesty a pair embroidered with the ducal arms because a manor connected with the duke's inheritance is held by the service of presenting the monarch with a right hand glove on the day of the coronation.—T. P.'s London Weekly.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. B Williams, D. D.
12 M., Sunday School
At 5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Service in Five Cents Savings Bank Building, Room 12, every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Man."
Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.
Reading Room open to the public daily except Sunday from 2.30 to 4.30.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notice 10 cents a line.

In this city, Aug. 23, John F. Hill, aged 42 years.
In this city, Aug. 28, Elica Murray, aged 68 years.

THERE IS NO CASE OF
INDIGESTION, CONSTIPATION, RHEUMATISM, BLOOD OR SKIN DISEASE
arising from a disordered stomach, bowels, liver or kidneys which
"SEVEN BARKS"
will not materially benefit, or permanently cure; this has been proven for the past 42 years. Ask your parents, or neighbors, about SEVEN BARKS, as thousands have testified to its merits. Don't delay to get a 50 cent bottle at your druggist, and start yourself on the road to complete recovery.
LYMAN BROWN, 68 Murray St., New York, N.Y.

THE BRYANT & STRATTON COMMERCIAL SCHOOL BOSTON

Will Reopen Sept. 5th

Persons desirous of becoming competent and successful Accountants, Book-keepers, Stenographers, Secretaries, or Commercial Teachers, with assurance of employment, will find in the

BRYANT & STRATTON
COMMERCIAL SCHOOL
BOSTON

Now Located in its New School Building, 334 Boylston Street

A most desirable opportunity for study and practice under the direction and supervision of a large corps of **Well Known and Experienced Teachers**

COURSES OF STUDY

GENERAL COMMERCIAL COURSE — STENOGRAPHIC COURSE
SECRETARIAL COURSE — CIVIL SERVICE COURSE
COMMERCIAL TEACHERS COURSE

Every possible requisite is afforded for personal safety, rapid progress, with cheerful and healthful surroundings.
This school does not employ Agents, Solicitors, Canvassers, or Runners.
Persons who cannot call for personal interview may have printed information of terms and conditions by mail.
H. E. HIBBARD, Principal, 334 Boylston St., Boston.

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Studying Evenings -

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SOFT - STEADY - CLEAR

Will give the Best Light for their use—as well as your own.

It is the Cheapest, Best Light you can have.

Phone Oxford Three Three Hundred
(Reverse the Charge.)

The Edison Elec. Ill. Co. of Boston
Ask for Information.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

Middlesex ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of George Cooke, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Richard G. Cooke, of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on his bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex on the fourteenth day of September, A. D. 1911, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this fourteenth day of August, in the year one thousand nine hundred and eleven.

18-25-1 F. M. ESTY, Asst. Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

Middlesex, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors and all other persons interested in the estate of George Russell, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to George P. Russell and William A. Russell, both of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on their bonds.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge in said County of Middlesex, on the fourteenth day of September A. D. 1911, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this eleventh day of August, in the year one thousand nine hundred and eleven.

18-25-1 F. M. ESTY, Asst Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT,

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Annie C. Bond, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Lewis F. Bond, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-first day of September, A. D. 1911, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court, and by mailing post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-ninth day of August in the year one thousand nine hundred and eleven.

F. M. ESTY, Asst. Register.

A Reliable Remedy for CATARRH

Ely's Cream Balm
is quickly absorbed.
Gives Relief at Once.
It cleanses, soothes, heals and protects the diseased membrane resulting from Catarrh and drives away a Cold in the Head quickly. Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. Full size 50 cts., at Druggists or by mail. In liquid form, 75 cents. Ely Brothers, 56 Warren Street, New York.

ELY'S CREAM BALM FOR COLD IN HEAD CATARRH HAY-FEVER HEADACHE ELY BROS. NEW YORK

HAY FEVER

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists.



Pillsbury's Best

Old Wheat Flour until the quality of the new crop is fully established we advise the purchase of Old Wheat Flour. We can supply you.

Boston Branch

Tea and Grocery House,

FRED. STANLEY

351 Main Street.

TELEPHONE 242-3.

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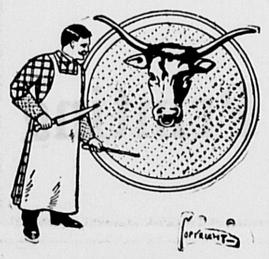
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has always been to carry the standard and desirable goods in every line. That is why we chose Kodaks for our photographic department. You will never regret the purchase of a 3A Folding Pocket Kodak—$20.

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LET US SHOW YOU.



BEEF DIET

is always allowable. Prime roast steaks, and beef stews never go out of fashion,

BUY BEEF

and you won't want the services of a doctor but seldom. Long lived people are beef eaters. Get beef of us and you'll have the best at least cost.

Linnell's Market,

406 Main Street, Woburn.

Telephone, 314-1

BAY STATE STREET RAILWAY CO.

TIME TABLE

In effect June 25, 1911.

[Subject to change without notice.]

Leave WOBURN CENTRE for MALDEN SQ. at 5.45 A.M., then every 30 minutes to 8.15 A. M., then every 60 min. to 2.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45, 11.15 P. M. SUNDAY at 8.15 A. M., and every 60 minutes to 1.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45, *11.15 P. M. RETURN, leave MALDEN SQ. for WOBURN at 6.45, 7.15 A. M., then every 60 minutes to 3.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45, †11.15, †11.45, P. M. SUNDAY at 9.15 A. M., then every 60 minutes to 1.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.15, †10.45, †11.15, †11.45 P. M.

Leave STONEHAM SQ. for SAUGUS CENTRE, LYNN and SALEM at 6.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes to 10.30 P. M. Leave corner Main and Franklin Streets, Melrose, for Saugus Centre at 5.45 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45 P. M. SUNDAY at 8.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes to 10.30 P. M. Leave corner Main and Franklin Streets, Melrose for Saugus Centre at 8.45 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45 P. M. RETURN leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Square at 6 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 11 P. M. SUNDAY at 9 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 11 P. M.

* Melrose Highlands Only.
† To Stoneham Square Only.

GEO. H. GRAY, Supt.

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KILL THE COUGH AND CURE THE LUNGS WITH DR. KING'S NEW DISCOVERY FOR COUGHS COLDS PRICE 50¢ & $1.00 TRIAL BOTTLE FREE AND ALL THROAT AND LUNG TROUBLES GUARANTEED SATISFACTORY OR MONEY REFUNDED.

For Real Estate call on Griffin Place at 349 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

WINCHESTER.

Mr. W. F. Prime of this town is a candidate for election to the Legislature.

I rise to remark that the Calumet and Fortnightly are very well thank you. They will be heard early and often this winter.

Mf. Arthur Whitney must feel easier with such a jog as that in the *Star* removed from his stomach. Does anybody read it?

Now that cold weather is close at hand our people should renew their efforts to make the Bay State Co. furnish a waitingroom at Medford.

I have heard of no especial preparations for keeping Labor Day next Monday. It is a legal holiday and possibly something will be done.

Sensible people here are not much alarmed over the health condition. It is probably a case of "great cry and little wool" as the bear said when he sheared the hog.

Nearly all the vacationers have got (nearly all Winchester people especially those who claim to be cultured, call it gotten) back to their homes and settled down for the winter. Everyone of them says he has had a grand time.

The cases brought against Mr. Arthur E. Whitney for fishing in the North Reservoir were very properly dismissed by Judge E. F. Johnson of the Fourth District Court last week and the defendant was fully justified in his angling, as about everybody believed he would be. Judge Johnson decided that the Reservoir and its management belong exclusively to the town of Winchester, and the State Board of Health has nothing to do with it. This has been Mr. Whitney's contention from the start.

Has Millions Of Friends.

How would you like to number your friends by millions as Bucklen's Arnica Salve does? Its astounding cures in the past forty years made them. Its the best Salve in the world for sores, ulcers, eczema, burns, boils, scalds, cuts, corns, sore eyes, sprains, swellings, bruises, cold sores. Has no equal for piles. 25c at All Druggists.

BASEBALL STRATEGY.

Bench Orders at Times Queers the Batter With the Fans.

One of the charms of the game is its unexpectedness, the fact that you never can tell what's going to happen until it is history.

Do you know what "inside ball" really is? Most "fans" think they do, but few really do know. In fact, it is a very interesting sidelight, both on the game and on the American character, to realize that nine out of ten people who see a ball game see only the flesh of it, never realize the skeleton on which it is built, never see the heart beating nor watch its lifeblood flow. You go to a game and shout yourself hoarse.

"Hit it out, you, you 'bonehead!' What yer standing there for? Think this a pink tea? They're all perfectly good—bit 'em!" And the player at the plate, hearing, longs to obey—for all players love to hit—yet holds himself in.

"Make him give you three balls. Then hit!" are his orders from the bench from the baseball general ordering the game. A man is on third. There is but one out. Hits have been few and far between, but a long fly will score the man. How get a long fly? By meeting one which "cuts the heart of the plate" square and fair. How get the pitcher to serve such a ball? By "working" him until three balls have been called, when the fourth ball must come over the plate or the batter be given a pass; hence the orders. If they go wrong, if the pitcher succeeds in getting three strikes across before three balls, the batter strikes out, and a groan goes up from the crowd. But the batter knows, and the pitcher knows, and the team knows, and the players on the bench know that the man at the plate struck out because he was obeying orders.—World Today.

TOLD IN FEW WORDS.

Shortest Robber Story In History, as Narrated by Voltaire.

In his study of "Seven Great Statesmen" Andrew D. White describes the work done in the eighteenth century by the French minister Turgot against the vicious system then prevailing of "farming out" the taxes. A great combination of contractors resulted, who grew enormously rich at the people's expense, not, however, without able criticism.

This syndicate assumed the character of what in America of these days would be called a "combine," and at the head of it were the farmers general, wealthy, powerful and, as a rule, merciless. Their power pervaded the entire nation, from the king's apartments at Versailles to the cottages of the lowliest village.

To those men and their methods Voltaire had made a reference which ran through France and indeed through Europe.

A party of Parisians were amusing each other by telling robber stories.

Presently Voltaire, who had been listening quietly, said:

"I can tell a robber story better than any of yours."

The whole room immediately became silent and listened to the greatest personage in the French literature of the eighteenth century.

Voltaire after clearing his throat began as follows:

"Once on a time there was a farmer general."

Then he was silent. Presently all began to cry out:

"Why do you stop? Go on. Tell us the story."

"I have told the story," said Voltaire. "Do you not see that my statement implies the greatest robber story in history?"

A Matter of Habit.

He (nervously)—What will your father say when I tell him we're engaged?

She—He'll be delighted, dear. He always has been.—Lippincott's.

GOLD FOR JEWELERS.

Most of the Raw Material Is Bought From the Government.

Jewelers derive their gold supply from various sources, such as old jewelry, banks and refineries, but the greater part of the raw gold used by the manufacturer comes from the government.

From the refiner the gold comes to the factory in the form of buttons or granules. The refineries employ the waste of the jewelry shops and by burning off the material portions and subjecting the result to certain processes recover much gold that otherwise would be lost to the trade.

For many years there was a steady drain on the gold coin in circulation, caused by the use of the coin by jewelers in search of raw material. The fact that our government turned out a coin that after passing through the assay office was of twenty-two carat fineness, only two grains below the pure gold standard, and had also been worked over, the silver and copper forming the alloy having been mixed thoroughly in the gold before the coin was minted, made the gold coin particularly attractive to the jeweler. The manufacturer experienced no trouble when the gold coin was used, inasmuch as the alloy always had been combined with the metal, and all that was necessary for the commercial utilization of the coin was to alloy it sufficiently to bring the gold down to the point required; also, from the jeweler's viewpoint, a lot of time and difficulty was saved, inasmuch as this scheme did away with much bookkeeping and rendered unnecessary the tying up of considerable amounts of money in the purchase of raw material to be held as stock. Later, however, the government made up the pure gold in brick or bar form, and it is in that shape the greater bulk of the supply is now derived.

Thousands of dollars pass between the banks and the manufacturing jewelers every year in the forms of bars of gold, the banks handling these for the benefit of their clients. The bricks vary in value according to weight from $200 to $500 and come with the government assay office stamp as a guarantee of purity and fineness.—New York Press.

STANDARD MEASURES.

The Old Bucket and the Half Bushel Basket Were Alike.

Farmer Giles had heard rumors of the short weight scandal; but, as for himself, he was honest in thought, word and deed. He was naturally incensed when an apple buyer from the city objected to his half bushel measure.

"I've used that red bucket five years," he said, "and I know it's correct."

"A dozen years' use wouldn't affect its correctness," was the reply. "Have you any other reason for thinking it is correct?"

The farmer controlled his anger and after a moment's thought led his critic to the corncrib and showed him a basket woven from hickory splits. "That measure twice full fills this," he said. "And this holds exactly a bushel."

"How do you know it does?"

"Because Bill Sullivan made it, as he makes baskets for everybody, and he said it was a bushel."

Still the man was not satisfied. They went to interview Bill.

"Why, of course," said the basket maker, "I weave every one of them of an exact size. I make only one pattern basket to hold a bushel."

"But how do you know the pattern holds a bushel?"

"How do I know? I'm sure of it. I made it originally to hold two of this half bushel basket."

"And this half bushel basket?"

Bill frowned and pulled his hair in an effort to remember. Then his face brightened.

"Why, yes," he said, "I'm sure of it. I tried it one time. Giles, by that old red bucket measure of yours!"—Youth's Companion.

The Way to Bake Beans.

To make baked beans soak one and one-half pints small white beans overnight in soft water. In the morning drain and parboil, but not enough to crush the beans. Place in the bottom of a bean pot several slices of bacon (salt or fresh pork), then put in about half the beans, over which sprinkle salt, a heaping spoonful of brown sugar or New Orleans molasses, then more slices of the bacon. Over this place the rest of the beans, with the salt, sugar or molasses and bacon on top. Cover with soft water and bake at least eight hours, though they are better if baked all day. Add soft water as needed.

The High Hatbox.

If you keep your hatbox on a high shelf in a closet you may find the following suggestion worth trying: Slit open the two upright edges of one side of the hatbox, so that when the cover is raised this side will drop down as if on hinges. This will allow you to remove or replace the hat without taking the box from the shelf.—Harper's.

His Sincerity.

"I was surprised when I heard that Grabrox had joined the church."

"I wasn't. I happened to be present when he and his business partner shook dice to see which member of the firm should join."—Indianapolis Journal.

In His Line.

"He is building an immense artificial mountain on his country estate."

"Well, I guess it comes sort of natural for him to put up a bluff."—Puck.

His Wrong Lead.

Some forty years ago at Aldershot the camp was commanded by Sir James Yorke Scarlett, a Crimean veteran. On the occasion in question he was directing some sham fighting. In a manner then usual he was leading a line of skirmishers of one force against another many yards in front, as in earlier times he had led the heavy brigade at Balaclava against three times its numbers. To a soldier of the younger school it seemed a preposterous proceeding, and Sir Evelyn ventured to criticise it.

Sir James replied: "Young man, have I not ordered you twice to hold your tongue? If I like to lead my skirmishers, what the —— is that to you?" Sir Evelyn replied, "Ten thousand pardons, sir, but it is the enemy's line in retreat you have been leading for the last ten minutes." He was shortsighted and did not wear glasses, so was unable to see the distinguishing mark, a sprig of heather worn in the shakos of the troops he was attacking.—Westminster Gazette.

LUCK OF A MINER.

What He Deemed a Disaster Brought Him a Fortune.

The miners of New Mexico tell a queer story which illustrates their belief in luck. A miner was trudging along one hot day through a gulch, with the sun shining on his back, when he smelled smoke and presently, to his dismay, discovered that his knapsack was on fire.

Like all miners, he carried a large lens for the purpose of examining specimens, and for want of room he had hung the glass on the outside and the rays of the sun had been concentrated on his pack.

As among the contents were fifteen pounds of powder he lost no time in dropping the dangerous burden and getting as far away as possible. The haversack fell between two big rocks, while the miner from a safe distance mournfully watched the smoke rising from his sole worldly possessions.

Presently there came a deafening explosion, and the miner went to gather up what he could find. Then his eyes almost started out of his head at seeing the quartz that had been blown up fairly glistening with gold. His powder had literally blown open a gold mine, and he was made a rich man in an instant. He named the mine the "Nick o' Time."—Exchange.

HINDU WOMEN.

Whatever Their Station They Are Gracious and Picturesque.

There are, of course, all kinds of Hindus. They range from the lowest levels of superstition and ignorance to high attainments of intelligence and culture. But in one respect they are all alike. "Never once," says Mr. Begbie, "have I detected the very smallest smirch of vulgarity either in manners or in dress." The Hindu may believe in 30,000,000 gods, he may hold that the world is flat and that his soul's salvation is endangered by the shadow of a European, "but he will have charm of manner and make a picture either in the unhandseled jungle or on the platform of a railway terminus."

But the Indian woman is the crown of her creation, as, of course, all women are everywhere. She may be unable to read or write, she may give food to idols and believe that her god or devil rides around the village at night on a plaster horse or a mud elephant, "but she will be modest and gracious in her manner, and her dress will be as beautiful as the flowers of the field." No matter how savage and heathen, how ignorant and stupid these people may be, they "have a nobility in their manner and a loveliness in their raiment."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Tennyson's Carelessness.

Tennyson, like Thackeray, seems to have been careless about his manuscripts. Some weeks after leaving his lodgings in Mornington place, Hampstead, he wrote to Coventry Patmore from the Isle of Wight telling him that he could not find a "book of elegies—a long, butcher ledger-like book," and that he had some obscure remembrance of lending it to Patmore. "If so," he concluded, "all is well; if not, will you go to my old chambers and institute a vigorous inquiry?" Patmore, not having the book, went to Mornington Place, but was assured by the landlady that no such article had been left there. He insisted, however, on going to his friend's old rooms, "up two pair of stairs," to search, and there in a small cupboard where Tennyson had kept bread and tea and butter he found the lost "book of elegies"—the manuscript of "In Memoriam."—London Spectator.

A Poet Who Dreaded Fire.

Thomas Gray, author of the "Elegy," had a weakness in the form of a nervous dread of fire. His chamber at St. Peter's college, Cambridge, being on the second floor, he thought it likely that in case of a fire his exit by the stairs might be cut off. He therefore caused an iron bar to be fixed by arms projecting from the outside of his window, designing by a rope attached thereto to descend in the event of a fire occurring. This excessive caution led to a practical joke by his fellows. One midnight a party of students thundered at his door with loud cries of "Fire, fire!" The nervous poet flew to his window and slid down the rope to the ground, where he was hailed with shouts of laughter. The window, with its iron apparatus, is still shown, it is said. Gray's delicate nature was so shocked by this rough joke that he changed his lodgings.

Practice With Wooden Legs.

Of the five cases in the accident ward that were pronounced cured at the same time three remained in the hospital more than a week after the other two had gone home.

"They had to stay," said an interne, "to get used to their wooden legs. It takes some time to learn to manage wooden legs, and most men who will have to peg along with them for the rest of their natural lives stay in the hospital several days after they get well to practice stumping around on their new legs. Of course they can learn outside, but the man who has just acquired a wooden leg feels so awkward and is so likely to fall down and break the other leg or an arm or maybe his neck that we prefer to keep him here so he can take his first lessons under our supervision." — New York Times.

The Funny Penguins.

Of all the foreign birds to be seen in zoological collections it is the penguins that gain the most popularity with the least attempt to do so, says a writer in the London Graphic, who proceeds: They do not affably converse with the public like parrots or make grotesque gramaces like pelicans. Indeed, they studiously ignore the visitors whom they attract by their inimitably quaint caricature of humanity. No birds depart more in form from the usual bird type, and there is something about them which irresistibly suggests an overfed little boy in an overcoat with the sleeves very much too tight for him as they toddle about with their stiff wings hanging down or solemnly meditate a three inch jump.

A Dangerous Wound.

Senator Robert L. ("Fiddling Bob") Taylor told about a man in the backwoods of Tennessee who applied for a pension for a gunshot wound. An examining surgeon of the medical board stripped and examined him, ejaculating finally: "Old man, we cannot find a single blemish on your hide. Where were you shot during the war?" The old man said, "Well, gentlemen, I was shot in the substitute."—Leslie's Weekly.

BULLFIGHTS IN PORTUGAL.

The Battles Are Bloodless and the Contestants Rarely Hurt.

The distressingly cruel treatment of animals so common in the Latin countries is almost entirely absent among the Portuguese, and for this reason their great national sport, the bullfight, is really an enjoyable spectacle to an American, writes Mrs. C. R. Miller in Leslie's Weekly.

In the Portuguese version the bull is never killed. The horrible goring of horses—a feature of the Spanish fight—does not occur, for if a horse was injured in a Portuguese performance the rider would be hissed from the ring and very likely mobbed afterward. The men taking part are rarely hurt, although the skill displayed is much greater than that shown in the Castilian style of the sport.

Occasionally they have a burlesque Spanish bullfight in Lisbon with the cruelty eliminated. The horses ridden by the picador are armored and cannot be gored, and when the bull is to be killed the matador strikes him at the particular spot on the back of his neck, which in Spain means almost instant death to the animal. Instead of killing the bull, however, the Portuguese matador's sword doubles up after the fashion of the ones used by the sword swallowers in our sideshows, and a red mark appears where it has touched the animal's skin, thus showing the audience that the matador has been successful. The horses and bull then run out of the ring uninjured.

THE TEREDO.

Curious and Destructive Worm That Digs Tunnels In Wood.

It was in 1731 that Holland narrowly escaped inundation along its coast because the timbers of the sea dikes in many parts were discovered to be quite unsound. The timely discovery of the real condition of the dikes saved the country from an awful catastrophe, the full extent of which was comprehended by only a few Dutchmen.

The timbers had been honeycombed by the teredo, or shipworm. This creature burrows into any wood immersed in sea water. It makes an entrance when young and digs channels along the grain of the wood, living and often dying in the timber. The worm grows in some localities to a length of twelve inches, its girth being one and a half inches, and the curious thing about its whiplike body is its exceeding tenderness. It cannot bear its own weight. It will break if subjected to any strain.

It will burrow straight along the grain of the wood unless turned aside by a knot or nail, and, no matter how many of these worms may be burrowing in the same piece of wood, they never run their channels into one another. By some marvelous instinct they keep clear of each other's preserves. We have seen a cross section of a log eighteen inches in diameter, and we counted no fewer than 800 distinct burrows.—Exchange.

A Clause In Napoleon's Will.

Peter the Great is said to have made a will in which he exhorted his heirs to approach as nearly as possible to Constantinople and toward India, but the authenticity of this document has been disputed, and it is shrewdly suspected to have been forged late in the eighteenth century by August von Kotzebue.

Of the genuineness, however, of the last will and testament of Napoleon I. there can be no manner of doubt. One of its clauses was as vindictive as the testamentary injunction of Queen Austrigilda to her husband to have her two doctors killed and buried with her. The exile of Longwood absolutely bequeathed 10,000 francs to a fellow called Cantillon, who had been tried in Paris for an attempt to murder the Duke of Wellington. The man was still surviving in Brussels when Napoleon III. came to the throne, and Cantillon was duly paid his legacy.

Sam Played the Bass Drum.

They used to say that Sam had the biggest mouth in Indiana avenue. He was a short, stocky negro, and his mouth was the most noticeable thing about him. It is said that he used to make pretty good money placing ordinary saucers in his mouth flat with his face as an exhibition. He was telling a friend about the negro band of which he was a member.

"I should think you would all want to play the instruments with solo parts, such as the cornet," was suggested.

"Dat ain't it," replied Sam. "Each man plays de horn dat suits his mouf best."

"Well, then, Sam, what horn do you play?" Is was evident that the questioner was puzzled. He wondered how Sam's lips could be compressed to blow a horn.

"Oh, Ah plays de bass drum, sah," said Sam.—Indianapolis News.

The Troubled Professor.

"The professor is so dreadfully absentminded."

"Yes?"

"He paid marked attentions to a pretty girl who lived near the college and was afraid she might get some legal hold on him, and so he wrote her a love letter with invisible ink."

"Clever idea. Yes?"

"Then he made a typewritten copy of the letter for his own protection and finally sent the girl the typewritten copy."

"I see. Poor old prof."

"And he didn't find out his mistake until the ink had faded, and now he wonders what in Tophet he wrote!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Water and Electricity.

Since the general introduction of electricity into the cities it has been known that it was possible to secure a very considerable shock through a stream of water, and firemen in all large cities are on the lookout for this. Wires which look as if they might conduct heavy currents are cut before a stream of water is thrown in their direction. Recently in the construction of an electric railway in South Africa it was noticed that a column of steam from a locomotive could be the means of conveying the current, and several workmen were shocked in this manner.

A Quick Reply.

The Duchess of Lauraguais, who was somewhat given to making poetry, could not think of a word to rhyme with coif. Turning to Talleyrand, who chanced to be by her side, she said, "Prince, give me a rhyme to coif." "Impossible, duchess," replied Talleyrand without a moment's delay, "for that which pertains to the head of a woman has neither rhyme nor reason."

SAVING MONEY.

A Dollar a Week Put Into the Bank Is a Good Investment.

"It is mighty hard," said an unfortunate workingman some time ago to the writer, "to save up a thousand dollars by laying aside a dollar or two a week and then to take it out of the savings bank and lose it to a get rich quick swindler, as I have just done." The poor fellow could work and save, but he had not had even a kindergarten education in finance, else his story would have been different. He had never given a thought to interest and so was absolutely ignorant of growth through compound interest and, of course, had never heard of that wonderful process of accumulation known as "progressive compound interest."

One dollar deposited in a savings bank that pays 4 per cent will amount to $2.19 in twenty years. This is simple compound interest. Now, if you deposit $1 every year for twenty years, or $20 in all, the sum to your credit will have grown to $30.97.

Any wage earner can put by $1 a week. That money deposited in a savings bank for twenty years will have increased to $1,612. A deposit of $5 a week will have grown to $8,000, and this at 4 per cent will be $320 a year. There is no secret, no mystery, about this. It is as clear as the cloudless sun, and the method is just as clean and honest."—Christian Herald.

CAN'T READ THEIR LIPS.

When Actors Do Not Face the Audience It Bothers the Deaf.

"Time and time again we're asked to have our actors face the audience squarely when speaking lines that are of great importance," a theatrical manager said recently. "The explanation for the request is generally the same—that deaf people in the audience who depend on lip reading rather than hearing lose the run of the play if some important lines are spoken by a person whose lips can't be read. An actor or actress who's stuck on posing in profile is always the despair of the deaf people in the audience, as they say it's almost impossible to read lips in profile.

"Out ticket agent hears another side of the same question. People tell him when buying tickets that some one in the party is stone deaf and must read the lips of the actors in order to follow the play. Then they ask him on which side of the theater these particular seats should be located to make this lip reading the most satisfactory. Often the stage setting decides which way the actors must face, and if a deaf person gets on the wrong side of the house the play is practically lost."—New York Sun.

Too Late.

Mr. B. drove up in a hansom and entered the jeweler's shop accompanied by his valet, who carried an oblong box of steel. Mr. B. asked for a private interview, and on being shown into the office he opened the box, exposing a splendid array of diamond and pearl necklaces, earrings, tiaras and rings.

"Mrs. B.," he said, "is now abroad. Before she returns I want you to extract these stones and replace them with good imitations, selling the real jewels and giving me the money. This, of course, is to be a confidential transaction. Mrs. B. is to know nothing of it."

"My dear sir," said the jeweler, "I should be glad to do as you ask, but it is impossible. Two years ago Mrs. B. called here on the same errand that now brings you, and this errand in her case was successful. The paste jewels that you offer me are worth little more than the hire of the hansom awaiting you outside."—London Tit-Bits.

Thackeray and Colonel Newcome.

Mr. Louis Melville tells a characteristic story of Thackeray's fondness for his greatest hero. "It was outside 'Evan's,'" he writes, "that Lowell, being on a visit to London, met the novelist looking so haggard and worn that he asked if he were ill. 'Come inside, and I'll tell you all about it,' said the latter. 'I have killed the colonel.' At a table in a quiet corner Thackeray took the manuscript from his pocket and read the chapter that records the death of Colonel Newcome. When he came to the end the tears that had been swelling his lids trickled down his face, and the last word was almost an inarticulate sob."—London Chronicle.

Pretty High Hills.

A distinguished astronomer once took the trouble to measure in several paintings the size of the moon and to deduce from it the height of the mountains shown in the same picture. He found that the average height of the hills was about forty-three miles, while one giant peak raised its head more than a hundred miles above sea level. Turner, who was one of the greatest masters of landscape composition and coloring, frequently exaggerates the height of his hills with the intention of conferring upon them a majesty which otherwise they would not possess.

Happiness.

That all who are happy are equally happy is not true. A peasant and a philosopher may be equally satisfied, but not equally happy. Happiness consists in the multiplicity of agreeable consciousness. A peasant has not capacity for having equal happiness with a philosopher.—Johnson.

The bread of life is love; the salt of life is work; the sweetness of life, poesy; the water of life, faith.—Mrs. Jameson.

Saved Himself.

Uncle Mose, a plantation negro, was being asked about his religious affiliations.

"I's a preacher, sah," he said.

"Do you mean," asked the astonished questioner, "that you preach the gospel?"

Mose felt himself getting into deep water.

"No, sah," he said. "Ah touches that subject very light."—Success Magazine.

Brine.

Brine boils at 225 degrees F., and at this degree fine salt is formed. At 165 degrees F. common salt results and fishery, or large grained, at 110 degrees F. The salt crystallizes on the surface of the brine in the pans, floats a little and then sinks to the bottom, leaving it free from fresh crystals.

Pressed For Time.

Judge Knott—Why did you rob this man in broad daylight? Prisoner—I couldn't help it, your honor. I had an engagement every night that week.

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John C. Buck, Cashier.
Robert Chalmers, Physician.
Everett P. Fox of W. P. Fox & Sons, leather manufacturers.
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The Mysterious Lady

It Was a Question Whether She Was a Ghost or Flesh and Blood.

By F. A. MITCHEL

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Undoubtedly the most interesting city in the world—at any rate, to Europeans and Americans—is Rome. For twenty-five centuries she has been passing through exciting scenes such as have been but occasional with other cities. And her changes have been no less remarkable. There was the austere purity of the republic, the profligacy of the empire, her almost obliteration following the many attacks of her enemies, the petty quarrels and villainies of the middle ages.

Perhaps the most despicable period at Rome was during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Within this period every head of a family inhabited his tower or stronghold, in which he defended himself against every other family. There were the Orsini, the Borgias, the Colonna and many other clans whose business it was to fight, slaughter or poison one another. Some of them grew rich through plunder—there was then no other way—and built enormous palaces, where they lived with their retainers in princely style.

During a visit to Rome I occupied a room in one of these palazzios. The building is very long and has been cut up into sections by partition walls. Not that there is any regularity in these partitions; they occur any and everywhere, and it is not easy to tell which ones were a part of the original palace and which have been built in since. I was curious about the pile, for though I was then but twenty-five years old I had read much about medieval Italy, and I knew the history of the house from its building. It was erected by one of the most villainous of the Roman family leaders that flourished in the fifteenth century. A number of times his enemies besieged his palace, overcame his followers, but could never capture him. The fox had means of escape that enabled him to go forth a free man, though every avenue of exit was carefully watched.

My room was on the second story on a corridor with apartments on either hand and was near one extremity. On the terminal wall was a mural picture.

Being interested, as I have said, in the building, I one day questioned the maid who took care of my room about its construction. The only information I elicited was that none of the rooms between me and the near end of the hall was occupied. This may have been because the summer season was coming on, when travelers seek more northerly climates.

Nevertheless one morning on leaving my room I was just in time to see a lady advance from this unoccupied region. Perhaps it was the work of my imagination, perhaps some arrangement of her costume borrowed from two or three centuries agone, but it seemed to me that the lady belonged to medieval times. There may be another reason why I should have thus considered her, the fact that I had not expected her to come, so it seemed, out of the wall. For had not the maid told me that none of the rooms from whence she came was occupied?

However, I was so struck with the vision of loveliness that swept by me that "whence she came or what's her name" occupied a comparatively small part of my thoughts concerning her. I watched her till she reached the center of the corridor and passed down the staircase. At that moment the maid came along, with her brooms and bucket, and I asked her about the rooms she had told me were vacant. She assured me that they were. Slipping a couple of lira into her hands, I asked her to unlock them. She opened every door, and there was nothing but the bare furniture in any one of them. Nor was there any opening or stairway leading elsewhere. In other words, the end of the corridor was a complete pocket.

From whence had the lady come?

I regretted that I had not followed her downstairs to see whither she went. It was but 9 o'clock in the morning, and it occurred to me that she might have gone to the cafe on the first floor for breakfast. I went down there, but she was nowhere to be seen. She was in street costume and had doubtless gone out.

For several days I spent all my time going about the city, hoping to meet the mysterious lady, visiting every gallery, ruin or subterranean excavation in Rome. I did not happen to meet her. I kept an eye for her in the palazzio, both in the cafe and other parts of the building where I would be likely to meet her. My watchfulness availed me nothing. I experienced a strange sinking about the heart at thinking she might have left Rome.

Then one evening, ascending the staircase in the palazzio, I started down the corridor. No lights had yet been lit, and objects were very dim. As I was putting my key into the door of my room I felt a current of air and, turning, caught a glimpse of the mysterious lady going in the same direction as before.

I was then young, and superstitions that have a greater hold I think on youth than experienced age had not yet worn away. Somehow I was impressed with the belief that the mysterious lady was one of those who had inhabited the palazzio several centuries before. This feeling paralyzed me just long enough to permit her to escape me. Then, coming to my senses, I ran after her and down the staircase. I was too late. She had either passed on to the rooms at the other end of the corridor or had left the building. Probably she had entered some private apartment, for it was growing dark and too late for any lady, especially one young and beautiful, to be out on the street alone.

The next morning at an hour when the most light made its way into the corridor, having bribed the maid to lend me her pass key, I opened every door of those in the mysterious region and explored every room for some exit. I found none. Then I tapped the terminal wall, but got no sound indicating anything wooden or hollow. The mural painting was a landscape in which was a woman's figure in the dress of ancient Rome. The picture must have been very old, for the colors were much faded, and it had evidently been painted in the stiff style that had been in vogue when the palazzio was built. My examinations led me to no discovery whatever.

When it rains in Rome it rains hard. One afternoon when a torrent was pouring from the clouds and it was consequently very dark in the palazzio, going to my room, I saw a marvelous sight. It seemed that the wall beyond my room had been removed and the corridor had been indefinitely extended. There were a few dim lights about me, and the corridor in its whole length was lighted by similar ones, owing to the dimness all this was barely perceptible. Then the extension melted away, and there was only the ill defined space at the end of the corridor to which I had been used.

Thinking there must be something the matter with my eyes, I put a fist against each of them and gave them a prolonged rubbing. When I took my fists away for another look there was the mysterious lady coming toward me.

She smiled as she passed me. Possibly my sensibilities were much overwrought and my imagination exaggerated everything, but it seemed to me that smile was the sweetest I had ever seen on a woman's face.

Again my superstitious instincts caused me to stand stock still while I might have determined whether the vision were ghost or flesh and blood by means of touch. But it seemed to me that I had been swung back to medieval times and this woman was moving within the palazzio as she had moved there several centuries before. When she had passed beyond me, instead of following her I crammed my fists again against my eyes to restore a normal sight. When I removed them the vision had disappeared.

That was the last view I had of the mysterious lady at the palazzio. In vain I waited for her to appear again, vowing that if she did I would seize her and detain her till I could determine whether she were flesh and blood. But after several weeks' patient waiting, since she did not appear and I met her nowhere in Rome, I was forced to conclude that if she were a ghost she had been exorcized and if she were flesh and blood she had left the Eternal City. I made no effort to get an explanation, for in the first place I didn't care to let any one know how superstitious or perhaps stupid I had been, and the secret was one that I preferred to keep down at the bottom of my heart. I left Rome still uncertain whether I had been bewitched by a medieval ghost or my charmer were a real person.

Fate brought me a solution. Returning to America, a few days out from Southampton one morning on deck I passed the mysterious lady sitting in a steamer chair.

I looked at her in amazement. She burst into a laugh.

"You and I don't need an introduction," she said. "We have met before. Be seated," pointing to a vacant chair beside her, "and I will tell you all about it."

I accepted the invitation, and she continued:

"I occupied rooms in the compartment next to yours in the palazzio. One who knew every nook and corner, every secret passage, in the building showed me a wall dividing a corridor filled by a mirror. Touching a spring, the wall swung on a pivot, and when reversed a mural painting was where the mirror had been.

"It occurred to me that I would like to astonish some one by passing through this passageway. To heighten the effect I wore a dress which is a modernized costume of the sixteenth century. The first person I hit upon was you, and I enjoyed your look of wonder immensely. The last time I appeared to you when I was passing the wall I saw you near the staircase. Crouching, I turned the mirror toward you, thus giving you a reflection of the corridor in which you stood. This, I knew, would cause the hall to appear to you continuous. Then when you covered your eyes I swung back the reverse."

"What a fool I was!" I exclaimed. "I have been in doubt whether you were an apparition of a medieval dame or flesh and blood."

"Have you?" she exclaimed, with delight. "Had I known that how much more pleasure I should have derived from the freak."

"I presume," I said musingly, "that the passage through the wall was built and used by the fox who first owned and occupied the palazzio?"

"Yes. I was told that on one occasion it saved his life."

"He must have had skillful workmen to make it. I examined it carefully, even knocking on it, but could find nothing more than a blank wall."

"The next summer the mysterious lady and I made a wedding trip to Rome, stopped at the palazzio, and I made a very critical search for the spring that opened it. My wife was obliged to show me where it was.

DEFIED THE COMMODORE.

Pinkham Was Insubordinate, but He Saved Vessel and Crew.

Reuben Pinkham, a native of Nantucket, made his first trip as third lieutenant on the ship Potomac, which crossed the north Pacific, a region little known to naval vessels in the early thirties. Pinkham had been on several whaling voyages and was familiar with those waters. The author of "The Island of Nantucket" says that one day, near sunset, he had the watch, while the commodore was pacing up and down the deck.

Suddenly Pinkham gave the order, "Man the weather braces!"

"What's that for?" asked the commodore.

"We shall have wind in a moment."

The commodore went to the lee rail and scanned the sea and sky. "I see no signs of wind," he returned. "Let the men leave the braces."

The crew dropped the ropes.

"Keep hold of the braces, every man of you!" called out Pinkham, and the men resumed their grasp. The commodore flushed with anger and exclaimed in peremptory tones:

"Let the men leave the braces!" and again the braces were dropped.

"Don't any of you dare to drop the ropes!" shouted Pinkham, shaking his trumpet at the crew, who once more took hold. Just then the wind dropped entirely; not a breath stirred.

"Taut, taut! Haul, all of you!" called Pinkham, and the ponderous yards swung to reversed position. The wind came out of the opposite quarter and struck the ship like a sledge hammer. The vessel staggered, shook the spray from her bows and dashed ahead. The commodore disappeared into his cabin without saying a word.

Presently he sent the first lieutenant to relieve Pinkham, requesting to see the latter immediately. When Pinkham entered the cabin the commodore said:

"I consider that I am indebted to you for all of our lives, but I will tell you frankly if that wind hadn't come I should have put you in irons in two minutes."

SOUTH SEA FASHIONS.

The Dusky Native Belles Have Queer Ideas About Dress.

It would be hard to find a spot where the subject of dress does not sway the feminine mind. To the world at large its observance causes either a great deal of pleasure or a good store of amusement. In the category of amusement may be placed the proceedings of the dusky belles described by Beatrice Grimshaw in her book, "In the Strange South Seas:"

A lace trimmed garment of mine, usually worn at night under the shelter of sheets and quilts, went to a Sunday morning church as a best dress in full daylight on the person of the laundress intrusted with my wash. The funny side was so conspicuous that she never got the reproof she deserved.

A certain flower toque made of poppies, a bloom unknown in the Pacific, first drove the women of the island half distracted with excitement, then led thirty-six native ladies to appear simultaneously at a dance wearing excellent copies of my Paris model done in double scarlet hibiscus from the bush.

A wedding from which unfortunately I was absent furnished the finest display of native dress that took place that year. The bride wore fourteen silk dresses, not all at once, but one after another, changing her dress again and again during the reception until the white spectators were fairly giddy.

JOY IN THE SCHOOL.

How Infant Classes In Some Foreign Countries Are Handled.

The man in the club had been talking politics with the school inspector until that gentleman declined to discuss the subject any more.

"We'll talk about the youngsters themselves for a change," he said. "Do you know that both in France and Belgium reading, writing and arithmetic are being omitted from the subjects taught in infant schools? The children are simply taught to be happy instead. And when they bring their dinners to school the food has, under the official regulations, to be put into a basket, which must be labeled at the school and set on a special shelf in a clean, airy place. Fancy such regulations in England! Any old newspaper and any cupboard is good enough for our children.

"In Germany toys are provided for play time, and all little children are compelled to bring clean pocket handkerchiefs to school, and they must have a bath once a week.

"In Finland the tiniest children are taught to wash dolls, dust, sweep, look after flowers, and so on, and in some Japanese schools a resting room, with a bed, is provided, so that overtired children may have a nap!"—London Answers.

NAPOLEON LOVED SNUFF.

And He Pinched the Boxes as Well as the Pungent Dust.

Napoleon loved snuff; not only on the battlefield, but at home in the council, he had recourse to the dust, especially when his schemes were unfavorably received and he wished to hide his uneasiness or impatience. Unable to sit still in his elbow chair, he would try in a thousand ways to divert attention from himself, and among other devices, as soon as he saw a member's eye fixed on him would hold out his arm and shake his thumb and forefinger, to signify that he wished for a pinch of snuff. Not less than four, and even six, snuffboxes disappeared in this manner during a single sitting, and it was not till he had left the council chamber that he became aware of the larceny. So confirmed was this habit that some of the councilors, whose snuffboxes were heirlooms or presents from foreign princes, hit upon the expedient of carrying cheap papier mache or wooden boxes for the emperor to pocket. The snuffboxes, however, always returned to their owners and in doing so were often found to have undergone a very pleasant metamorphosis. By some necromancy a wooden or tortoise shell box, on coming out from the imperial pocket, was usually transformed into one of gold, set around with diamonds, or bearing the emperor's miniature on the lid.—William Matthews, "Hours With Men and Books."

Plants That Shoot Arrows.

The arrows are crystal needles of oxalate of lime. They are of microscopic domensions, and they are shot from minute capsule shaped bodies found in the tissues of such plants as the Indian turnip and the Polynesian taro. An extraordinary spectacle may be viewed in the field of the microscope when the "bonds" contained in a drop of taro pulp begin to discharge their arrows. Sometimes only one or two needles and sometimes groups of four to ten were discharged at once, the bomb recoiling as the projectiles left it. It has been suggested that the intense burning and pricking sensations experienced in chewing such plants as those just mentioned are due to the release and discharge of these crystal arrows when the plant tissues are crushed in the mouth.—Harper's Weekly.

A Fine Distinction.

Sometimes a small boy can draw a fine distinction. Two fishermen of the sportsman type, equipped with all the latest appliances for angling, were walking a mountain road when they met a barefooted boy with a tin can in his hand and a carelessly trimmed branch of a tree slung over his shoulder.

"Hello, sonny!" exclaimed one of the men. "Going fishing?"

"No," drawled the youngster, with only a glance at the splendid outfits, "I ain't goin' fishin'. I'm just goin' down to the crick to ketch some fish."

Tragic Tale of a Rat.

The story of the luck of the Howths is well known, and down to very recent times no member of that family would permit a rat to be put to death. It was said that about the year 1750 the twenty-sixth Baron Howth was giving a banquet to his friends when a rat rushed into the hall, followed by several dogs, and, jumping on the table, sat up before Lord Howth as if appealing for protection. He saved its life, and from that moment it never quitted him. At last he set out on a foreign tour, accompanied by his brother, who persuaded him to leave the rat behind. Sitting in a hotel at Marseilles, the door suddenly flew open and the rat, dripping wet, came crawling in and went straight to the fire to dry itself. Lord Howth's brother, enraged at the intrusion, seized the poker and dashed out the rat's brains. "You have murdered me!" exclaimed Lord Howth and instantly fell down and expired.—London Tit-Bits.

DUCKING A SCOLD

A Custom Quite Popular at One Time In This Country.

WOMEN ALWAYS THE VICTIMS.

In Colonial Days Ducking Stools Were Common In Maryland, In Virginia the Penalty Was Often Inflicted, and Georgia Sinned as Late as 1819.

Nowadays if a woman forms the habits of talking too loud and too long or insists upon saying unpleasant things in wrong places and at wrong seasons there are several things which may happen to her. If she is a person of some social standing her husband may get a divorce, or if she belongs in one of the lower strata he may leave her without that little formality. If she makes life too unbearable for the neighbors she may possibly be arrested and fined. If she lives in England and interrupts the proceedings of parliament, calls names, chases dignitaries to cover whenever they show themselves in public and knocks off policemen's helmets she is called a suffragette and sometimes imprisoned. But even the most "obstinately opprobrious and virulent woman," to quote the stately Addison, may be confident that she will escape the punishment meted out to her sister of old. Whatever happens, she won't be sentenced to the ducking stool. In many ways modern life is tame and lacking in dramatic incident for a self assertive lady, and even the English suffragettes complain that they are not taken seriously enough.

No such claim could have been made in the past, say between the fifteenth and eighteenth centuries, when far more rigid views prevailed on the subject of feminine self repression. In those days magistrates were unanimous in the conviction that "meekness is ye chojsest ornament for a woman," and it was held a crime to speak "discornfully" of those in authority, civil or ecclesiastical. A woman must not even indulge in too great freedom of speech in the privacy of her own home and neighborhood. Sometimes she did, and then she was attended to in a simple yet spectacular manner.

She was bound securely to a stout chair firmly fixed to the end of a long beam, arranged to work up and down on the principle of the seesaw, on the edge of a river or pond. On the bank at the other end a man worked the contrivance by means of a strong chain, and she was given a ducking, which lasted until justice was satisfied or reform was promised, the populace of course gathering in large numbers to assist at the function.

In England the practice was so general that each town had its ducking pond conveniently located where petty offenders of various kinds were disciplined. The pond for the western part of London was what is now a portion of Trafalgar square, Charing Cross. Many of the old ducking stools are still in existence as curiosities. In the days of their activity they were kept in the church porches, where they doubtless pointed a moral as to the haughty spirit which goeth before a fall.

The first colonists brought the institution to this country, although it never flourished in New England. In fact, there are no authentic records of the actual use of the ducking stool in these colonies, although a number of women were sentenced to be so punished. They had, however, other methods of treatment for ladies of a shrewish disposition, one of these being the wearing of a cleft stick upon the tongue.

In the central and southern colonies the custom was quite popular. In the seventeenth century ducking stools were in every county in Maryland, and in 1775 one was placed at the confluence of the Ohio and Monongahela rivers. In Virginia the penalty was often employed, and in 1634 a Thomas Hartly of that colony wrote, it is said, to Governor Endicott of Massachusetts, giving a detailed account of a ducking administered to "one Betsey, wife of John Tucker, who by violence of her tongue had made his home and ye neighborhood uncomfortable." After describing the machine he adds: "Ye rope was slackened by ye officer, and ye woman was allowed to go down under ye water for ye space of half a minute. Betsey had a stout stomach and would not yield until she had allowed herself to be ducked five several times." After she promised to "sin no more" Betsey was untied and allowed to "walk home in her wetted clothes, a hopefully penitent woman."

The ducking stool prevailed longer in America than in England. In the old country it does not seem to have been used later than 1809, but in Georgia women were ducked for scolding as late as 1819. It is interesting to note that in 1824 a woman in Philadelphia was sentenced to be ducked, but the decree was not carried out, as it was "deemed obsolete and contrary to the spirit of the times." A writer on colonial customs states that one of the last indictments for ducking in this country was that of Mrs. Anne Royall in Washington, a lobbyist, who "became so abusive to congressmen that she was indicted as a common scold before Judge William Cranch and was sentenced by him to be ducked in the Potomac. She was, however, not subjected to the ducking indignity, but was released with a fine."—Bellman.

When our hatred is too bitter it places us below those whom we hate.—La Rochefoucauld.

Keeping on the Safe Side.

"Here," she said when they met after the judge had granted the decree for which she had prayed, "is the engagement ring you gave me. You may wish to use it again some time. Perhaps you would like my wedding ring also. It, too, may come in handy in the future."

"No; keep them," he replied. "I am afraid to accept them."

"Afraid! Why should you be afraid?"

"If I took them back I should not have to buy rings for the next lady, and the courts may find us guilty of combining in unreasonable restraint of trade."—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Phrenologist Right.

"This large bump running across the back of your head means that you are inclined to be curious to the point of recklessness."

"Right you are. I got that by sticking my head into an elevator shaft to see if the elevator was coming up, and it was coming down."—Houston Post.

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson X.—Third Quarter, For Sept. 3, 1911.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, a Comprehensive Quarterly Review—Golden Text, Ps. xxxiv, 14—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

LESSON I.—Isaiah's prophecy concerning Sennacherib (Isa. xxxvii, 14-38). Golden Text, Ps. xlvi, 1, "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble." Sennacherib is in the line of Cain and Pharaoh and all enemies of God and His people to be consummated in the blaspheming antichrist of the last days, back of whom and through whom is always seen the devil. The devotion of Hezekiah to the living and true God was too much for the great adversary, and so he stirred up the king of Assyria against Hezekiah. But see how two men who knew God prevailed in prayer.

LESSON II.—The suffering servant of Jehovah (Isa. lii, 3, to liii, 12). Golden Text, Isa. liii, 6, "The Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all." We find this record right in the midst of the last part of Isaiah, the middle chapter of the middle section, and the middle verse is liii, 5, which gives us the heart of all Scripture. If with His stripes we have been healed, then as His redeemed ones standing against the world, the flesh and the devil, we must be content to suffer with Him and count it a great privilege (Phil. i, 29; I Pet. iv, 13; v, 1, 10). We shall be satisfied when He is (liii, 11).

LESSON III.—Manasseh's wickedness and penitence (II Chron. xxxiii, 1-20). Golden Text, Isa. i, 16, 17, "Cease to do evil, learn to do well." Of all the wicked kings of the ten tribes none exceeded Ahab in wickedness, but Manasseh in Judah seems to have exceeded him. By comparing II Kings xxi with our lesson chapter we see how fearful the record is. It looks as if he did the very worst that he could do. The conversion of such a wicked man should greatly encourage parents who have ungodly children, for God is full of mercy.

LESSON IV.—Josiah's devotion to God (II Chron. iii, 4, 1-13). Golden Text, Eccles. xii, 1, "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth." This boy king probably knew only of his father's zeal for God, and may have been thus inspired with a similar zeal. When he was only sixteen he began to seek God earnestly, and when he was twenty he purged the land from idolatry and did that which the man of God said 300 years before that he would do (I Kings xiii, 2; II Kings xxiii, 16). When he was twenty-six he began to repair the house of the Lord his God.

LESSON V.—The finding of the book of the law (II Chron. xxxiv, 14-33). Golden Text, Ps. cxix, 11, "Thy word have I hid in my heart that I might not sin against Thee." As he went on in his good work, God gave him more light by causing the book of the law to be found. This was a fulfillment of the word, "Then shall we know if we follow on to know the Lord" (Hos. vi, 3). If we act up to the light we have, God will in some way send us more. The Lord knew that Josiah would inquire into this and be obedient and humble himself before God.

LESSON VI.—Jeremiah tried and acquitted (Jer. xxvi, 7-19). Golden Text, Ps. xxvii, 1, "The Lord is my light and my salvation, whom shall I fear?" It seems strange that priests and prophets of the Lord should want to kill a man because he spoke the words of the Lord, simply because the message did not suit them, but there were in those days, and there are today, professed messengers of the Lord whom He never sent, prophets of the deceit of their own heart speaking lies in His name (Jer. xxiii, 14, 16, 21, 25, 26).

LESSON VII.—Jehoiakim burns the prophet's book (Jer. xxxvi, 20-32). Golden Text, Isa. xl, 8, "The word of our God shall stand forever." It was not the prophet's book, but the Lord's book, which the king cut up and burned in the fire, but the book was written again immediately in a larger edition, and the Lord attended to Jehoiakim. There are many now who seem to have no fear of God while professing to be His messengers and who ruthlessly set aside large portions of Scripture, calling them myths and fables. The Lord will see to them, and Ps. cxix, 89, stands.

LESSON VIII.—Jeremiah cast into prison (Jer. xxxvii, 4-21). Golden Text, Matt. v, 11, "Blessed are ye when man shall revile you and persecute you and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely for My sake." He is still hated and persecuted for the truth's sake, even as many were before Him, and are now and will be till the kingdom comes (John xv, 18-21; xvi, 1-3). The father of lies cannot stand the truth and will not if he can help it, but he cannot lay a finger on any child of God without permission and then only as far as permitted.

LESSON IX.—Judah carried captive to Babylon (Jer. xxxix, 1-10). Golden Text, Num. xxxii, 23, "Be sure your sin will find you out." Notwithstanding all the peaceful words of the false prophets, the word of the Lord by Jeremiah was literally fulfilled in due time. This age of so called progress, which is the progress of all things to be controlled by one devil possessed man, the antichrist, will end by the overthrow of all things that can be shaken, and then shall come the kingdom of peace and righteousness.

Juvenile Logic.

Little Mabel's mother was expecting Mabel's auntie on a visit. Just as she was almost due to arrive a telegram came, which read: "Missed train. Will start at same time tomorrow."

Mabel hurried home from school, expecting to greet her auntie, instead of which she was shown the telegram. She read it through carefully and laboriously, and then she remarked:

"How silly of auntie, mamma!"

"Why, dear?" inquired her mother.

"Well, don't you see that if she starts at the same time tomorrow she will miss the train again."—Illustrated Bits.

Absurd.

Bootmaker (who has a deal of trouble with his customer)—I think, sir, if you were to cut your corns I could more easily find you a pair. Choleric Old Gentleman—Cut my corns, sir! I ask you to fit me a pair of boots to my feet, sir! I'm not going to plane my feet down to fit your boots!—London Telegraph.

BLED THEM WHITE.

The Treatment In Fever Cases Till Quinine Wrought a Change.

In 1832, when the French were conducting a campaign of conquest in Algeria, the mortality among the troops and colonists there was frightful. France was being continually called upon for fresh levies of men and youths to supply this terrible loss, chiefly from fever incidental to the climate.

At that time the practice of bleeding still prevailed. "Bleed them till they are white" was the injunction which Broussais, the head physician of the French, gave to his followers when the condition of the soldiers was reported to him.

At Bone in one year out of an effective force of 5,500 men, 1,100 died of illness in the hospital. Most of them had been "bled to the white."

At this time the effects of sulphate of quinine were known, but few physicians ventured to employ it. One, Maillot, had interested himself in the new remedy and, going to Bone in the medical service of the government, he resolved to see if it would not reduce the frightful mortality, which was one to every three and one-half men who entered the hospital.

At first he employed the quinine merely as an adjunct to the bleeding. He soon found that bleeding was killing the men and that quinine was saving them. Little by little he left off bleeding, to the great scandal of the medical profession.

Exactly in proportion as the bleeding ceased the deaths in the hospital decreased. In two years the deaths fell off from one in three and a half of all who entered the hospital to one in twenty and finally to one in forty-six.

Maillot, quite naturally enough, became an earnest opponent of bleeding, but he was so actively resisted and so ceaselessly vilified that he became embittered toward his colleagues.

Nearly thirty years passed before Maillot saw the complete triumph of his ideas. Doctors continued to bleed their patients heartily for all manner of ills. But in 1860 Maillot was made commander of the Legion of Honor and chief of the medical staff of the French army, and his influence, with others, in bringing about a virtual revolution in the practice of medicine was fully recognized.—Harper's Weekly.

Missed a Train That Was a Day Late.

When the Switz City division of the Illinois Central was built it was known as the Indiana and Illinois Southern. It was a narrow gauge road; the roadbed was bad, the engines and cars were built on a miniature scale, and, while there was a schedule, had a train been on time the fact would have been regarded as a miracle. The road was known as the "Try-Weakly." On one occasion Josiah McConnell desired to go to Switz City from Sullivan, but missed the train by a minute or two. The clock at the station showed that the train had left Sullivan five minutes ahead of time, and McConnell sued the railroad company for $5,000 damages. On a trial of the case it was proved beyond a doubt that the train McConnell missed should have gone the day before and was really twenty-three hours and fifty-five minutes late.

Lettres de Cachet.

Lettres de cachet was the name given in France to warrants sealed with the king's seal ordering persons to be thrown into prison or exiled. The first came into use about 1670 and shortly became one of the popular terrors of France. It is said that no less than 9,000 lettres de cachet were issued during the reign of Louis XIV, and 80,000 during the reign of Louis XV. In many cases these terrible documents were secretly sold and used as a source of illicit revenue. They were frequently signed in blank, and the holder of one of these royal terrors could write in the name of any person against whom he happened to have a grudge. The national assembly abolished this iniquitous privilege of issuing lettres de cachet on Nov. 1, 1789.

FEES FOR ITS FLASHES.

San Salvador Uses a Live Volcano as a Lighthouse.

The republic of San Salvador is the only government on earth that collects lighthouse fees on account of a volcano that it owns and without the slightest cost of upkeep.

The volcanic beacon is about eight miles inland from the port of Acajutla, and its pillar of cloud by day and its fire sky by night are visible for many miles out at sea. It bursts forth every seven minutes and is just as accurate as any revolving light that warns mariners of danger in any part of the world.

This volcano has been keeping up this seven minute series of eruptions even since any one can remember. It is a favorite amusement of visitors to sit by the hour during the lazy afternoons and, watch in hand, to time the eruptions till they tire of the occupation and fall asleep. No one has ever caught the volcano napping, however.

Every vessel that puts in at Acajutla has to pay its lighthouse fee. There is no other lighthouse than the volcano, but that is a sufficient excuse for the government of Salvador to make a charge for its services. The explosions that accompany the eruptions sound like detonations of heavy charge of dynamite, but fortunately they are not sufficient to shake the ground perceptibly more than about a mile or two from the summit of the crater.—Pearson's Weekly.

The Fountain at the Corner.

Beranger is best known for his bacchanalian songs. One night he was at supper with Dumas the elder. The younger Dumas, who was present, was passing through his college course and at that period was exhibiting those characteristics which unfortunately developed in later life. Noticing that Beranger had drunk only water, he somewhat indiscreetly asked, "Where do you obtain, M. Beranger, all the wine which we find in your songs?"

The poet's reply was, "From the fountain at the corner, my boy, and you would do well to make that the source of your inspiration."

Invincible Logic.

Donald (who is seeing his more prosperous cousin off by the train)—Ye micht like tae leave me a bob or twa tae drink ye a safe journey, Wullie. Wullie (feigning regret)—Man, I canna. A' my spare shullin's I gie tae my auld mither. Donald—That's strange, because yer mither told me ye never gie her onything. Wullie—Weel, if I dinna gie my auld mither onything, what sort o' chance dae ye think you've got?—London Punch.

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ALASKAN MOSQUITOES.

They Are Small and Silent, but Work With Fire Tipped Stings.

Mosquitoes in this icebound northern country, Alaska, are a plague beyond relief. They come to life about the middle of May, before the ground is thawed out and while many feet of ice still cover the lakes and all but the swiftest rivers. Stagnant, sun heated water is not in the least necessary. They breed in the glaciers wherever a bit of earth or manure has melted a little pool. Their wrigglers are seen in running ice water. By the 1st of June it is uncomfortable to sleep without protection, and from that time on until September, when the first frosts have benumbed them, especially during the warm, rainy season of July and August, they become a never ceasing scourge, swarming in thousands.

The Alaskan mosquito is small, brown, silent and very much in earnest. He never sings a warning nor fools about selecting a spot to his taste, but comes in a bee line with his probe and gets into action. Every inch of your clothing is industriously bored, so that you look like an animated brown cocoon, and the slightest exposed spot on wrist or neck is promptly set on fire. I experimented with a small hole in my glove. After the first mosquito had found the opening others came in quick succession to the spot. He left some microscopic "kind lady and no dog" sign there. If I killed the first and left his carcass it served as a warning not at all. The others came the faster, and the more I killed the more eager the survivors became, perching quite unmoved on the remains of their confreres.—World Today.

Very Diplomatic.

"You say De Skill plays an ideal game of golf?"

"Yes. He plays well enough to make it interesting for an influential friend without actually beating him."—New York Telegram.

Humorist In Straits.

Beggar—Please help me to recover my child. Lady—Is your child lost? Beggar—No, mum, but his clothes are worn out.—Boston Transcript.

Nothing is so dear and so precious as time.—Rabelais.

Environment.

The street car conductor was about to be transferred to another line. Not his to reason why, yet on that occasion he did, and with the chief of the department.

"I don't like that line," he said.

"What's the matter with it?" asked the chief.

"It's commonplace," said the conductor. "I will lose my good manners if I go down there. The line I am on now is a well dressed line and a liberal education for the railway employee. I am not the same man I was when I was moved up there two years ago from a downtown line. I a mmore polite, my voice is lower, and I have sprueed up in general appearance. It is that way with every man in the business. Put him on a line patronized by well dressed people and he will fix up to fit his surroundings. If I go back on that other line I will lose polish."

All the chief said then was "Well, well," but the conductor was not transferred.—New York Sun.

A Queer Animal.

"That is the only animal I ever saw that would eat and drink and sleep upside down," said a visitor to the zoo, indicating a fruit bat or flying squirrel from Borneo. It hung head downward in its cage. Three curved claws on what appeared to be its tail embraced a roof bar. In its pendulous position it reached out for the disks of banana the keeper passed through the bars. Finishing its meal, it swung over to a cup of water and took a drink. Then, folding its membranous wings, it closed its eyes and was soon asleep.—New York Sun.

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MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,
From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.50, 5.45, 6.35, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.50, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.20 a. m. 5.30 p. m,

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR
Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.05 a. m., 12.20, 2.30, 3.50, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct, 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

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21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
34	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Mishawum Road and Washington St.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
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52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
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56	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
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62	Cor. Main and Pail Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
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67	Cor. Main and Kirby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
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The Coral Bead

A Story of the China Sea

By CLARISSA MACKIE

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When one is yachting in the China sea he admittedly runs a risk of adventure with the pirates that infest its more solitary tracks. John Anson's pleasure craft, the Linda, had been overtaken by a typhoon shortly after she rode out of the Formosa strait.

It had happened suddenly, of course, after a stilling hot day, when the sea lay calm and unwrinkled, yet full of iridescent color as a polished abalone pearl. There was a low murmur aloft that had increased to a screaming fury of sound by the time things were made snug aboard the yacht. Then the whirlwind of inky clouds whistled down upon them driving them relentlessly coastward, battling for hours against the monster element.

There were no women aboard, merely the host and his two guests, Ellis and Lyman, the captain and crew of eight men and the chance for saving their lives was perhaps one in a thousand.

The sturdy Linda had fought to keep her course south, but the force of the storm veered her head ever toward the coast. They had suffered the worst of the typhoon and were still battling with the tail of it when out of the twilight mists of spray there rocked beside them a large Chinese junk, her rail lined with a double row of ugly yellow faces and murder in every weaponed hand.

Instantly the men on the Linda were alert. It did not need Captain Lee's shout of "Pirates!" to arm them with pistols. They even succeeded in ripping the canvas from the brass cannon and swung it about, trained on the junk. The storm drove the junk crashingly against the yacht. While a score of pirates grappled with hooks there was a rush aboard the Linda, a retreat under the onslaught of the crew. Anson remembered being grasped about the waist and hurled into space.

When he recovered consciousness he was in some foul smelling place, knocking about with every onward plunge of some vessel.

A groan aroused him to action. With every muscle quivering in agony he moved slightly and touched a foot—the foot of a white man, he judged, for it was clad in a canvas shoe with a rubber sole.

"Who is it?" he asked sharply. "This is Anson."

The voice of Ellis came punctuated by a groan.

"Here I am, Anson. For God's sake what has happened?"

"Blest if I know," grunted Anson, feeling in his pockets for a matchbox. His search was rewarded, and presently there flared a light that revealed a small and filthy room with a strongly barred door. It was destitute of furniture, and there were but three objects within it, Anson, Ellis and their friend Lyman, who even now was struggling to a sitting posture. "I believe my ankle is sprained," he said.

"I'm pretty well bumped up, but my bones seem to be whole," remarked Anson from his dark corner.

"Same here," put in Ellis. "I move we massage Lyman's ankle into some shape again—perhaps it isn't a sprain—we all need to be in the best of condition if we have to put up a fight."

"Good for you," said Anson heartily, and then he and Ellis groped their way across the floor to Lyman's corner and soon were vigorously kneading and rubbing his injured ankle.

"Wonder what happened to the Linda," remarked Ellis after awhile, voicing the thoughts of his silent companions. "Doesn't seem as if she could have ridden out that gale, does it, Jack?"

"I've given her up," said Anson quietly. "I hate to think what has happened to Lee and his men—they were a fine lot of chaps."

"Perhaps they are aboard the junk as well as ourselves," suggested Lyman. "Let's give a yell—a good American howl that will raise any white man aboard."

But their concerted shouts could not ride above the din of waves pounding against the round sides of the junk. The clumsy craft bobbed and rolled like a barrel in the sea, and it was only by bracing themselves against the bulkheads that they could maintain a stationary position.

"What keeps the blame thing from filling and going down?" asked Ellis after awhile. "Seems as if any one of those waves could fill her up, and we be caught like rats in a trap."

The three sat up and endeavored to pierce the gray gloom of the place.

"Got any weapons?" asked Anson suddenly.

"My revolver, as usual," said Ellis.

"Same here," from Lyman.

"I've got a knife. Ah, here they come!"

As by one accord the three Americans drew together in a corner of the room and awaited the opening of the door, through which there now pierced a dancing light. In a moment there passed in three Chinese sailors, rough and ugly looking customers, who hustled their captives out of their prison cell into the hold of the junk and from thence by rude ladders to the daylight and fresh air of the upper deck.

The three drew a deep breath and looked around. The junk lay at anchor in a wide creek that debouched upon a yellow stream. The natural formation of rocks that formed the shore at this point had been cleverly contrived by artificial means to form a strong place of defense. A little party of richly dressed men were entering one of the low arched entrances that appeared to pierce the solid rock.

By kicks and threats their captors made the Americans understand that they were to go ashore, and soon they had landed and were being ushered through the same low entrance they had observed.

As each bowed his head and entered there was little doubt in his mind that he would ever emerge from that mountain of rock. If he did it would not be alive, if a Chinese pirate lives up to his ugly reputation.

A series of winding passages led through the rock and finally terminated in a small room hollowed out of the granite. Here were rich hangings and a silken carpet. One of the Chinese disappeared through a curtained doorway and presently returned to confer with his companions.

Then the three Americans were pushed through the doorway to find themselves in a large grotto, curtained and carpeted and richly furnished with bronzes and porcelains, embroideries and rare carvings.

In a large high backed chair, carved into the rude semblance of a throne, sat a large and very fat Chinese. His little black eyes seemed to sink into the flesh of his face and become mere points of black jet. His chin rolled on his satin covered breast, and his huge fat hands were clumsily clasped about his capacious waist. On his big head there was perched a black velvet skullcap.

The Americans were garbed as they had been seized, and their stormcoats covered them from neck to heel. Now their coats were stripped off, and under the direction of the leader the prisoners were searched thoroughly. Yellow claws relieved them of watches, money and jewels and gingerly appropriated their weapons. After that they crowded about the three and endeavored to make them understand something they were trying to explain.

Ellis, who was in a Shanghai banking house, knew some scraps of the language, and, although this southern dialect was strange to him, he managed to convey the meaning to his companions that the leader of the band was prepared to offer them a chance for life.

"He's got a necklace there. See that string of ivory beads? Well, it's all white save one, and that's a ball of pink coral. He says the one that can get it off the chain without disturbing the other beads may go free. The others get—you know!"

"Let's see the chain," said Anson, and Ellis made known the request, which was immediately granted. The leader took from his neck a large chain of polished ivory beads the size of a small pea. The chain was a rich creamy yellow save for the one bead of an exquisite rose tinted coral. It was strung on fine woven copper wire, and the joining of the wire was not discernible.

"How about the guns?" whispered Lyman excitedly. "I believe I can split it off first pop!"

"Then it's your chance," said the others generously, "for you know we wouldn't stand a show anyway."

"If it's my chance," said Lyman coolly, "then I'll figure to get the lot of us off. Ask him if I can have a try with my revolver at solving his problem."

The leader nodded with an amused smile, and Anson and Ellis held the necklace suspended between them. In the excitement of the moment they did not notice that they were in line with the leader of the pirates, and it was not until Lyman's shot rang echoing through the rocky caverns, followed by the Asiatic's hideous yell as he flopped from his chair, that they realized Lyman's bullet had taken effect in the leader's body. For a brief instant there was intense silence; then Lyman flashed around on the cowardly crew with uplifted weapon, and it only needed one or two deadly shots to send them scattering out of the chamber.

"It's our only chance; let's be off," muttered Ellis, grabbing his own weapon from the floor and rescuing their fallen watches where they had been dropped.

They panted down a long and narrow passageway that at its greatest width would not have admitted the corpulence of the pirate leader. All at once a rush of cold air smote their heated faces. They rounded a shoulder of jutting rock and came out upon a small natural stone jetty that put forth into the Yellow river. They were quite out of sight of the creek and the junk it concealed.

There a welcome sight met their eyes. Steaming up the stream came the Linda, a line of fresh white and red faces against the rail. A suppressed cheer went up as the three men were sighted and a boat was lowered.

It was not until the Linda had put down the river and was emerging into the China sea once more that Anson realized that he wore about his neck the white chain with the single coral bead. He removed the chain and flung it around Lyman's neck. The latter looked down at the rosy bead with meditative eyes.

"I'm wondering what would have happened if I had not chanced to hit that old chap," he murmured.

The eyes of Anson and Ellis met across his bent head with strange significance in the glance, and Ellis replied to the younger man's remark.

"You wouldn't be here talking about it," he said grimly.

THE CODE DUELLO

It Had Its Origin In the Barbarous Wager of Battle.

QUEER COMBATS IN FRANCE.

One Fatal Affair of Honor Was Fought Out In Balloons, and Another Was Decided With Billiard Balls as Weapons—A Duel Between Women.

The idea from which the code duello was developed came down from the north with the barbarians who overran the Roman empire. They brought with them the ordeal or wager of battle or judicial duel, which sprang from their idea to fight it out and let the guilt or innocence of the accused be determined by the result of the battle.

Strangely enough, the judicial duel was considered a fitting mode of settling disputes between man and wife. To equalize as much as possible the inequality of such a contest the man was put in a pit in which he was buried up to the girdle, while one of his arms was bound to his side. Sometimes a barrel took the place of a pit. For a weapon the man had a baton or stick, the woman a kind of sling with a stone in it.

The story of the duel in the modern sense may be dated from 1527, when Francis I. gave the lie to the Emperor Charles V., a proceeding which promised to lead to a combat of exceptional interest, but which never took place because mutual friends reconciled the pugnacious monarchs.

By this time the judicial duel had been gradually abolished, and the private duel, fought before witnesses, who seconded the principals in the encounter, came in. Sometimes the seconds also mixed it up, and instead of a duel there was a quartet or a sextet. The day of dueling has passed long since in England and America and only lingers in France as a sort of harmless comedy.

Several duels have been fought between women, and there are two or three instances of duels between a man and a woman, in which the man did not always get the better of it.

One of these duels between women was that between two Frenchwomen, the Marquise de Nesle and the Comtesse de Polignac, in the eighteenth century. The two titled women were rivals for the affections of a certain duke, and an incident occurred which brought on a bitter quarrel between the two jealous grande dames.

As a result of this the marquise challenged the comtesse to fight her a duel, and the challenge was accepted. Pistols were chosen and the Boise de Boulogne selected as the place of meeting. When the women had taken their places the comtesse called out to the marquise, "Do you fire first, madame, and, mind you, don't miss me; don't imagine for a moment that I am going to miss you!" The marquise fired, but missed and hit a neighboring tree. The comtesse smiled. "Your hand trembles with passion, madame," cried she. "You are lost!"

The comtesse aimed deliberately at the head of the marquise and fired. The marquise fell with a great cry as of one who had received a mortal wound, but the bullet had only cut away a minute piece of her shell-like ear. All Paris laughed—even the duke.

Two duels have been fought from balloons. The most interesting was that between M. de Grandpre and M. Le Pique, which took place on May 3, 1808. Why they selected balloons is not clear, but possibly because ballooning was one of the crazes of the day.

Each duelist, with his second, got into a balloon in the field adjoining the Tuileries, and in the presence of a great crowd the cords were cut and up shot the balloons. The combatants were armed with blunderbusses. At about 800 feet from the ground Le Pique fired, and Grandpre immediately responded. The latter's shot was effective and penetrated Le Pique's balloon, which rapidly descended, and Le Pique and his second were dashed to death on a housetop, while Grandpre and his second descended safely some seven leagues away.

A duel with billiard balls took place in France Sept. 4, 1843, between two young men named, respectively, Lefant and Melfant. They quarreled over a game of billiards and decided to fight a duel with the balls with which they were playing. They drew lots for the first throw, and Melfant won. "I am going to kill you at the first throw," said Melfant, and, aiming the missile, he hurled it at Lefant, striking him in the center of the forehead and killing him almost instantly.

Among curious American duels was that fought at the Oaks, the famous New Orleans dueling ground, between M. Pedesclaux, a creole, and a retired French cavalry officer, in antebellum days. The duel was fought with both combatants mounted on magnificent stallions and armed with broadswords. It was a fierce battle, in which the French officer was killed.

Consolation.

"I have been a drudge all my life," he complained.

"Well," the unsympathetic old bachelor replied, "it's largely your own fault. Why did you ever get married? Look at me."

"Yes, I'm looking at you. That's what reconciles me to my condition. After all, there are worse things than drudges in the world."—Chicago Record-Herald.

It is not enough to be industrious. So are ants. What are you industrious about?—Thoreau.

Reasonable Fear.

"John, is that you?"

"Yesh, Mary."

"What in the world are you doing down there? Why don't you come up to bed?"

"I'm afraid of gettin' hurt on these darned revolvin' stairsh."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Good breeding is a letter of credit all over the world.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

In Pitt's Day the Speaker Kept Himself Stimulated With Porter.

The speaker of the English house of commons holds an enviable position today, but it was not until comparatively modern times that the speaker ceased to be a partisan, nor was his position always one of its present dignity. In the time of Pitt the speaker was accustomed to solace himself with a draft of porter:

Like sad Prometheus fastened to the rock,
In vain he looks for pity to the clock,
In vain the effects of strengthening porter tries
And nods to Belamy for fresh supplies.

Manners were somewhat looser in those days than they are now. Pitt himself on one occasion showed signs of a too copious libation to the gods, and this gave rise to the celebrated couplet:

I cannot see the speaker, Hal. Can you?
What! Cannot see the speaker? I see two.

It is said that on one occasion Mr. Disraeli arrived at the house somewhat "under the influence" and was so indiscreet as to attack Mr. Gladstone, then prime minister, upon some point of foreign policy. Mr. Gladstone replied witheringly that "the right honorable gentleman evidently has sources of inspiration from which her majesty's ministers are debarred."—Argonaut.

AN HOUR OF THRILLS.

Shooting the Rapids of the Hodzu River, In Japan.

The rapids on the Hodzu river near Kyoto must fill even the most blase of tourists with excitement. A train from Kyoto climbs slowly and painfully upward until finally it deposits its passengers at a quaint little siding.

From here, says the Wide World Magazine, one goes to the river bank and embarks in a rude, flat bottomed boat, which is pushed out by four men into the middle of a broad river, reed edged and sleepy.

For a few minutes one glides dreamily along; then, rounding a curve, one suddenly hears the roar of water, and the boat tears down a rapid, just missing the rocks on each side. The high banks race past, death appears imminent, and then, with one mad swirl, it is all over and the boat is on the quiet, unruffled stream once more.

This happens again and again for about an hour. At first one's whole mind is filled with the conviction that an accident must happen, but gradually comes a delicious feeling of safety as one notes the marvelous skill these men show in piloting the boat through the seething rapids and one is able to appreciate the beauty of the scene.

Lucien Bonaparte and Wellington.

Lucien, whom I had never seen before his arrival in England, as he was in disgrace with the emperor, was said to be at least as able as his brother and to have more decision of character. I have heard it said that it was he who saved Napoleon on the 18th Brumaire, and, in fact, I had heard him greatly praised. My actual meeting with him, as often happens, did not come up to my expectations. He seemed to me cringing in his manners and false in his look. He is like Napoleon in the outward shape of his features—not at all in expression. I saw him last year, at a concert at the Duchesse de Canizzaro's, beg her to introduce him to the Duke of Wellington, who was present. I saw him cross the room and come up bowing and scraping to be presented to the victor of Waterloo, whose reception was as cold as such baseness deserved. —From Memoirs of Duchesse de Dino.

An Ancient Rain Gauge.

The credit of inventing the rain gauge has always been given to Castelli, a contemporary of Galilei, who made one in 1639, but the director of the Korean meteorological observatory, Dr. Y. Wada, has shown that it is due to a Korean king. The latter, King Sejo, in the year 1442 caused an instrument of bronze to be constructed to measure the rain, and it is set out in the historical records of Korea that this was a vase fifteen inches deep and seven inches in diameter, placed upon a pillar. An example of this was placed in the observatory, and each time the rain fell the officials were instructed to measure the height and to make it known to the king. Other instruments were distributed to the provinces and cantons, and the results of the observations made were sent to court.—Knowledge.

Queer Anatomy.

Curious ideas about anatomy prevail in the press. It was stated the other day that a man was "shot in the ticket office." Another paper says a man was "shot in the suburbs." "He kissed her passionately upon her reappearance," "She whipped him upon her return," "He kissed her back," "Mr. Jones walked in upon her invitation," "She seated herself upon his entering," "We thought she sat down upon her being asked," "She fainted upon his departure."

A Regular Hamlet Player.

"Did you ever play in 'Hamlet?'" inquired a theatrical manager of a recent acquisition to his company.

"Ever!" exclaimed the newcomer. "Why, I've played in every hamlet of Great Britain!"—London Tit-Bits.

Like a Man.

"Did Hawkins take his punishment like a man?" asked Lollerby.

"You bet he did," laughed Dubbleigh. "He hollered and yelled and used strong language to beat creation."—Harper's Weekly.

Never mind where you work. Let your care be for the work itself.—Spurgeon.

Mind is the beginning of civilization, but the ends and fruitage thereof are of the heart.

Why It Worried Him.

"What are you looking so glum about, old man?"

"Somebody stole Dawson's umbrella."

"But why should that worry you?"

"It was stolen from me."—Boston

CRAZY KING LOUIS

His Part in the Pitiful Tragedy at Lake Stranberg.

SLEW HIS FRIEND AND DIED.

The Mad Bavarian Monarch Beat Faithful Dr. von Gudden to Death Before Heart Disease Stopped His Own Dash For Liberty.

For months preceding the tragedy on June 13, 1886, that ended his life King Louis II. of Bavaria had revealed many unmistakable signs of mental derangement. He heard mysterious voices in the air around him and believed that he was constantly pursued by dangerous enemies. He withdrew entirely from the world, his cabinet ministers were unable to obtain access to him, and his domestic servants were forbidden to look at his face, being compelled to approach him with averted eyes. The old valet Meier was obliged to don a mask to cover his features whenever he went near the king, and many other strange things happened at the magnificent palace which Louis had built for himself with reckless extravagance.

Wearing his crown and purple royal mantle, with the scepter of sovereignty in his hand, King Louis would wander through the rooms of his castles at night, conversing with imaginary guests, for the most part with the ghosts of King Louis XIV. of France and Queen Marie Antoinette. Frequently places were laid at his table for their disembodied spirits.

The king's debts brought matters to a crisis and necessitated the intervention of the Bavarian government. Most of the royal liabilities had been contracted through the construction and decoration of the famous three castles, and several creditors threatened to initiate proceedings to recover their money. King Louis requested the government to introduce a bill in the Bavarian legislature granting his property immunity from seizure for debts, and when his ministers refused this unreasonable demand he tried to borrow money from all sorts and conditions of people.

In April, 1886, the Bavarian chamber refused to sanction the payment of the king's debts from the public treasury, and a few days later the cabinet addressed a respectful petition to Louis to curtail his expenditures. King Louis responded by dismissing the whole cabinet and nominating a new ministry, at the head of which he placed his own barber.

This irresponsible act brought matters to a head. A commission of medical experts, under the presidency of Dr. von Gudden, pronounced the king to be incurably insane and incapable of ruling, and a deputation under Baron von Crailsheim was dispatched from Munich to the castle where Louis was in residence to inform his majesty of his dethronement. The king had Baron von Crailsheim and all the members of the deputation arrested.

Then Dr. von Gudden proceeded to Neuschwanstein castle, where to all outward appearances he succeeded in persuading the king to submit to his dethronement and to retire to Berg castle, near the shores of Lake Stanberg, where the final tragedy was enacted. The king was escorted to Berg castle by Dr. von Gudden, another medical man, Dr. Mueller, and several trained attendants, and he seemed to acquiesce in the arrangement that he should remain there for a year under close supervision.

Dr. von Gudden, misled by appearances, telegraphed to Munich that his royal patient was "as obedient as a child," and at dinner that evening he promised to take the king for a walk in the park. His assistant, Dr. Mueller, warned him that it would be dangerous to go alone with the king and urged him to allow an attendant to accompany them, or at least to follow them at a discreet distance, but Dr. von Gudden disregarded the younger man's advice and paid the penalty with his life. It was a Sunday evening, and a general feeling of uneasiness prevailed among those who had remained at the castle when the king and Dr. von Gudden failed to reappear after an hour had elapsed. Search parties were organized, and during the night one of the royal footmen found the king's hat, coat and overcoat close to the bank of the lake and Dr. von Gudden's umbrella close by on the ground. The bodies of the king and his physician were found not far from the shore of the lake, in shallow water, both heads projecting above the surface. Dr. von Gudden's face and head bore the marks of heavy blows which the king, a man of immensely powerful build, had showered upon him.

The position of the bodies and the articles of clothing found near them made it possible to surmise, with probable accuracy, the details of the tragedy. It is likely that the king intended to escape from his prison—for as such he regarded the castle in which he was kept as a madman—and that he divested himself of overcoat and coat to swim across the lake. Dr. von Gudden, it appears, closed with him at the water's edge and tried to prevent his flight, but the king killed him and died from heart disease at the moment when he was on the point of beginning his swim for liberty. The post-mortem examination revealed that neither had died from drowning, but the king from heart failure and Dr. von Gudden from the injuries inflicted on him in the struggle.—Berlin Cor. St. James' Gazette.

Sleep and Dreams.

The brain is more active while engaged in dreaming than when not thus engaged. The only perfect sleep is that which is dreamless. The moment the sleeper begins to dream he begins to work, and the more vivid and protracted the dream the more intense, naturally, becomes the work. It is possible that at no time during the waking hours of life is the brain so active as it is in the strange business of dreaming.

The Woburn Journal

Telephone 55.
Residence 280.

FRIDAY, SEPT. 8, 1911

LABOR DAY.

The largest parade labor organizations have ever held in these parts was that in Boston last Monday, Sept. 4, or Labor Day. It numbered thousands of men, but just how many thousands could not be set down with any degree of accuracy, because the papers differed so widely in their estimate- and reports of it. Woburn was represented in the march by a full delegation of leather and other working people.

Besides the parade, which is always the principal number on the Boston Labor Day programme, there were meetings in halls and on the Common, at which many distinguished orators aired their eloquence and produced great enthusiasm.

Here at home nothing of striking importance marked the presence of a legal holiday. There was some baseball, dancing, special dinners, automobileing around the rural districts, visiting the beaches; but the major part of our population went to Boston to see the parade and hear the speeches and music.

It is true that many hundreds of our people went to and stayed hours on Rag Rock and other elevations in the city to see the airships from Squantum fly towards Nashua, N. H., via Burlington, Billerica, Chelmsford, etc., with all their might and main to secure the $10,000 offered by General Charles H. Taylor, Editor-in Chief, Publisher and Proprietor of the Boston *Globe*, and the additional $7,000 offered by other parties to the winner. The race took place on Monday, the start from Squantum being at 11 o'clock A. M., and the arrival at Nashua, N. H., 1 hour later, a distance of about 50 miles. Some of the Woburn watchers got a sight of the "birds" and others didn't, as they flew over. But it wasn't much of a sight, after all, for the machines and aviators appeared as a speck in the ether, and a speck isn't much.

No Labor Day celebration was ever blessed with finer weather than that of last Monday.

Stores, shops and factories in this city were closed during the day; Federal, State and municipal business was hung up, and a Sabbath day quiet and air prevailed.

BACK TO THE FOLD.

The Republican State Committee furnish the gratifying information, which is backed up by the Republican Club of Massachusetts, that the foolish sheep who strayed away from the rest of the flock and voted for Foss, the Democratic candidate for Governor, and thus accomplished his election in 1910, are returning to the fold in large numbers, and will vote the regular Republican ticket next November. When too late to be corrected they realized the worse than folly of their conduct at the ballot-box, and are sure not to repeat it this year.

Foss's whirlwind campaign and lavish use of money, with the Senator Lodge election pending, and the "backing and fidding" of the Massachusetts Republicans, had a demoralizing effect on the party organization, and it was not a great surprise that so many of its members "kicked over the traces" and voted for the candidate who deserted from the Republican ranks to obtain the Democratic nomination and election for Governor.

This, according to the reliable authority quoted above, will not be the case this year, or at any future election.

Governor Foss declared a few days ago that he is sure of a re-election, but his confidence, if real, is not shared by the members of either party, or the public generally. At anyrate, he will have to rely on the Democrats alone to pull him through, with no help from the Republicans.

HIT THE NAIL.

The extensive publicity that is given in Woburn to some cases of "Infantile Paralysis" is simply talking Woburn down. It only alarms the inhabitants and keeps people away from that city. A number of Winchester residents will not now go near that city, and will not even ride in the Woburn cars because of the scare. The real danger appears to be all in the publicity end of the situation.—*Winchester Star.*

That's it exactly! And the worst part of it is the publicity that comes in the guise of friendly advice which lays bare whatever ills or faults there may be, and then proceeds to furnish remedies. In this way well meaning people of poor judgment do vastly more harm to the city than is possible for the most caustic criticism, directly applied, to accomplish.

☞ Mr. Richard J. Monks of Boston, Treasurer of the Woburn Gas Light Company from 1882 to Aug. 15, 1911, died suddenly at his summer home at Magnolia, North Shore, on Sept. 1, 1911, aged 75 years.

ABOUT CHURCHES.

The largest membership of any church in the United States is that of the First Presbyterian Society, Seattle, Wash., which on the 1911 Year Book records 4576 members. It has five Ordained Clergymen as Assistants to the Pastor in Chief, Dr. Matthews.—*Boston Transcript.*

In the year 1784 the Town of Canaan, Somerset county, Province of Maine, the site of which was subsequently covered by the towns of Canaan (modern), Skowhegan and Bloomfield, settled a Presbyterian Minister; but after a struggle of 10 years, in 1794, dissatisfied with its creed, the people cast off the yoke and embraced the Arminian doctrines of the Congregationalists, and the Presbyterian organization was disbanded in 1794. In 1801 a Congregational church was founded in the Town.

So liberal were its tenets, slack its discipline, and easy going generally, that Mr. Samuel W. Coburn of Bloomfield said in 1849, quoting substantially from Millet's "History of Baptists of Maine," afterwards reproduced in Rev. J. W. Hanson's "History of Canaan;"

"Everybody belonged to this church, as no experience was required by the Articles of Faith, and only a moderate morality was a necessary qualification to membership."

The above is written merely to suggest the inquirey whethar, or not, the experience of the Canaan and Seattle churches, in the matter of membership, has any bearing on the oftquoted saying: "History repeats itself?"

☞ The scare in this city over the alleged presence of a disease that generally rages among children, and named by some people "Infantile Paralysis," having petered out before it fairly began, the Board of Health late last week removed the ban on baseball, teas, whist parties, dances, singing schools, and all public gatherings, and everybody is now kindly permitted to go when and where he pleases, and cut up and frolic and have fun and good times just as though the deadly disease had not been here at all. There was not a death from it; no spreading of it by personal contact; and nobody, but a few alarmists, had the least thought or fear that it was contagious. Dr. S. W. Kelley set that question to rest. We repeat, there was not a single well authenticated case of "Infantile Paralysis" (Spinal Meningitis) in this city during the two weeks it was said to "rage" here. Briefly, it was merely another case of the devil shearing the hog—"great cry and little wool."

☞ Mrs. Maud Wood Park's photo appeared in the Boston *Globe* the other morning engroup with other distinguished Suffragettes, which in personal beauty she outshown. Maude was a Woburn girl once on a time, the daughter of Boston Detective James R. Wood formerly of Salem street, this city, and a bright lass she was, too—about the last person under the canopy who one would suspect could, by any possibility, become a proselyte and advocate of Female Sufferage. Her first school teaching was in Burlington, and her last, a teacher of History in the Chelsea High School. Then she married Architect Park of Boston. She was a graduate of the famous Episcopalian Seminary of Albany, N.Y., and, after teaching a few years, entered and graduated from Radcliff College, Cambridge, formerly known as the "Harvard Annex." Then she fell under the influence of a rich Boston woman and became a leading Suffragette.

☞ Rev. R. W. Magoun, who has accepted a call from Trinity Episcopal church of this city to become its Rector, is a native of Medford where he was bred and received his early education. He was trained for the Ministry at Meadville, Pennsylvania, Divinity School. Immediately prior to coming to Woburn he was Rector of a church at Shawnee, Oklahoma, and comes to Trinity highly recommended. The Magouns, of which family tree, it is supposed by us, the new Rector is a branch, were early settlers of Medford, and have always been prominent people in that old and highly respectable town.

☞ A large share of the Massachusetts State Commissions are nothing, more or less, than asylums for superannuated politicians, or hospitals for playedout Commissioners who were appointed solely because of their ability to capture votes for candidates "higher up." They were political appointments to begin with and are kept on the payrolls as a reward for their "work" for the Party when they were younger than they are now. As a rule, there is one member of the Board who knows something about the duties of the position, and the others are no better than dummies.

☞ Speaker Joseph H. Walker of the Massachusetts House of Representatives told the Woburn and Reading Republicans at the City Committee's Headquarters last Tuesday evening, why he should be elected Governor of the Old Bay State next November.

Hon. George F. Bean presided at the meeting, which was made up of over 100 stalwart Republicans.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements

City of Woburn—Dogs.
E. S. Towne—Probate Notice.
J. W. & E. F. Johnson—Citation
Mrs. A. S. Lewis—Music Notice.

— The First Congregational Sunday School will resume its sessions next Sunday, Sept. 10.—J. R. Carter, Supt.

— Mrs. Annie S. Lewis and Mr. F. Percyval Lewis have visited relatives in Manchester, N. H. and at the Weirs.

— At the last meeting of the School Board it was voted to open the public schools in this city on Thursday, Sept. 14.

— John Warren Johnson, Esq., Lawyer and Banker, and Mr. Fred Leathe, and their families, spent Labor Day in the White Mountains where they went in their automobiles.

— According to the uncontradicted testimony of Mr. J. C. Larock, Mr. Alva Buckman's $1300 auto was not destroyed in the burning of a horse-racing stable in Vermont last week.

— Gowing Family reunion, held in Wilmington on Aug. 31, was attended by 25 members of the Association, one of them being Dr. Fred Gowing, a Boston doctor, with a residence in Woburn.

— Some of the Boston newspapers are engaged in giving reasons for the scarcity of the houseflies this summer and fall, and the affect of their absence on the health of the people. A worthy cause to be engaged in.

— The moonlight evenings this month have been glorious for trolley trips to the beaches, auto joyrides, or strolls in Lovers Lane. For the first Supt. Myers of the Bay State St. Ry. can rig parties out in great shape.

— Union vacation Sunday services by Orthodox, Methodist and Baptist churches of this city closed last Sunday, Sept. 3, at the First Baptist church with an able sermon by the pastor, Rev. H. B Williams, D D.

— The North Woburn baseball team gave the Winchesters the worst licking they ever got from anybody on Library Park, Woburn, last Labor Day. The dandy players from Mystic valley were a disappointed and humiliated lot when they went back home.

— The Labor Day picnic of Div. 3, A. O. H., at Pinehurst was a brilliant success. It was attended and greatly enjoyed by a big crowd of Irishmen, Yankees, Foreigners, and Billerica yeomen, who were entertained in royal style by hospitable Div. 3.

— The reunion of the Fowle Kindred Association at North Reading Park on Labor Day was one of the best and pleasantest the Association have ever held. The weather was as fine as ever laid outdoors, and the entertainment couldn't be beat.

— As a safety measure the opening of the public schools in this city, which was scheduled for Sept. 7, was postponed to Sept. 14. No complaint thereat was heard from the scholars, who, probably, wouldn't regret the arrival of another sickness scare.

— Doctor W. P. and Mrs. Defriez, former respected residents of Woburn, graciously entertained company from this city last Tuesday at their delightful home in Brookline. They still cherish a warm regard for Woburn and their former neighbors and friends here.

— Miss Beatrice Hartwell, daughter of the late Harry G. Hartwell of Worcester, has been making a short visit with her grandparents. They were also visited on Labor Day by Dr. Henry C. Hartwell of Greenville, N. H., and Edward A. Hartwell of Attleboro.

— The JOURNAL was pleased to receive a friendly call from Mr. Goode, the Business Manager of the Woburn *Evening News* under its new ownership, last Tuesday, and to find him an interesting and entertaining talker. He says the *News* is gaining in circulation and prospering.

—Mr. William E Kenney, the long-time clerk in the Woburn P. O., a gentlemanly young favorite with the patrons of the P. O. aforesaid, is taking the annual vacation that his prompt and faithful service entitles him to. There used to be 3 of that name: William C., William F. and William E., all cousins.

—Poverty isn't the sorest of the evils that mortal flesh is heir to, indeed, neighbored by kind and generous people, it is a boon. The contribution from the Buchanan plantation on Church avenue last Wednesday to the JOURNAL porringer were cucumbers, tomatos, and 3 kinds of pears. The Lawyer Norris Bow street ranche, per its excellent Mistress, yielded a basket of elegant purple plums and a choice gathering of finest kind of Crosby sweet corn, for which thanks are returned by the JOURNAL's B. M.

— The immense crowds of people of all ages, from the nursing bottle to crutches, gathered on Rag Rock last Monday to see the aviators on their flight from Squantum, South Side, to Nashua, N. H., in competition for the $10,000 prize offered by General Charles H. Taylor of the Boston *Globe*, and $7,000 offered by other enthusiastic patrons of upperair navigation, was a sight to behold.

— Preparations are going on at the High School for the formation of a football eleven that shall be superior in every respect, except in numbers of members, to any of its predecessors, one that will rake in the victories this fall, and do away with contesting teams as the summer sun scatters and dries up the morning dew. Master and Sub, who are reported to be enthusiastic football patrons and supporters, have made up their minds that the Woburn High School boys shall have a crew before whose prowass and science all opposition will "pale their ineffactual fires," if work and skill and some cash can do it, which combine is a hard one to buck against. And the JOURNAL exclaims: Success to the W. H. S. F. Eleven!

— Please read what City Clerk Sullivan has to say in the JOURNAL about dogs today.

— The Unitarian Church and Sunday School will resume services next Sunday, Sept. 10, at the usual hour.

— The Ladies Aid Society of the M. E. church will hold a Food Sale at Copeland & Bowser's store Saturday afternoon, Sept. 9, from 2 to 5.

— The weather was uncommonly hot last Sunday—too much so to go to church and about right to go to the beaches; at least, many Woburn people saw it in that light.

— Anent the reopening of our public schools the School Board wisely concluded that the old saying, "an ounce of prevention is worth more than a pound of cure," is true.

— The St. Charles Parochial School resumed work last Wednesday under favorable auspices. The attendance will be large during the new school year, for which competent and faithful teachers have been provided.

— Commissioner James Kelley of the B. P. W. Buildings and Grounds was the author and finisher of the best and finest ball grandstand at Library Park, Woburn, that is seen anywhere in the Metropolitan District, which assertion is fully backed up by all the baseball enthusiasts who come here to witness games. He knows how to do such things, and takes pride in having the best.

— Mr. Roland Dow, late Professor in Miami University, Ohio, has resigned that position and entered the service of the New England Mutual Life Insurance Company of Boston, the oldest and largest institution of the kind in this section of the Union, of which his father, Mr. Herbert B. Dow of Warren avenue, has been Actuary for many years.

— Her numerous good friends in Woburn will be glad to learn that Mrs. Elizabeth V. Bridgham who with her sister, Miss Valentine, was resident of this city and a working member of the First Congregational church, many years, a lady highly esteemed in this community, is enjoying a pleasant home with her brother, who is 89 years old, and nephew and niece, at New Gloucester, near Portland, Me., and is well and happy.

— Why don't the School Board take just a little more pains to inform the public of their work that the public are interested in? Inquiries have been on foot for a week concerning the opening of the next term of school, but nobody seems to know for certain the date when the doors will be thrown back again to let the scholars in. Mind, Gents of the Board, the JOURNAL is not dictating or nding fault, only suggesting that a little more publicity about our schools wouldn't be bad.

—Captain John P. Crane is as regular in his vernal and autumnal flittings between North and South as the migratory birds and enjoys the changes highly. Wednesday, Sept. 6, second after Labor Day, the worthy Captain returned from Poland Springs, Maine, his summer resort for many years, to his pleasant home on Academy Hill where he will remain and live in comfort until the leaves fall from New England trees again, when he will pack his suitcase, take his goldheaded cane, and quietly depart for the Carolinas, or other Southern winter quarters.

— Rev. Frank Poole Johnson, son of Mr. Charles H. Johnson of Woburn, although the talented and very popular Rector of All Saints Episcopal church of New York City, is to fill the Sacred Desk in the First Congregational church of Woburn next Sabbath morning, Sept. 3, to attend which services a general and cordial invitation has been extended by the Church Committee. The Rev. Mr. Johnson was born, raised, and schooled for college in Woburn, and it will be strange indeed if the great meetinghouse is not filled full of people intent on hearing a fine clerical product of the venerable town preach a sermon.

— If it has not already taken place, a great many employees in the various Departments of the Boston & Maine Railroad are soon to be discharged by order of President Mellen of the N. Y. Hartford & N. H. Railroad Company, in pursuance of the recent adoption of a more rigid rule of economy than has existed in years past. Just as winter is beginning to warn people of its near approach is a bad time to deprive employees of the privilege of earning a living for themselves and families and it is hoped that those of this city, which is the home of a considerable number of them—trainmen, freight handlers, etc.—will not be included in the order of dismissal.

— Mr. Leonard B. Buchanan of Church avenue, Electrical Engineer, went to Rumford Falls, Maine, in his automobile, a drstance of about 150 miles, on Labor Day, and afterwards returned home pleased with his 300-mile trip. It was at Rumford Falls that young Buchanan, sone of the veteran George Buchanan, a few years ago, soon after he graduated from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, the most famous institution of the kind in America, if not on either Continent, a mere boy, built and electrically equipped the first factory of the kiud in the U. S., and the second (at Berlin, Germany) in the world. He did it without professional assistance, or the aid out of study of a model, the only one in existence being in Germany, a piece of building skill and electrical engineering which worked like a charm, and was entirely satisfactory to the manufacturing Company who employed the young electrician to perform it.

A Fierce Night Alarm

is the hoarse, startling cough of a child, suddenly attacked by croup. Often it aroused Lewis Chamblin, of Manchester, O., [R. R. No. 2] for their four children were greatly subject to croup. "Sometimes in severe attacks," he wrote "we were afraid they would die, but since we proved what a certain remedy Dr. King's New Discovery is, we have no fear. We rely on it for croup and for coughs, colds or any throat or lung trouble." So do thousands of others. So may you. Asthma, Hay Fever, La Grippe, Whooping Cough, Hemorrhages fly before it. 50c and $1.00. Trial bottle free. Sold by All Druggists.

Where It Was.

"Johnny, run get the family Bible; I want to show it to the parson."

"Oh, maw, I can't move all those trunks and boxes!"—Baltimore Sun.

Boston Theatres.

B. F. KEITH'S THEATRE.

Another all-star vaudeville show is announced for next week at B. F. Keith's Theatre, one that abounds in novelties and with the same wealth of headline features that is making the current week memorable in the annals of this popular resort. Rose Coghlan, one of the cleverest actresses on the legitimate stage, will appear in a new dramatic sketch entitled "Between Matinee and Night." The piece tells an intensely interesting and and at the same time amusing story of that side of theatrical life which the public has little or no knowledge.

THE HOLLIS STREET.

Miss Helen Ware will begin the second week of her engagement at the Hollis Street Theatre next Monday evening in George Broadhurst's new play "The Price." There will be the usual matinees on Wednesday and Saturday. "The Price" is a modern drama in three acts and Henry B. Harris has selected the company to support Miss Ware with such care that an absolutely perfect performance of the play is given. The stage settings are in perfect accord with the unusual play and its performance. Those who remember Helen Ware as Annie Jeffries in "The Third Degree" will realize that as an emotional actress she has power excelled by few players on the stage today. It takes a big play and a big part to give scope to her talents.

THE TREMONT.

"EXCUSE ME" BEGINS FOURTH WEEK MONDAY.

"Excuse Me," the Pullman Palace Car farce by Rupert Hughes, produced and presented by Henry W. Savage, has established itself as the emphatic laughing success of the early season in Boston. Next Monday it begins the fourth week of its engagement at the Tremont Theatre and the advance demand for accommodations for several weeks is as great as it was before this merry travel show came to set theatregoers of the Hub and its vicinity into spasms of laughter. The attendance during the three weeks that "Excuse Me" has been at the Tremont Theatre has been of record breaking proportions, and box office indications are that this condition of houses crowded at every performance will continue for a number of weeks.

Jones—Knapp.

At the residence of the bride's parents, No. 81 Pleasant street in Woburn, Massachusetts, on Wednesday evening, September 6, 1911, were united in the ties of wedlock Mr. ARTHUR VIALL JONES of No. 11 Warren avenue, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charlie A. Jones, and Miss DOROTHY ADELA KNAPP, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter C Knapp, both bride and groom being well known and popular residents of this city.

The officiating clergyman were Rev. Henry C. Parker, pastor of the Unitarian church of this city, assisted by Rev. H. B Williams, D D., pastor of the First Baptist church of Woburn.

The interesting ceremony was witnessed only by intimate friends of the Jones and Knapp families who were specially requested to be present on the occasion.

The bride was becomingly and tastefully attired in meteor crepe, in which she looked every inch a fair and happy bride.

The dress of the bridesmaid, Miss Jeanette McClellan, was white marquisette over blue messaline; and the Maid of Honor, Miss Edith Willoughby, appeared fine in blue messeline.

Roses, lilies and sweet peas were the flowers carried in bouquets by the ladies of the bridal party.

Mr. George A. Sargent was Best Man, for which office he was appropriately dressed.

The ushers were Roland Dow, William Greydon, Tom Brown and Arthur Ray.

Immediately following the marriage rites Mr. and Mrs. Jones held a reception from 8 to 10 o'clock in the neatly prepared rooms of the Knapp residence, 81 Pleasant street, in which they were assisted by the parents of the Bride, Bridesmaid and Maid of Honor. There were present at this gathering a large number of the friends of the Jones and Knapp families, by whom a pleasant evening was passed, and from whom the newly wedded couple received many warm congratulations and earnest wishes for their future prosperity and happiness. Refreshments enhanced the pleasures of the reception.

Mr. and Mrs. Jones are well known, and are among the most popular members of the select society circles of Woburn.

The wedding presents they received were numerous, appropriate and beautiful.

The JOURNAL forwards its best wishes.

MAKE A NOTE NOW to get Ely's Cream Balm if you are troubled with nasal catarrh, hay fever or cold in the head. It is purifying and soothing to the sensitive membrane that lines the air-passages. It is made to overcome the disease, not to fool the patient by a short deceptive relief. There is no cocaine nor mercury in it. Do not be talked into taking a substitute for Ely's Cream Balm. All druggists sell it. Price 50c. Mailed by Ely Bros., 56 Warren Street, New York.

A Real Smart Dog.

Mr. Brown—Is that dog of yours smart? Mr. Ridge—Smart? Well, I should think so. I was going out with him yesterday, and I stopped and said, "Towser, we've forgotten something." And bothered if he didn't sit down and scratch his head to see if he could think what it was.—Stray Stories.

Boswell and Johnson.

"I am sometimes troubled," said Boswell, "by a disposition to stinginess."

"So am I," replied Johnson, "but I do not tell it."

Kills A Murderer.

A merciless murderer is Appendicitis with many victims, but Dr. King's New Life Pills kill it by prevention. They gently stimulate stomach, liver and bowels, preventing that clogging that invites appendicitis, curing Constipation, Headache, Biliousness, Chills, 25c at All Druggists.

WINCHESTER.

Labor Day was observed about as usual last Monday, and so far as my knowledge of the goingson extended, everybody had a good time. Same in my "Den."

Some of our Board of Health, for their skill in discovering contagious diseases where none exist, ought to be made Life Members of the Board. They are keen ones.

Generally speaking, this town is as ably and honestly officered as any in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts; but occasionally the wrong man squeezes himself into office.

Nearly all the leading Republicans of this town—McCall, Elder et als, favor the nomination of Rep. Fay of Medford for a third term in the House and signed his papers. McCall gave good reasons in the *Star* why Fay should be reelected.

Winfield F. Prime of this town is a candidate for Representative to the Legislature, and his candidacy is supported by some of our best citizens, but Rep. Fay of Medford has the inside track and will probably receive the Republican nomination. Mr. Prime would make a good Representative, and be a credit to the District.

Now that Woburn, after finding out that the cry made there over alleged cases of "Infantile Paralysis" (?) has virtually confessed that they were "fooled" by the Doctors and have with shamed faces, acknowledged the coin by removing the ban on gatherings of children, our smart town of Winchester has discovered a case of the terrible disease here; and did you mind the precautions our Board of Health took to prevent its spread? Banished the man; quarantined the house and built a fence around it! Did you ever? And there was no case here, and it isn't "catching" at all.

A little later in the season than this 76 years ago, the original Asa Locke of Locke's Hill, Woburn, a big, strong, and highly successful farmer and fruit raiser, "honest as the days were long," might have been seen any frosty morning away up near the top of an apple-tree in his orchard, barefooted, picking the great round rosycheeked Baldwins and carefully depositing them in the basket pendent from his collarless neck while his four stalwart boys were cutting stalks down in the field, milking, or driving the cows to pasture over yonder hill, or getting ready for the ample, plain, and wholesome breakfast awaiting them on the kitchen table. That day or the next barrels of Asa Locke's juicy Baldwins were sold in Quincy and Faneuil Hall Market in Boston; Asa's pocketbook bulged out as he returned home and that was how the old family became rich, influential and honored.

Public Baths Abroad.

London probably possesses more private baths than any other city, but in the matter of public baths it cannot claim first or even second place, says the London Chronicle. Tokyo, Japan, has over 800 public baths, where 300,000 persons bathe daily at a cost of about one halfpenny each. Constantinople probably ranks second; then comes St. Petersburg, famous for the vast vapor baths to which the Russians flock in thousands every Saturday evening. The finest public bath in the world is at Vienna. It has a basin 578 feet long by 156 feet wide and can accommodate 1,500 persons. The water is changed thrice daily.

Germany's Telephone "Girls."

Telephone "girls" in Germany cannot work after the age of seventy, though they can retire on pension prior to that advanced day. Positions are obtained by civil service examination. The average on entering the business must be near thirty, and, as many remain for life, it would be ungallant to speak intimately of ages. Discharges cannot be effected without considerable red tape. When an operator has worked up to $450 a year and $150 extra for house rent, she stays at that pay until retired on pension.

On Her Birthday.

"Congratulate me," said Younghusband. "My daughter is just one year old today."

"This is her birthday, eh? What did you give her?"

"I don't know whether it was soothing sirup or paregoric, but it was one of the two."

They Were Picked.

"Do you call this a band of picked musicians?" said the hotel manager to the leader of a band.

"Ach! Dot vos so. I bick 'em mineselluf," replied the bandmaster.

"Well, then, you picked them before they were ripe."

What should you not wish done to yourself do not unto others.—Chinese.

Her Criticism.

"I wish Fritz would write his figures plainer. I can't possibly tell from his letter whether it is 1,000 or 10,000 kisses that he sends me."—Fliegende Blatter.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., Preaching by the Pastor, Rev. H. C. Parker.
12 M., Sunday School.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. B Williams, D. D.
12 M., Sunday School
At 5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, Main Street Rev. F. M. Estes, Pastor.
SUNDAY SERVICES:—
Preaching, 10.30 A. M.
Sunday School, 12 M.
Preaching, 7 P. M.
Prayer Meeting, Wednesday, 7.45 P. M.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Service in Five Cents Savings Bank Building, Room 19, every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Man."
Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.
Reading Room open to the public daily except Sunday from 2.30 to 4.30.

NOTICE

Is hereby given that the subscriber has been duly appointed administrator of the estate of Sarah G. Sheldon, late of Wilmington, in the County of Middlesex, deceased, intestate, and has taken upon himself that trust by giving bond, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to

EDWARD S. TOWNE, Admr.,
Holyoke, Mass.

Aug. 25, 1911. 8-15-22

MUSIC NOTICE.

Mrs. Annie S. Lewis, pianoforte instructor, may be consulted in the Unitarian vestry, Saturdays, 10–12 and 2–4, or address Winchester, Mass., Sept. 8, 15, 22, 29.

THE BRYANT & STRATTON COMMERCIAL SCHOOL BOSTON BOSTON BOSTON

Will Reopen Sept. 5th

Persons desirous of becoming competent and successful Accountants, Book-keepers, Stenographers, Secretaries, or Commercial Teachers, with assurance of employment, will find in the

BRYANT & STRATTON
COMMERCIAL SCHOOL
BOSTON

Now Located in its New School Building, 334 Boylston Street

A most desirable opportunity for study and practice under the direction and supervision of a large corps of **Well Known and Experienced Teachers**

COURSES OF STUDY

GENERAL COMMERCIAL COURSE — STENOGRAPHIC COURSE
SECRETARIAL COURSE — CIVIL SERVICE COURSE
COMMERCIAL TEACHERS COURSE

Every possible requisite is afforded for personal safety, rapid progress, with cheerful and healthful surroundings.
This school does not employ Agents, Solicitors, Canvassers, or Runners.
Persons who cannot call for personal interview may have printed information of terms and conditions by mail.
H. E. HIBBARD, Principal, 334 Boylston St., Boston.

When School Opens
The Children will Begin
Studying Evenings -

EDISON LIGHT

SOFT - STEADY - CLEAR

Will give the Best Light for their use—as well as your own.
It is the Cheapest, Best Light you can have.

Phone Oxford Three Three Hundred
(Reverse the Charge.)

The Edison Elec. Ill. Co. of Boston
Ask for Information.

LLOYD'S
EYEGLASSES AND SPECTACLES

KRYPTOK BIFOCAL GLASSES
Far and Near Glasses in a Single Pair.

Many people can wear two vision KRYPTOK Glasses with comfort, who cannot wear two piece bifocals at all.
Any of our stores will be glad to show them.

315 Washington St.
310 Boylston St. } BOSTON
75 Summer St.
1252 Massachusetts Ave. CAMBRIDGE.

ANDREW J. LLOYD CO.

CITY OF WOBURN.

CITY CLERK'S OFFICE,
MUNICIPAL BUILDING,
September 6, 1911.

Notice to Owners and Keepers of Dogs.

Notice is hereby given to the owners, or keepers of Dogs in the City of Woburn, that dogs remaining unlicensed after the

FIFTEENTH DAY OF SEPTEMBER

of this year, will be taken by the authorized agent and destroyed.

D. L. SULLIVAN,
City Clerk.

A Reliable Remedy FOR CATARRH

Ely's Cream Balm

Is quickly absorbed.
Gives Relief at Once.
It cleanses, soothes, heals and protects the diseased membrane resulting from Catarrh and drives away a Cold in the Head quickly. Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. Full size 50 cts. at Druggists or by mail. Liquid Cream Balm for use in atomizers 75 cts.
Ely Brothers, 56 Warren Street, New York

ELY'S CREAM BALM FOR COLD IN HEAD CATARRH HAY FEVER HEADACHE TRADE MARK ELY BROS. NEW YORK


PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.
MIDDLESEX, ss.
PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Annie C. Bond, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Lewis F. Bond, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-first day of September, A. D. 1911, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court, and by mailing post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-ninth day of August in the year one thousand nine hundred and eleven.

F. M. ESTY, Ass't. Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.
Middlesex ss.
PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of Harriet C. Kimball, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Benjamin F. Kimball, of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on his bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex on the twenty-sixth day of September, A. D. 1911, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this seventh day of September, in the year one thousand nine hundred and eleven.

8-15-22 W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Attacks School Principal

A severe attack on school principal, Chas. B. Allen, of Sylvania, Ga., is thus told by him. "For more than three years," he writes, "I suffered indescribable torture from rheumatism, liver and stomach trouble and diseased kidneys. All remedies failed till I used Electric Bitters, but four bottles of this wonderful remedy cured me completely." Such results are common. Thousands bless them for curing stomach trouble, female complaints, kidney disorders, biliousness and for new health and vigor. Try them. Only 50c at All Druggists.



Pillsbury's Best

Old Wheat Flour until the quality of the new crop is fully established we advise the purchase of Old Wheat Flour. We can supply you.

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House,
FRED. STANLEY
351 Main Street.
TELEPHONE 242-3.

OUR
Store Policy

has always been to carry the standard and desirable goods in every line. That is why we chose Kodaks for our photographic department. You will never regret the purchase of a 3A Folding Pocket Kodak—$20.

Whitcher's
PILL BOX

LET US SHOW YOU.



BEEF DIET

is always allowable. Prime roast steaks, and beef stews never go out of fashion,

BUY BEEF

and you won't want the services of a doctor but seldom. Long lived people are beef eaters. Get beef of us and you'll have the best at least cost.

Linnell's Market,
1406 Main Street, Woburn.
Telephone, 314-1

BAY STATE STREET RAILWAY CO.

TIME TABLE
In effect June 25, 1911.
[Subject to change without notice.]

Leave WOBURN CENRTE for MALDEN SQ. at 5.45 A.M., then every 30 minutes to 8.15 A. M., then every 60 min. to 2.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45, 11.15 P. M. SUNDAY at 8.15 A. M., and every 60 minutes to 1.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45, *11.15 P. M. RETURN, leave MALDEN SQ. for WOBURN at 6.45, 7.15 A. M., then every 60 minutes to 3.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45, †11.15, †11.45, P. M. SUNDAY at 9.15 A. M., then every 60 minutes to 1.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.15, †10.45, †11.15, †11.45 P. M.

Leave STONEHAM SQ. for SAUGUS CENTRE, LYNN and SALEM at 6.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes to 10.30 P. M. Leave corner Main and Franklin Streets, Melrose, for Saugus Centre at 6.45 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45 P. M. SUNDAY at 8.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes to 10.30 P. M. Leave corner Main and Franklin Streets, Melrose for Saugus Centre at 8.45 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45 P. M. RETURN leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Square at 6 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 11 P. M. SUNDAY at 9 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 11 P. M.

* Melrose Highlands Only.
† To Stoneham Square Only.

GEO. H. GRAY, Supt.

EAMES & CARTER,
— DEALERS IN —
Coal, Coke and Wood
335 Main Street.
Elevator on Prospect Street.
Telephone connection

KILL THE COUGH AND CURE THE LUNGS
WITH DR. KING'S NEW DISCOVERY
FOR COUGHS COLDS
PRICE 50¢ & $1.00
TRIAL BOTTLE FREE
AND ALL THROAT AND LUNG TROUBLES
GUARANTEED SATISFACTORY OR MONEY REFUNDED.

For Real Estate call on Griffin Place at 349 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

PRIMARY NOMINATIONS

Papers Are Filed by Both Parties In the State

HARVEY N. SHEPARD LEFT OUT

Democrats Are Charged With Deserting Him, but Make Denial—Mayor Fitzgerald and the Fire Department —New England Industries In Danger

The primaries in this state will be held on Tuesday, Sept. 26, for the nomination of candidates of both parties to be voted for at the state election on Tuesday, Nov. 7. The papers of all the candidates for state offices on both tickets were properly filed with the secretary of the commonwealth with one exception. That was the case of Harvey N. Shepard of Boston, Democrat, who was understood to be the machine candidate for attorney general. Through some oversight, not enough names were secured in Essex county to validate the nomination of Mr. Shepard. It is understood that this matter had been left by Mr. Shepard to his Democratic friends and they failed to secure the requisite number in Essex county, although in three other counties the required names were secured and filed. The list filed from Essex county lacked a considerable number of fiulfilling the requirements.

Some of the friends of Mr. Shepard feel that he was intentionally thrown down after he had been invited to be a candidate and encouraged to believe that the leaders desired his name to go on the ticket. Just what was behind the scheme of the leaders in allowing Mr. Shepard to fall by the wayside has not yet developed. At any rate, a sore spot has been left where there was no necessity for one. George W. Anderson was one of the other candidates, and it is said that the leaders will now unite on him, as he has filed a sufficient number of names to enable him to go on the ballot. Joseph J. Leonard of Boston is also a candidate.

Political Experts Are at Sea

Political experts seem to be all at sea in regard to how the state-wide primaries are going to operate. Ordinarily by this time they have a pretty definite idea of who are to be the party nominees to be voted for at the state election. Under the convention system it was possible to make a fairly accurate prediction in this respect. As this is the first time the voters will use the state-wide primaries system, the experts do not feel at all certain what is going to happen in any case where there is a contest, and they feel that the results will depend a good deal upon the size of the attendance at these primaries. While the three candidates for governor on the Republican side are each claiming the nomination, the best posted political prophets entertain a feeling of uncertainty as to the outcome. After the system has been in vogue for a few years it may be possible to judge of the issues of a contest in advance, but it does not seem possible to do that today.

Mayor Fitzgerald Is Determined

There seems to be a good deal of dissatisfaction in Boston over the attitude of Mayor Fitzgerald on the subject of the fire department. While he was in Europe there was a strong agitation in favor of more men in the department, on the ground that it was woefully undermanned. As a matter of fact, it was not a new subject at that time, for many months before he went abroad the mayor was asked by prominent business organizations of the city to bring the department up to its needed quota of men. Nothing came of the agitation while he was abroad, but when he returned he denied the contentions of the business organizations. Instead of doing anything to remedy the conditions, he announced that he would appoint a committee of five to investigate the department and report as to its needs. He has appointed four members and asked the board of fire underwriters to appoint a fifth man. This body has now declined to do so, on the ground that the whole subject has been thoroughly canvassed by the National Fire Underwriters and the report issued, which they say is undoubtedly in the hands of the mayor at the present time. It is said that the mayor is much disappointed at the refusal to appoint, and his next move is awaited with interest.

Harris Warns of Perils

Congressman Robert Harris of the Fourteenth district has sounded the alarm in regard to the tariff as affecting New England. He believes the situation a dangerous one. In a recent statement he says: "Bear in mind that Mr. Underwood declares that every shred of protection must be taken away from New England and other manufacturing sections; bear in mind that the Democratic cry for a tariff for revenue only means no protection for us but protection for the southern states. We pay the revenue; they get protection, and our industries are left unguarded and opposed. Our Republican policy is less narrow and would cover them as well as ourselves."

It is not to be wondered at, according to Republicans, that the Democrats would prefer to make the campaign in the state this fall on local issues alone. The more the tariff is discussed in this state, the more the purpose of the southern Democrats will become apparent to the workers of the commonwealth. Republicans say that when the Republican party has been in power, it has treated the south with as much fairness as the north, so far as protecting its industries are concerned. Nevertheless, when the Democratic party secured a lease of power in 1892 it seemed intent only on cutting off the protection from northern industries and placing it on those of the south.

High Food Cost Universal

The politicians in Massachusetts have been much interested in the last few days in the dispatches from France, describing the riots there over the high prices of food. This information shows conclusively that the cost of living is not a problem confined to the United States, and that it has nothing to do with the tariff. Prices are shown by recent consular reports to be high, not only in free trade England and Holland, but also in every other civilized country. As the Massachusetts commission on the cost of living reported last year, it seems to be due to varying elements, one of which has been the short supply, which has not equalled the demand; a more elaborate mode of living; the enormous amounts of gold produced, and a decrease in its purchasing power. Thus far, the election of Governor Foss seems to have had absolutely no influence whatever upon the cost of living, unless it has been to increase it. Prices today on many articles of food are higher than they were last fall at the time of his election.

Glass In the Making.

The manufacture of glass antedates authentic history. It is only about seventy-five years, however, since its true character was ascertained. It is now generally conceded to be a salt—a chemical compound resulting from the union of an acid with a base. The acid is silica, the same that is found in quartz or the quartz particles of sand; hence the use of sand in its manufacture. The base may be potash (or soda), together with alumina and lime, or lead may take the place of lime. Lime makes a hard glass and one less susceptible to acids and suited to windows and chemical purposes; lead a softer, more fusible and more lustrous article, suitable for optical instruments. All acids act to some extent on glass, especially if the latter has an excess of alkali in it. Even wine may corrode the bottles wherein it is contained. The moisture of the air often dissolves out the alkali, causing the rainbow-like colors (iridescence) of some windowpanes.

The Telephone Voice.

The voice heard over the telephone is a mechanical reproduction of the original voice and differs from that of a speaking tube or megaphone, where the sound waves produced by the speaker at one end are transmitted directly to the other end. In the telephone the diaphragm of the transmitter is caused to vibrate by the sound waves produced by some one talking into the transmitter mouthpiece. This diaphragm is connected with a small receptacle having a flexible front and partially filled with granular carbon. This carbon offers resistance to electric current in proportion to the mechanical pressure brought upon it. The diaphragm, therefore, in vibrating produces a varying pressure against the carbon. The carbon is included in an electric circuit, so that the variations in its resistance will vary the current strength in the circuit.

Dye Before You Patch.

"Never patch a garment just before it goes to the dyers," was the advice of a young woman in a dyeing establishment. "Unless the patch and the thread it is sewed on with are exactly the same kind of material as the garment they will come out of the dye pot different shades. Here is a blue skirt that was brought to us cream colored. The cloth had worn through in several places, and the owner had patched the tiny holes so painstakingly that the patches could not be detected in the original color, but after the dyeing they showed up a darker blue. The amount of dye any material will take depends upon how much cotton, wool or silk it contains. It is so hard to determine that exactly that any garment that has to be mended can be matched much better after dyeing."—New York Sun.

Air Sacs of Pigeons.

The air sacs of the pigeon constitute a system of interstices, the value of which lies in their absence of weight and resistance.

Flying is possible only to a body of high mechanical efficiency divested of all superfluous material. The original reptiles, which by evolution became birds, were divested of superfluous material, and the body spaces thus obtained were filled with air sacs. The body wall, adapting itself to the mechanial requirements, became a hollow cylinder serving as a support for the organs of movement, the mobility of whose parts was assured by the surrounding air sacs. The air cavities in the bones of other birds are similarly explained.—Harper's Weekly.

Lake In a Volcanic Ring.

On the island of Ninafow, halfway between Fiji and Samoa, is a volcanic ring inclosing a crater containing a lake two miles in diameter. Toward the sea the ring is bordered with walls of black cliffs 200 to 300 feet in height. An eruption in 1886 formed a peninsula on the eastern side of the lake. While the ocean outside is trembling and thundering under a heavy wind the lake remains smooth or is simply wrinkled with ripples or wavelets.

Bad For Herbert.

"So," said the smitten girl, whose father had been talking seriously to her, "you dislike Herbert and you will not recognize him?"

"That's it," he replied. "If he doesn't keep away from here I won't recognize him, and neither will his own mother."—London Answers.

Pleasant For Him.

His Better Half—I think it's time we got Lizzie married and settled down, Alfred. She will be twenty-eight next week, you know. Her Lesser Half—Oh, don't hurry, my dear. Better wait till the right sort of man comes along, His Better Half—But why wait? I didn't.—Exchange.

Bracelets and Lunatics.

Bracelets have been worn from time immemorial, but few wearers of the golden bands of the present day know that they were once used to distinguish the insane. Before lunatics were confined to asylums they wore an armlet for distinction.—Argonaut.

Odious Comparison.

Drill Sergeant—I say, Smith, have you any idea how slow and stupid you are? Private Smith—I don't know. Drill Sergeant—Of course you don't, but let me tell you that an Egyptian mummy is frisky compared with you.—London Tit-Bits.

Kokomo.

Kokomo, in the language of the Indians who at one time inhabited that section of Indiana, signifies "a young grandmother."

His Monopoly.

"He has unbounded faith in himself." "In other words, he has a monopoly of the faith in himself, eh?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

CHINESE INGENUITY.

How One Cover Was Made to Fit a Roomful of Sleepers.

A writer in a French magazine tells a curious story about how they manage cheap lodging houses in China.

Along Chinese roads, it seems, there are many of these lodging houses, where the charge for a night's lodging is considerably less than 1 cent. All the bedding provided is one huge mass of feathers, into which all the guests burrow.

Formerly they used to get blankets, but some time ago those who ran these primitive inns learned that their losses on account of the theft of blankets by guests were far too large. Something, they decided, had to be done. Finally an ingenious man among them hit on this:

Over the feather filled room of his lodging house he hung an enormous canvas covering. In the daytime it hung near the ceiling. At night it was lowered by means of pulleys until it covered the entire mass of feathers and all those sleeping thereon, thus taking the place of individual blankets. This huge canvas was provided with a large number of small slits through which the guests might stick their heads and escape suffocation beneath the immense covering.

Early each morning the loud pounding of a drum served to waken the sleepers and warn them to get their heads out of the slits in the canvas. Thereupon it was raised again to the ceiling and fastened there to await the next batch of sleepers.

THE FIRST AERONAUT.

Kingsley's Queer Idea and an Embarrassing Coincidence.

Charles Kingsley was at a dinner once with the aeronaut Coxwell. It was shortly after Coxwell and a companion had made a flight in which they had risen so high that Coxwell's hands were frozen and he had time only to tear open the air valve with his teeth. A. C. Benson tells the story in "The Leaves of the Tree" in the North American Review. After dinner Kingsley suddenly said:

"I have often thought that the first man that ever went up in a balloon must have been a d-dentist."

Some one laughed and said, "What an extraordinary idea!"

"I don't know," said Kingsley. "A man who is always looking down people's throats, and pulling their teeth about, and breathing their breath, must be inspired with a tremendous desire to get away and above it all."

Coxwell leaned forward and said very good humoredly, "Well, Mr. Kingsley, it is true that I am a dentist, but it was not that that made me become an aeronaut."

"My d-dear Mr. Coxwell," said Kingsley, flushing red, "I am sure I beg your pardon. I had no idea it was so. You must have thought me singularly ill mannered to make a joke of it."

Kingsley could not recover his spirits for the rest of the evening. He hated giving pain to any human being more perhaps than anything in the world.

Why Dean Swift Didn't Go to Ascot.

Dean Swift was the earliest man of note to make mention of the historic Ascot race meeting. It is in one of his "Letters to Stella" in August, 1711, that the great Jonathan says he "saw a place they have made for a famous horse race tomorrow, when the queen will come." But being "tired with riding a trotting, mettlesome horse a dozen miles, having not been on horseback this twelvemonth," Swift determined "not to go to the race unless I can get room in some coach." As he was hindered by a caller all the coaches were filled before he could reach one, and as a consequence the world lost the description of that earliest Ascot that only the author of "Gulliver's Travels" could have penned.—London Spectator.

The Humbling of Deacon Todd.

"I tell you, Edgely," said Deacon Todd as they sat in the park, "the way women dress these days is absurd. And nine times out of ten it is the fault of men. Just, for instance, take that woman coming down the path. Some fool husband has told her she looks perfectly charming in that outrageous getup, lacking the stamina to come right out bluntly and tell her that she looks positively ridiculous."

Since this remark Mr. Todd has never been seen in public without his glasses. The woman was Mrs. Todd.—Judge.

Aroused.

The young woman in the stern of the boat had whispered softly the word "Yes." "But stay right where you are, Jack," she added hastily. "If you try to kiss me you'll upset the boat."

"How do you know?" hoarsely demanded Jack, a horrible suspicion already taking possession of him.—London Ideas.

No Better Than Father Used to Make.

Young Husband—Still sitting up, dear? You shouldn't have waited for me. I was detained downtown by important business, and— Young Wife—Try some other excuse, George. That's the kind father used to make.—Chicago Tribune.

How He Began.

"Nevertheless, I cannot begrudge him a cent of his fortune. He began at the foot and got many a kick."

"He did?"

"Yes; he was a blacksmith."—Judge.

One of the most striking differences between a cat and a lie is that a cat has only nine lives.—Mark Twain.

A Technical Mind.

"What in the name of common sense are you arresting me for?" asked the motorist who had accidentally violated a regulation.

"I ain't arrestin' you in the name of common sense," replied the rustic sheriff. "I'm arrestin' you in the name of the law."—Washington Star.

Self Educated.

"But don't you think you could learn to love me?" he inquired of the beautiful heiress.

"Pa always said I was hard to learn," she replied tantalizingly.

"But I am not a book," he protested. "Oh, I can read you all right," she answered.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Longevity.

"Longevity? I should say longevity did run in the family," said Mrs. Spriggins. "Why, John was six foot two. Bill was six foot four, and George had more longevity than any man I ever see. He was six foot seven if he was a foot."—Exchange.

SCALES OF THE EEL.

They Are Very Minute and Resemble Herringbone Brickwork.

In the ordinary acceptation of the term the eel is a scaleless fish. But it is due to the fact that its scales are very minute and imbedded in the skin. They form, as pointed out by a correspondent, very interesting and beautiful objects for the microscope. In size the scales of the eel vary from one-twentieth of an inch upward, according to the age of the fish. They are formed of two layers of a clear, horny substance, the upper of which is studded with crystals of calcium carbonate. These are so transparent as to look like empty cells. The scales vary in shape from a blunt to an elongated oval and are sometimes almost kidney shaped.

This is how the scales of the eel tell its age. On each may be observed at intervals several more or less clearly marked lines parallel to the margin. These mark lines of growth, one for each year of the life of the fish. Three years, nowever, must be allowed for the innermost ring, as the eel has no scales until the third year. The scales do not overlap to any extent and are arranged in series of small groups at right angles to each other, so as to resemble what is known as herring bone brickwork. Conger eels, however, are said to have no scales.—London Field.

BALKED THE BURGLAR.

It May or May Not Have Been a Low Down Game, but It Won.

The man with his coat collar turned up and his derby pitched down over his eyes who was slouching along in the shadow of the building suddenly beckoned to the man on the other side of the street. "Here's an easy one, Pete," he growled hoarsely.

"Where's an easy one?" snarled Pete.

"This here house. It's like taking gum from a stenographer that's fixin' her hair. Some chump has gone away an' left his latch key in this door."

Pete took a swift look at the house and began to back up. "You can go to it," he said. "I don't want to butt in on it."

"Are youse nutty?"

"Naw, I ain't nutty. But de feller wot lives dere is a low down sneak widout no feelin' fer nobody, an' I don't want nothin' ter do with 'im. No, I don't know him, but I'm next ter his game. He sticks that key in dere to ketch suckers like you. Dere's a wire on dat key an' a million volt battery attached to dat wire. I wouldn't touch it if yer'd gimme de First National bank. But go ahead—I'll be acrost de street watchin' wot happens."

Nothing happened.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Ancient Inkstands.

An inkstand that was probably in use 3,400 years ago is exhibited in a Berlin museum. It is of Egyptian make and is supposed to belong to the eighteenth or nineteenth dynasty, or somewhere about 1500 B. C., although its real age can be judged only approximately. It is made of wood and has two compartments, an upper one provided with two holes, one for black and one for red ink, and a lower one for holding reed pens. The black and red ink are certainties, for some still remains, in a dry condition, within the receptacles. Another ancient inkstand is supposed to have been intended for the use of a schoolboy. It would certainly hold ink enough for a schoolboy's needs, for it has no fewer than four ink holes. Both inkstands were found at Thebes.—London Globe.

Eased His Conscience.

Dean Buckland when at Westminster used to tell a curious story of a brown paper parcel which he received one day by post. After many wrappings had been unfolded he found a small black splinter of oak about an inch and a half long. The writer of the unsigned note accompanying the parcel said that when he was a boy, many years before, he had chipped the splinter off the coronation chair. As age advanced his conscience grew troublesome, and he asked the dean to be kind enough to restore the splinter to its place.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Making It Clear.

Parson's daughter: "Good morning, Giles! Haven't noticed you in church for the last few weeks." Giles: "No, miss; I've been oop at Noocastle a-visitin' my old 'aunts. And strange, isn't it, I don't see no change in 'em since I was a child like?" Parson's daughter: "What wonderful old ladies they must be!" Giles: "I didn't say 'arnts,' miss; I said 'awnts'—'aunts where I used to wander in my childhood days like!"

Advice.

"Now that you've heard my daughter sing, what would you advise me to do?"

"Well," the music master replied, "I hardly know. Don't you suppose you could get her interested in settlement work or horseback riding or something like that?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

His Grievance.

Editor—We are sorry to lose your subscription, Mr. Jackson. What's the matter? Don't you like our politics? Mistah Jackson—'Tain't dat, sah, 'tain't dat. Mah wife jes' been an' dun landed a job o' wuk foh me by advertisin' in youh darned old papah!—Puck.

A Hair Trigger Constitution.

Some one has said that animals have a hair trigger constitution, says Orison Swett Marden in Success Magazine. They go off on the slightest provocation, because they act from impulse. They do not know how to control themselves. The animal instinct dominates.

Self control is the first condition of all achievement. It is said that the first sign of insanity is the loss of self control. When a person is no longer the master of his own acts he is not only in danger, but any degree of achievement is impossible to him.

Every thought tends to result in an act, so that thought always leads. The mental attitude at any moment is the pattern which the life processes weave. The lives of many of us are grotesque crazy quilts.

Lung Capacity of Corset Wearers.

The lung capacity of the average woman who does not wear corsets is about 2,800 cubic centimeters, or 171 cubic inches; of one who is in the habit of wearing corsets only 2,200 cubic centimeters, or 134 cubic inches, so that the capacity of the normal and unrestricted lungs is about 27.3 per cent more than that of those which have been compressed by the corset.—Scientific American.

RED TAPE IN GERMANY.

A Railway Ticket, a Controversy and a Delayed Train.

In an account of the duchy of Teck and its inhabitants by the Rev. S. Baring-Gould an amusing experience is thus described by the author:

"We are wont, we Englishmen, to grumble at red tapism, but with us it does not go beyond the government offices. In Germany it is everywhere. I had an instance of it between Ober Lenningen and Owen. I had asked at the former place for a third class ticket to Owen and had stepped into a third class carriage. On these branch lines nearly every one travels fourth. I counted twelve compartments fourth, nine third and three second. There was no first class compartment. Before reaching the next station—in fact, a mile from Ober Lenningen—the inspector came round.

"'Hah, you have a fourth class ticket and are in a third class compartment.' The fine is 6 marks.'

"I explained and offered at once to pass into an inferior carriage or pay the difference.

"'That will not do. You have infringed the law and must pay 6 marks.'

"I get out at Owen and will explain matters to the station master.

"I did so.

"'The fine is 6 marks,' said this latter peremptorily.

"'But,' said I, 'I demanded a third class ticket and was given one for which I had not asked. This was an oversight of the clerk.'

"'You should have examined your ticket.'

"The train was delayed five minutes while the matter was thrashed out on the platform, the travelers craning their necks out of the windows of their respective carriages, looking on and listening with lively interest. At last reluctantly the station master yielded. I must pay the difference.

"'What is it?'

"'One penny!'"

MADE THE GUESTS PAY.

Demanded Tips For the Servants at the Court of Napoleon III.

"Before we left Compiegne at the conclusion of our visit at the court of Napoleon III.," writes Mme. de Hegermann-Lindencrone in Harper's, "when we were taking our morning tea we were interrupted by the coming in of the major domo, who handed us a paper. We were not unprepared for this visit, as we had been told by one of the guests who had been here before that every one was expected to remain in their rooms until this important personage had made his rounds in order to collect the pourboire. I say pourboire because what one generally gives separately is lumped into one sum. This paper, which he handed to us almost at the point of his hallebarde, proved to be a gia scritto receipt for 600 francs—our pourboire!

"We were rather a subdued party in the train. The conversation mostly turned on the subject of pourboires. The hussier decided the exact amount that each ought to give. For instance, he knows an ambassador ought to give 2,000 francs. For a minister of state 1,000 francs suffice. Unofficial people like ourselves cannot be expected to be out of pocket more than 600 francs. As for the poor nobility of France, they escape with 500! Some were of opinion that it was pleasanter to give en masse in one big sum than to give in driblets, others thought it more satisfactory to hand one's offering personally to the different servants, but we all with one voice voted the officious beadle an imposition."

The Stickleback Legend.

The stickleback is one of the species of fish that build nests. There is a legend that the stickleback builds a nest because during the deluge it pulled the tow out of the bilge hole of the ark, and if it had not been for the hedgehog, who plugged up the leak with his own body, Noah and his sons would have had an exciting time baling out their boat. When Noah found out who had done the deed he ordered as a punishment that the culprit should be compelled each year to build a nest, while other fishes would have an easy time of it.

Her Act.

"Well, have you heard the news," asked a friend brightly. "My wife and I are going on the vaudeville stage. A clever friend has written an act for us and we are going to put it on next week."

"Good work, old man," we exclaimed enthusiastically. "What is it—a song and dance act or a society sketch?"

"Neither—it is a monologue."

"A monologue? I thought you and your wife were both in the act."

"We are. But—do you know my wife?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Physical Difficulty.

"Is it anything serious, doctor?" asked a youth of a doctor after the latter had examined him.

"No, no; not at all," replied the medical man. "Nothing serious—just a little stiffness in the back of your neck my lad. But you must keep an eye on it."—London Telegraph.

Came Partly True.

"Before marriage I used to dream of life in a fine house, with sixteen servants."

"Dreams never come true."

"They do, partially. We live in a flat instead of a house, but we've had the sixteen servants."—Washington Herald.

A Sure Sign.

Bangs—Are you a good weather prophet? Bings—Only when the baby swallows a safety pin. Then I know there's to be a squall.

Consideration.

Kindly words, sympathizing attentions, watchfulness against wounding men's sesitiveness—these cost very little, but they are priceless in their value.

From the Fountain.

Nell—Maude always uses a fountain pen. Belle—Her letters are rather gushing, aren't they? — Philadelphia Record.

The Uplift.

"Is she a help to her mother?" asked one woman.

"Yes, indeed," replied the other. "She has taught her to say 'culinary art' instead of 'cooking.'"—Exchange.

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Eleanor Trimble

Being a Story of a Library

By F. A. MITCHEL

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Treadwell was sent by the firm he was with to B. to make some negotiations for it. He was obliged to wait to see the parties he was to do the business with and after he had seen them and reported to the home office he must wait for further instructions. The result was that he was seldom occupied more than half an hour a day and usually not that.

B. is a beautiful place, rather fitted for literary or artistic persons than for those devoted to business. There is a public library there, and to Treadwell, passing the place, it appeared so inviting that he concluded to go in and look for something to read. It was a quiet place, the light subdued, and as he entered the librarian, a young woman, arose from a desk where she was writing on some cards and stood at the counter over which the books are passed. Treadwell asked for something to read, saying that he was a stranger and would be obliged if she would recommend a book.

The girl handed him a novel. There were alcoves in the building, and she told him he would be welcome to sit down in one of them and read.

For one subject to the influence of books there can be nothing pleasanter than to lean back in a big leather chair in one of these quiet alcoves, where he may occasionally glance at foliage and flecked sunlight on the grass without. Treadwell stretched his legs and rested his head on the cushion and opened the book. On the flyleaf was a name written in ink, "Eleanor Trimble." Whether she had given the book to the library or it had been purchased secondhand Treadwell did not know. But under the quieting influence of the place he fell to wondering about her before beginning to read. The date on the title page was an old one, but somehow he could not but look upon Eleanor Trimble as a young person.

There was something about the story—Treadwell could not tell what—that attracted him. And what put a finishing touch upon his interest was that some one had marked in light pencil certain passages that especially appealed to him. Treadwell's flitting fancy had lighted on Eleanor Trimble, and it would not be satisfied with any other marker of these thoughts. About some of the passages—indeed, most of them—there were two of these marks, and to a number there were three.

There was another fancy—excitant. Why had Miss Trimble, who by this time Treadwell had begun to picture as a very pretty girl of an intellectual type, chosen to make sometimes one, sometimes two, sometimes three marks about these ideas that had pleased her? Treadwell had come to the library to kill time by reading, and he was not only killing it by building up an imaginary girl, but he experienced a singular pleasure in doing so. He drifted into the feeling that this Eleanor Trimble had written the story or was at least in some way identified with it.

At any rate, she was to him the heroine. It is questionable if the heroine would have been a heroine at all if she had not been Eleanor Trimble. She, the heroine, Miss Trimble, was walking about through the story doing all sorts of attractive things, exciting Treadwell's admiration and, like the leading lady of a play, surrounded by the other characters in the story as her satellites. She was Marcia Colfax, but to Treadwell this was a fictitious name for Eleanor Trimble.

As Treadwell read on he noticed that certain thoughts or acts of the heroine were differently marked. Some of them had one, some two, some three marks, as though the marker approved, much approved or immensely approved the sentiment or the deed. Besides this, at times where there was one or perhaps two marks a third would be drawn diagonally across. Treadwell was much bothered at the diagonal mark, not being able to account for it.

While he was alternately occupied with the story, with Eleanor Trimble and the flecked sunlight without he could see the librarian sitting at her desk writing something on cards and stacking them up before her. He wished she would stop work and come over and sit with him that he might ask her questions about Eleanor Trimble. Probably she could tell him who Miss Trimble was, whether she had done the marking, what the double and triple marks meant and, above all, the diagonal. But the librarian kept on at her work, at intervals rising to give or receive a book, though all was done so quickly that at times when Treadwell was much interested in his story he would not be conscious even of this slight disturbance.

It was about 10 o'clock in the morning when Treadwell sat down to read, and at 1 he went out to dinner. He asked the librarian if he might leave the book with her since he would like to come back in the afternoon to continue his reading. She took it and laid it on the desk. Treadwell would have said something to her about the story, but she was preparing to shut up the library and go for her noon meal. She told him the place would be open again at 2 o'clock.

Treadwell returned about 3. At his entrance there was the same stillness, only broken by his own footfalls on the marble floor. The librarian was at her desk still writing on the cards. He wondered if she would ever get through and how she managed to stick to her work rather than throw herself into an easy chair in an alcove and bury herself in a book.

He read all the afternoon, though the place was not so secluded as in the morning, more persons coming in to exchange books. When he went out he said to the librarian that he would leave the story with her again and would return to read on the morrow. She told him he might take it away with him, but he thanked her and said that if it were allowable he would rather do his reading in the library; the book seemed to be identified with the spot.

"I'm in love with Eleanor Trimble," he said.

The girl looked up at him with a surprised or rather a startled expression.

"She's in many respects my beau ideal of a woman."

"Aren't you talking about the heroine of the story?" she said.

"Why, yes. Didn't I say Marcia Colfax?"

The girl smiled. Up to this moment she had looked so serious, attended to her duties in so automatical a fashion, that Treadwell was not prepared for anything so human as a smile.

"I see," he added. "I have made a mistake. I have been interested in the name written on the fly leaf. Tomorrow, if you can spare me a few moments of your valuable time, I would like you to tell me something about her—that is, if you know who she is."

"I know all about her," she said, "and will be happy to inform you."

"Is she"—

Treadwell was about to ask if she was young, but a girl came in with a pile of books to return and he decided to finish his question the next day.

In the morning he received some mail with instructions, which served only to delay his business matters and promised an indefinite prolonging of his stay in B. He was not sorry. He was quite satisfied with the library, the story he was reading, his double heroine and the librarian, though the last was the only living one of the three. He reached the library about 11, and, no one being there, he asked the librarian to tell him what she knew about Eleanor Trimble.

"I've been thinking about my promise," she replied, "and would recommend your waiting till you have finished the story."

Treadwell was quite satisfied to do so and, going to his alcove, buried himself in his book.

One stormy afternoon when the rain was keeping every one indoors Treadwell, sitting in his alcove, closed the book he had been reading and took it to the librarian.

"I've got it into my head," he said, "that there is some connection between Eleanor Trimble and the heroine of that story. At any rate, I am in love with the two. I don't know why I include Miss Trimble, but if she is a real living young woman you will confer a favor on me by offering her my hand and heart."

The girl's usual sphinxlike expression broke with a very pleasant smile, while over her passed the faintest blush.

"She is and yet she is not a real living being," she said. "It is 5 o'clock and time to lock up. Come with me and I will show you her picture."

"Her picture!"

"Yes, and her too."

"Is she single or double?"

"Neither. She is triple."

"I give it up," said Treadwell. "I shall have to wait."

Taking the girl under his umbrella, he walked to a cozy cottage where she lived. Ushering him into a living room, she pointed to the portrait of an old woman hanging on the wall and said:

"Eleanor Trimble."

Treadwell's face fell. His dream was shattered.

"Come across the hall," said the girl, "and I will show you the double."

The double was a portrait also, but of a woman about thirty-five. Treadwell was not comforted. "You told me that she also lived."

Coloring, the girl said, "I am also Eleanor Trimble."

A very different expression came over the man's face. He started to say something pleasant, but the situation was embrassing. He had commissioned Eleanor Trimble to offer herself his heart and hand. The girl relieved the embarassment by continuing:

"My grandmother, Eleanor Trimble, was the model for Marcia Colfax. She owned the copy of the book you have read and marked certain passages. My mother, the second Eleanor Trimble, made other marks, sometimes doubling grandma's. I have made still others. Sometimes when one of us has been displeased by some sentiment or act we have made a cross-mark."

"A diagonal," interrupted Treadwell.

"Yes. We have all three been naturally interested in the character, and both mother and myself have been often told we and Marcia are triplets."

"Singular, isn't it," said Treadwell, "that I should have had a vague knowledge of the combination?"

Miss Trimble explained that the copy of the book Treadwell had read was lent to the library.

Treadwell made a failure in the business matter he went to B. to transact, but achieved what was of more importance to him. He got a wife.

A Battleship's Eyes.

In the design and equipment of Uncle Sam's newer battleships no feature is more noticeable than the facilities afforded for observation by the officers and men stationed on the bridge—observations of the beacons and other aids to navigation, but more especially observations of the movements of a supposed enemy. On the bridge and on the "fire control" tower overhead are to be found artificial aids for the "eyes of the battleship," ranging all the way from old fashioned glasses to the powerful telescopes and kindred annihilators of distance that are too large to be supported at arm's length and manipulated after the fashion of the spyglasses of the ancient mariner.—Detroit Free Press.

An Obstinate Family.

Cholmondley—I thought you intended to marry Miss Wealthington? Dolmondley—I thought so, too, but her family objected. Cholmondley—What did Miss Wealthington say? Dolmondley—Oh, she's one of the family, you know.

Stale Bread.

Eat your bread stale and not fresh if you want to avoid indigestion. Slice it, dry in the oven and toast a delicate brown.

Thy secret is thy prisoner; if thou let it go thou art a prisoner to it.

Her Drawing Powers.

Pat and his little brown mare were familiar sights to the people of the town of Garry. The mare was lean, blind and lame, but by dint of much coaxing Pat kept her to the harness. One day while leading her to water he had to pass a corner where a crowd of would be sports had congregated. Thinking to have some amusement at Pat's expense, one called out:

"Hello there, Pat! I'm looking for the real goods. How much is that mare of yours able to draw?"

"Begorra," said Pat, "I can't say exactly, but she seems to be able to drawn the attenshun of ivery fool in town."—Housekeeper.

BORDER TOWNS.

Many That Are Partly In One State and Partly In Another.

A number of towns and villages in the United States are situated on state boundary lines. The names of some of these are formed on the model of what Lewis Carroll called "portmanteau" words. Delmar and Marydell, for example, are on the line between Maryland and Delaware. Pen Mar is on the Pennsylvania and Maryland line. Mo-Ark is named from Missouri (Mo.) and Arkansas (Ark.). Texarkana is partly in Texas and partly in Arkansas. Illiana is on or near the Indiana line. State Line, which is half in Connecticut and half in New York, with numerous instances of the sort in other states, is a self explanatory name.

Other border towns whose names do not indicate their position are Port Chester (New York and Connecticut), Blackstone (Massachusetts and Rhode Island), Westerly (Rhode Island and Connecticut), Kansas City (Missouri and Kansas), Guthrie and Fulton (each partly in Kentucky and partly in Tennessee), Harrison and Union City (in Indiana and Ohio), and Great Falls (New Hampshire and Maine). What is virtually one town on the border boundary of Tennessee and Virginia is legally known as Bristol on the Tennessee side and Goodson on the Virginia side. A number of smaller towns might be added to the list.—New York Tribune.

POSTED ON RUBBER.

He Couldn't Be Fooled About the Growth of the Trees.

A promoter for a rubber company was trying to persuade Mr. Spangler to invest some of his savings in the company's stock. The demand for rubber, he said, was worldwide and constantly increasing. The company owned immense forests of rubber trees and kept an army of workers employed all the time in gathering the crude rubber. The output was enormous, and the profits—well, the scheme was certainly better than a gold mine.

"I have heard," said Mr. Spangler suspiciously, "that the forests are being exhausted."

"That's true to some extent," answered the other, "but we are not depending on the existing trees. We are planting hundreds of square miles with new trees."

"How long does it take for a tree to grow big enough to tap?"

"Only six or eight years."

"That won't go down with me," said Mr. Spangler, with emphasis. "My wife has had a rubber plant in the front parlor for six years, where it's warm all the time, winter and summer, and it hasn't grown a foot in all that time. No, sir; you can't fool me on that!"—Youth's Companion.

Man Eating Wild Men.

In the celebrated "Travailes" of Edward Webb (1590) are dozens of stories that would make Munchausen turn green with envy. One of the most celebrated of these is his story of the wild men of Prester John, which is as follows:

"In the court of Prester John there is a wilde man and another in the high street of Constantinople whose allowance is every day a quarter of raw mutton, and when any man dyeth for some notorious offence then they are allowed every day a quarter of man's flesh. These wilde men are chained fast to a post every day, the one in Prester John's courte, the other in the high street of Constantinople, each of them having a mantell about their shoulders, and all over their bodyes they have wonderful long haire. They are chained by the neck lest they speedily devour all that cometh within their reach."

England's Uncrowned King.

Of the long line of kings which have ruled England since the days of William the Conqueror, nearly 900 years ago, there has been only one uncrowned king. King Edward V., the boy king, who met an untoward fate in the Tower of London in 1483, is the only monarch who reigned without receiving the church's blessing or the formal homage of his subjects. Some people include Lady Jane Grey among England's monarchs. If this doubtful claim is allowed England's only uncrowned queen ranks with Edward V. and deprives him of one distinction.—London Tit-Bits.

A Triumph of Imagination.

Tallandier told me that a great archbishop of his acquaintance in Paris had set himself to make an exact design of the imaginary abbey of Theleme, minutely described by Rabelais, and told him that if such an edifice were to be erected it would be the most perfect building every known.—Conway's Autobiography.

Peace at Last.

Mr. Hoon—Scrappington and his wife have parted. Mrs. Hoon—Good gracious! What is the trouble? Mr. Hoon—There isn't any trouble now. They have parted.—Smart Set.

No Doubt In His Mind.

Young Bachelor—I often wonder if I am making enough money to get married on. Old Benedict—Well, I don't know how much you're making, but you ain't!—Puck.

The Whole Period.

"There is a period in a woman's life when she thinks of nothing but dress."

"What period is that?"

"From the cradle to the grave."—Puck.

Neither despise nor oppose what thou dost not understand.—William Penn.

A Treasure of a Cook.

Mr. Newedd—What! No cook stove in the house? I gave you money to buy one, Mrs. Newedd—Yes, my love, but I found I hadn't enough to buy a stove and hire a cook, too, so I let the stove go. But the cook is here, and she's a treasure. She has just gone out to get us some crackers and cheese.

His Idea For Thaorist.

Tommy—Pop, what is a theorist? Tommy's Pop—A theorist, my son, is a man who thinks he is learning to swim by sitting on the bank and watching a frog.—Philadelphia Record.

Making Sure.

An electric wire had fallen under its heavy weight of snow. The linemen found a crowd around the grounded copper and an inquisitive Irishman lifting one end from the ground.

"Man, alive, don't you know what a risk you're taking? That might be a live wire!" he ejaculated.

"Sure an' Oi thought of that meself, an' Oi filt of the wire good before Oi picked it up at all."—Everybody's.

When Surgery Was Cruelty.

The extreme clumsiness and cruelty with which operations were performed even subsequent to the fifteenth century would scarcely be credited had we not authentic descriptions of them by the operators. Thus Fabricius of Aquapedents (1537-1619), the eminent professor at Padua and preceptor of the immortal Harvey, describes what he considered an improved and easy operation in the following terms: "If it be a movable tumor I cut it away with a redhot knife that sears as it cuts, but if it be adhered to the chest I cut without bleeding or pain with a wooden or horn knife soaked in aqua fortis, with which, having cut the skin, I dig out the rest with my fingers." When the surgeons of Edinburgh were incorporated it was required as a prerequisite that they should be able to read and write, "to know the anatomie, nature and complexion of everie member of humanis body and likeways to know all vaynes of the same, that he may make flewbothemie in due time."

Buying a Dog.

Buying a dog is not so easy as it looks, there is so much "faking." A good Irish terrier, for instance, should have a stiff, wiry coat, a pronounced red color, a long, narrow head, small eyes and ears which hang down. The ears of a bull terrier, an Aberdeen terrier or a Yorkshire terrier should stick up. But be careful that the wily dealer has not produced this effect with cardboard. A bulldog should have a shovel shaped mouth, with the under jaw protruding upward, and a wide chest. There are one or two things to look out for in buying a dog. Some dealers try to palm off an old dog as a young one by scraping his yellow teeth, which show signs of age, and painting his gray muzzle. Bright eyes are often produced by a smear of vaseline and a cold nose produced by Stockholm tar. But you can detect the presence of these aids by smell.—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Famous Welsh Fortress.

Carnarvon castle is the most splendid specimen of medieval military architecture surviving in Britain, not excepting Alnwick. Art and beauty were combined with strength by De Elfreton, the architect, who had been commanded to construct a palace within an impregnable fortress. Whether the mean little passage chamber in the Eagle tower was the birthplace of the infant prince whom Edward I. made the medium of such a grim practical joke upon the Welsh seems doubtful, but the main story may still be true. Every famous soldier who helped to make history in this corner of Britain has played some part within or without the walls of Carnarvon castle. It has been starved into surrender, but never captured by force of arms and can therefore claim to be considered a "virgin fortress."—Westminster Gazette.

PLAYED A SHELL GAME.

A Parliamentary Joke by a New South Wales Solon.

Australia once had a great public joke, which was played openly in the New South Wales state parliament by a member who afterward became attorney general.

A bill had been introduced to protect native flowers from ruthless destruction. The honorable member uprose and sympathized. He informed the introducer of the bill—a somewhat pompous gentleman—that he heartily approved. But why these invidious distinctions? The bill protected—and he quoted all the botanical names in the bill.

But why were other flowers equally deserving neglected? Why were—and here he reeled off a long list of the Latin names for cockles, mussels, oysters, etc.—why were these sweet flowers to be blighted in their bloom by being plucked by any prowling excursionist who wanted something in his buttonhole?

The introducer of the bill promptly offered to extend the list to include these. So half the shellfish on the coast, including the periwinkle, were added to the flowers worthy of protection.

The officials of the house discovered the hoax next day and set it right. But the joke was too good to be kept quiet, and all Australia chuckled at the expense of the pompous legislator.—London Answers.

DON'T MIND BIG NOISES.

But Slight, Rustling Sounds Make Giraffes Tremble With Fear.

Among the curious characteristics of the giraffe is its strange indifference to loud noises as contrasted with its peculiar "scariness" with reference to slight sounds. Noisy sounds, like that of a man walking near in hobnailed boots, the giraffe does not appear to notice, but should it be approached by a woman whose skirts give out but the slightest rustle the sound thereof causes the giraffe to start up with pricked ears and eyes distended in fear.

Officials of a zoological institution, situated near a canal, tell of a curious instance of this peculiarity of giraffes. After a terrible explosion of gunpowder on a barge on the canal the keepers were astonished to observe that the giraffes took little notice of the tremendous blast. They jumped to their feet, but almost at once lay down again when they found that nothing extraordinary had happened in their inclosure. But were a keeper at night to creep along outside that inclosure in his stocking feet the queer beasts would exhibit such terror that one would imagine them about to dash themselves in terror against the fences.

Giraffes fear the lurking foe, and a big bang scares them hardly at all. To them the faint, rustling sound is a token of the greatest danger. In that respect they are like deer.—New York Press.

Many Things Different In Holland.

Holland is to me one of the most interesting countries in Europe, writes George R. Sims. Apart from the excitement of having to do a bit of Blondin, with the edge of a canal for your tight rope, at intervals of a few minutes all day long, the Dutch themselves furnish you never ending study. I love to see the little Dutch boy of six smoking his clay pipe or his cigar as he clings to his mamma's skirt. There is something at once novel and startling in finding Dutch cheese and a penny bun placed in front of every guest at the breakfast table. In a land where a public company is a Maatschappij and nearly every house of restauration announces that "the thirsty traveler can there obtain "Tapperij, Slitterij and Siemn," there is always something to amuse you.

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson XI.—Third Quarter, For Sept. 10, 1911.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, Dan. i, 8-20—Memory Verses, 8, 9—Golden Text, Rom. xiv, 21—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

The study of prophecy should be to every child of God most fascinatingly attractive, for "to Him give all the prophets witness," and "the testimony of Jesus is the spirit of prophecy" (Acts x, 43; Rev. xix, 10). The Lord has told the prophets all that He intends to do, and prophecy is therefore a light in a dark place to show us the way we are going (Amos iii, 7; II Pet. i, 19-21). Our blessed Lord is just the same as when on the way to Emmaus, and the same evening in the midst of the disciples He opened to them in all the Scriptures the things concerning Himself (Luke xxiv, 25-27, 44-46), and He still loves to do so.

In one of His discourses He mentioned the prophet Daniel, and the prophet Ezekiel also mentions him by name (Matt. xxiv, 15; Ezek. xiv, 14). Ezekiel and Daniel were both among the captives in Babylon for their good and the good of others (Jer. xxiv, 4-7). They were the Lord's messengers, and in them was seen the wisdom and power of the true and living God as contrasted with the wisdom of this world. I find it helpful to my own soul to watch God working and to remember that He is as ready now to work for His glory in those who are wholly His as were Daniel and his friends.

Notice in verses 2, 9, 17, of our lesson chapter that it was the Lord who gave the king of Judah into the hands of the king of Babylon. He also brought Daniel into favor with the prince of the eunuchs and gave to him and his friends knowledge and skill in all learning and wisdom. "Whatsoever the Lord pleased that did He." "He doeth according to His will in the army of heaven and among the inhabitants of the earth." "He worketh all things after the counsel of His own will" (Ps. cxxxv, 6; Eph. i, 11).

These young men were chosen to stand before the king of Babylon (verse 5), but they never forgot that they always stood before a much greater King, even the Lord, the King of Israel (Zeph. iii, 15). Their beautiful names signifying God is my judge, Jehovah is gracious, who is as God is, Jehovah my keeper, might be covered by idolatrous names, but what men might call them did not affect their standing before God.

Even in the matter of eating and drinking we are to glorify God and not be conformed to the age in which we live (I Cor. x, 31; Rom. xii, 1, 2), so Daniel purposed in his heart that he would not defile himself with food offered to idols (verse 8). In this matter God wrought for them, not only giving them favor with those set over them, but also causing them to thrive better on their plain food than did the others who ate the portion of the king's meat (verses 9, 14, 15).

It is not so much the food we eat, either as to quantity or quality, as the blessing of God upon it. On one occasion our Lord taught that "not that which goeth into the mouth defileth a man," and so Paul wrote, "I know and am persuaded by the Lord Jesus that there is nothing unclean of itself" (Matt. xv, 11; Rom. xiv, 14). Ordinarily we are to eat what is set before us, asking no questions, but in Daniel's case it was a matter of sanctioning idolatry or standing for the true God, and when with us under any circumstances it becomes a question of God or the devil there is only one thing to do. We cannot drink the cup of the Lord and the cup of demons (I Cor. x, 21).

We are not to imagine that God gave them knowledge and skill in all learning and wisdom (verse 17) apart from study on their part, whether it was the wisdom of Egypt or the wisdom from above, which is first pure, then peaceable, gentle and easy to be entreated (Jas. iii, 17). Some of us can almost imagine with what relief and joy they would turn from the books of Egypt to the book of the law of the Lord and how there would be fulfilled to them, "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled." The natural man can grasp the wisdom of this world, but the things of God knoweth no man, but the spirit of God. In his understanding of visions and dreams also he would doubtless profit by the experience of Joseph and the ability given to him and to others.

With what sublime confidence in God he said to the king in connection with his first dream that if time was granted to him he would show the interpretation and how gloriously God honored his faith by revealing to him the secret in a vision of the night (chapter ii, 16-19). See in chapter ii, 28, 29, 47, how he honored God, who revealed to him the secret, and how because of this the king honored God also as the God of gods and a Lord of kings.

So God was glorified in Daniel. "And Daniel continued" (verse 21). There is a most profitable meditation in those words, and we are reminded of Acts xxvi, 22, "Having therefore obtained help of God, I continue unto this day." Paul believed Moses and the prophets just as Daniel did, and in Dan. ix, 2, he tells us that he had been studying the word of the Lord by Jeremiah, the prophet.

Cities and Race Vitality.

The Napoleon wars so drained the flower of French manhood that even today the physical stature of the average Frenchman is nearly half an inch below what it was at the beginning of Napoleon's reign.

The country in America today is constantly paying a similar tribute to the city in the sacrifice of its best blood, its best brain, the finest physical and mental fiber in the world. This great stream of superb country manhood which is ever flowing cityward is rapidly deteriorated by the softening, emasculating influences of the city until the superior virility, stamina and sturdy qualities entirely disappear in two or three generations of city life. Our city civilization is always in a process of decay and would in a few generations become emasculated and effeminate were it not for the pure crystal stream of country youth flowing steadily into and purifying the muddy, devitalized stream of city life. It would soon become so foul and degenerate as to threaten the physical and moral health of the dwellers.—Success Magazine.

KNEW DE QUINCEY'S WORKS.

Choate Was Better Posted on Them Than the Author Himself.

Many years ago James T. Fields, the publisher, was making a collection of the writings of De Quincey. The essays were widely scattered in various periodicals and were often hard to identify. Mr. Fields knew Rufus Choate as a devoted student of De Quincey and wrote him one day asking his opinion as to a certain article. Was it by De Quincey or not?

Mr. Choate replied that it certainly was. There could be no mistaking the style of the piece. A few weeks later Mr. Choate received through Mr. Fields a letter from De Quincey denying absolutely and somewhat indignantly the authorship of the article. But Choate was not of the stuff to yield his opinion for a trifle like that. He wrote to Mr. Fields:

"I still believe that De Quincey wrote the essay. De Quincey to the contrary notwithstanding."

Doubtless Mr. Fields read the note with a smiling comment, "That's just like Choate's confidence in his own judgment!"

Months elapsed. One day there came a letter from De Quincey containing a humble apology for his previous blunder. By chance he had found in his desk the manuscript of the very article in question. Written as it had been years before, it had passed entirely from his mind, "and you may tell your young Boston lawyer," he concluded, "that he knows my style better than I know it myself."

OUT FOR THE FEES.

Corporation Directors Want Their Rights and Usually Get Them.

A large corporation held a directors' meeting a few days ago. As the meeting was coming to a close one of the directors, reputed to be worth $10,000,000, ran in all out of breath. Just as he entered the other directors were making their exit, says the Hartford Courant.

"Look here," the incoming director shouted to the chairman, "I want to know why I haven't received notice of this meeting."

"I am sure I don't know," the chairman said. "Notices were sent to all directors. You surely must have received one."

The director finished up an excited tirade by saying, "I want my rights."

Just then the secretary was brought into conference, who in turn handed the late director an envelope. He departed with a smiling countenance.

This recalls the story of a New York corporation where $20 for each director was laid on the table and those who attended divided the whole pile. If half came each got $40. The members were men far advanced in years and in riches. One day it stormed violently when a meeting was to be held. The executive officers did not believe a single director would be there, but every man of them was on hand, each having figured out that nobody else would appear and that he might swipe the entire allowance.

On a Grain of Wheat.

Prayers have been written and engraved on many small objects, but only one person ever has been patient and painstaking enough to inscribe a complete prayer on a grain of wheat. One day Sir Moses Montefiore received a small tin box in the mail. On the cover of the box was written, "A prayer for Sir Moses Montefiore, by Bauch Mordecai, son of Zebi Hirsch Scheinemann of Jerusalem." The box contained a single grain of wheat, on which were inscribed in characters so small they could only be read with the aid of a powerful microscope the 386 Hebrew letters of the prayer and the date of the year (Hebrew reckoning), 5645. Sir Moses kept the prayer in his private desk until he died, and it is preserved with religious care by one of his friends.

Merry-go-round.

Coming across the Revere Beach ferry were two men whose antics attracted considerable attention. The younger would step around to the right side of his companion, and within a minute the elder would make a corresponding shift. At last the elder became irritated.

"Say, what are you trying to do, shifting around like this?" he demanded.

"I'm deaf in my left ear and was trying to get where I'd hear well," the younger replied.

"And I'm blind in my left eye and wanted to see what was doing," said the other.—Boston Journal.

Settled.

Old Gentleman (at his daughter's wedding)—My dear, I don't see how I am to get along without you. Bride—Oh, that's all right, pa. Since the ceremony was performed my husband has confessed that he hasn't enough saved to start housekeeping, so you won't lose me after all.

Cause and Effect.

"There are many delightful dishes to be made from left over food."

"That's nice," responded the young bride. "There's a great deal of food left over since I began doing the cooking."—Washington Herald.

Giving Him a Tip.

Him—I don't know how to tell you how I love you. Her—Don't worry about that. I'll take it as it comes. What you want to get nervous about is how to tell papa about it.—Toledo Blade.

God bless the good natured, for they bless everybody else.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Keeping His Word.

"Henry, you owe me $5. You remember that bet you made me last week that you wouldn't smoke any more for a month. Well, I saw you walking down the street last night smoking a big cigar."

"I'm not smoking any more; I'm simply smoking the usual amount."—Exchange.

Out of Place.

Aunt Prisms—I am shocked at you, Maude. You permitted young Mr. Jones to kiss you. Maude—He only just touched me on the nose, auntie. Aunt Prisms—It was quite out of place, my dear. Maude—He knew it was, auntie. But you came in so suddenly, you see.

Fishing Luck.

"Have any luck on your fishing trip?"

"Yes. Counting those that got away and those we threw back, we almost got seven."—Detroit Free Press.

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RETURNED HER HAT.

She Didn't, but He Did, and He Must Have Been a Brave Man.

The bravest man in New York made his appearance in a Broadway store one day last week. He carried an enormous bandbox, which contained an enormous hat, on which the man wanted what he considered an enormous amount of money refunded. The man was pretty mad, and while looking for some one who had the authority to negotiate the transaction he talked loud enough for everybody to hear.

"My wife bought this hat," he said. "She doesn't need it. She has already bought three hats this season. She paid $35 for this one. She has never worn it. It just came home last night. I can't afford to throw all that money away, and I want you to take the hat back. She wouldn't bring it down, so I undertook the job myself."

"By the side of that man Napoleon was a cringing coward," said the young woman who had made the sale. "Imagine him flouncing into a Parisian millinery shop with a hat that he didn't want Josephine to buy! He couldn't have done it. Very few men can. Once in a long while some poor New Yorker with the courage of desperation in his heart returns merchandise which he cannot afford to buy for his wife, and his audacity upsets the whole store for a month."—New York Sun.

THEY LIKE SHARP FOOD.

Lions Gobble Up Porcupines, and Camels Eat Spiny Cactus.

A note in the London Field draws attention to lions that eat porcupines. It would appear that an animal protected by such powerful spines should be quite secure from attack. Yet, if we may trust the account given, it appears to be a habit on the part of the lion and not an isolated occurrence. Captain Dumbell had been told by a native hunter that the lion was in the habit of eating porcupines. And this has been confirmed by two English sportsmen. V. Kirby, for example, has taken a porcupine's head from the stomach of a lioness. Others relate that it is not uncommon to find lions with porcupine quills sticking all over their noses, faces and paws. It seems to argue some indifference to pain on the part of the lion, as well as a fancy for porcupine's flesh.

Compare this with the case of the camel, which a distinguished traveler describes as calmly chewing up a very spiny plant with the blood dripping from its mouth! The cattle in some of the arid parts of America, again, browse on that spiny cactus. And in some parts of the English coast the horses browse on the prickly sea holly, while the donkey's partiality for thistles is well known. Incidentally such cases seem to show that spines in nature are not such efficient protectors as some have supposed.

Sleight of Hand Poisoning.

A very curious item in toxicological lore I chanced to light upon, wrote George Augustus Sala in one of his letters, may be called the feat of poisoning by sleight of hand. You were jealous of a lady, and you wished to kill her. Well, you asked her to lunch, and you caused a very nice peach to be served at dessert. You cut the fruit with a golden knife, one side of the blade of which was endued with a deadly poison. You presented the poisoned half of the peach to the lady, who ate it with much relish and then dropped down dead. The wholesome half you ate yourself and laughed in your sleeve and went on slicing more peaches for the ladies of whom you were jealous till you were found out and broken on the wheel. Aye, there's the rub! What high old times we might have, to be sure, but for that pinguy contingency of being found

Conscience is harder than our enemies, knows more, accuses with more nicety.—George Eliot.

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ETERNAL LOVE

A Test That Tried Two and Found One Wanting

By F. TOWNSEND SMITH

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Helen Stanley believed that love should be immortal, that true love was immortal. But how recognize true love? If divorces only occurred between those who had made marriages of convenience it would argue that incompatability was only to be found among those who married without love. Miss Stanley knew well that many marriages between those who were infatuated with each other turned out unfortunately. Possessing ingenuity, she hit upon a plan of determining whether a case of love was true love or spurious. She treasured this plan in her mind for a long while, and when Ernest Gregory offered himself to her and she accepted him she resolved to put it into practice.

Her scheme was to betake herself, so far as her lover was concerned, out of the world. He was to understand that she was dead. If he loved her with that love which was immortal he would never mate again. Having proved that he was hers and hers only for all eternity, whether in the flesh or in the spirit, she would return to him, and their mortal union would be a delight.

Miss Stanley was an orphan and possessed an income sufficient to enable her to go to some remote country and disappear. She made a will so that after her supposed death her property could not be administered until after she had had time to return to life and placed cash in a foreign bank sufficient for her expenses during her supposed residence in the spirit world.

When Miss Stanley informed her lover that she was about to go abroad he was much surprised and chagrined.



THE WOMAN COVERED HER FACE WITH HER HANDS

Very much in love with her, he felt that the separation would be trying to him. She told him that theirs was an immortal love; that they were united not only for this world, but for the next. Therefore a separation of a few months should not be considered of much moment. She realized that after their marriage no opportunity would likely occur to them to travel; since he was tied down to the practice of his profession she had better make the trip before their marriage.

A refusal to assent to this would have been arrant selfishness, so Gregory gave his consent, resolving to get on without his love as best he could till her return. When he bade her goodby on the steamer he said to her:

"If you meet any one over there you like better than me don't hesitate to sacrifice me. I love you too well to stand in the way of your happiness."

"Ernest," she said impressively, "you know that I believe in an eternal love. My love for you is of this kind. It only remains to be seen whether yours for me is the same. If anything happens to me you are free to marry another. If you do it will indicate that your love for me is not the kind that I require. But heaven grant that your love for the wife you take may prove everlasting!"

There was something so spiritually elevating about these words that Gregory felt that if he lost her his life on earth would be blighted. If he had known that his love was to be submitted to a test he would have laughed at it as useless and absurd. He bade his fiancee goodby and rushed ashore lest his emotion get the better of him.

Miss Stanley went to Paris, where she ordered her trousseau. Her lover had shown such unmistakable signs of constancy that she did not doubt he would stand the test to which she intended to subject him. At any rate, she was ready to take the risk of procuring her wedding garments. From Paris she went to Gibraltar and crossed the strait to Tangier. There she fitted out an expedition to go on to the desert of Sahara.

Two weeks later the Arabs whom Miss Stanley had hired for the expedition returned to Tangier and reported that robbers had attacked the little caravan, murdered the American lady traveler and taken everything that belonged to her.

In reporting the case the American consul at Tangier said that Miss Stanley had doubtless been murdered by her own attendants; that it was a common occurrence for a traveler to be thus dispatched, his belongings appropriated, and in order to escape punishment the men he had hired would lay the blame on the robbers that infest the desert.

When Ernest Gregory heard of his fiancee's death his friends feared for a time that he would lose his reason. He sailed at once for Gibraltar, crossed to Tangier and interviewed some of those who had been with Miss Stanley at the time of the tragedy, with a view to discovering if he could secure the body. The rascals at once caught on to a plan for making money. They said that they had buried Miss Stanley's body in a certain oasis and would go and get it for a consideration. Gregory hired them and went with them. They dug up a corpse, but decomposition forbade opening the casket which contained it. However, they gave Gregory enough proof that these were the remains of the American lady traveler to convince any one not conversant with the Bedouin conscience. Gregory took the precious relic to America and deposited it in a cemetery where he could visit it frequently. Within a few months a beautiful white marble shaft arose over the grave with an appropriate inscription. On the reverse were the words, "Immortal Love."

Miss Stanley had tied up her property for five years, and they passed without a word having been heard from her. When the time approached for an administration of her property attorneys employed by her different relations began to take measures for a division of her estate. One morning Gregory, who was living a life such as she had indicated she would have him live, was treasuring her resting place on earth and looking forward to his reunion with her in heaven. One day he was laying flowers on her grave, and, looking up, he saw a woman and a little girl between three and four years of age gazing at him.

"Are you Helen in the flesh or Helen in spirit?" he asked.

Whether flesh or spirit, the woman covered her face with her hands.

"Speak."

"Mamma," cried the little girl, "what's the matter?"

Gregory advanced and, taking the woman's wrists in his hands, exposed her face.

"Yes, you are Helen," he said, "and living."

"Mamma, come away."

"Mamma!" exclaimed Gregory. "Is this your mamma?"

"Yes. Come, mamma; let us go away from here."

"I see it all," wailed Gregory. "You left me to submit me to a test. You wished to know if my love for you was of that immortal kind you coveted. Look!" pointing to the shaft and the flowers on the grave. "Are you convinced?"

When he ceased to speak there was only silence. Then, with an effort, his tone changed. Taking the child in his arms, he kissed her and said:

"Pardon me, little one, for troubling your mamma. It is all over. Come, let us go away from here; the spot is hateful."

Leading the child, he started down a path that led to an exit from the cemetery, the woman walking beside him. Before entering the crowded street he stopped and said:

"One word. As I have lived so live I always. What with you has been mortal with me is everlasting."

Then they passed from the inclosure he never entered again.

Helen Stanley during her trip to the desert crossed the path of a young American traveler. She confided to him her intention to disappear from the world, and he helped her to carry it out. His own men by his order attacked her party and drove them away. Then the white man and the white woman journeyed together to Tripoli. Before reaching that city Miss Stanley found that she had met her true mate. Deeply in love, she had no thought of applying a test. Indeed, she dared not do so, fearing to lose the man whose being was as necessary to her as the air she breathed. The period of her effort to remain faithful to her immortal love in America was of brief duration. They were married before leaving northern Africa, and Ernest Gregory was left to cherish the rotting corpse of a daughter of the desert.

The wife would probably have remained buried for the rest of her life had it not been that children came to her, and it became necessary for her to come to life in order to transmit to them their inheritance. She had lived in countries where she was not liable to be heard of till it became necessary for her to return to America to prevent her property being given to clamorous relatives. She had returned incognito, and, having heard that her "immortal" lover had erected a shaft over her remains, she had been seized with a morbid curiosity to discover the truth. She had found him at her grave and decided to take her punishment then and there.

Gregory remained wedded to an immortal love. There was nothing worldly in it. The woman he had loved died before him and left him a share of her property. But he declined to accept it, turning it over to her children. He had been disappointed in his worldly love, and with his spiritual love those things which pertain to earth could have nothing in common. He died as he had lived—in a wedlock of the soul.

The Moors.

Morocco is not so hot as it is often supposed to be. The greater part of the country is near either the sea or the mountains, often both, and it is only about as far south as Georgia or Louisiana. The sun is hot, of course, at midday, in a dry region where the sky is usually cloudless and the latitude is about like that of the gulf coast of the United States. But the temperature in the shade is seldom extreme—that is, in the parts of the country where the bulk of the people live. South and east of the mountains, on the border of the Sahara desert, the conditions in respect to heat are altogether different, but there the population is small. The people of Morocco are fanatical Moslems, and they resent bitterly any kind of pressure to change old customs or give up old ways, but they are much less formidable than they used to be in the prime of Moorish power, especially in comparison with the conditions in the advanced countries of the earth.—Cleveland Leader.

Poor Hand In a Bible Class.

A woman of Louisville, Ky., who enjoys a game of cards, recently visited a friend in Indianapolis. Sunday morning came, and the hostess invited her visitor to accompany her to Sunday school. It is the practice of the teacher of the Bible class of which the hostess is a member to ask each member of the class to read a verse from the Bible and comment on it. The visitor from Louisville had not been informed of the teacher's custom. However, the teacher seemed to think that visitors as well as regular members should participate, and when the member next to the visitor had read her verse and made her comment the teacher smilingly looked toward the visitor. The visitor appeared to be disconcerted for a moment, and then she hastily said, "I pass."—Indianapolis News.

Roman Bricks.

When the preparations for rebuilding the Campanile, in Venice, were undertaken the archaeologists were afforded an opportunity to make some interesting studies of the bricks. It was found that they had been used in arches, fortifications, the tops of walls and in other ways before they were built into the campanile and that they were not Venetian but Roman bricks. These ancient bricks were made in slices, for in many the layers could be seen undisturbed. It is said that bricks made this way can bear a greater weight than modern bricks. The bricks examined were of the first century. One of them bore the imprint of a horseshoe, which may prove that Romans used a horseshoe like ours, although it is generally believed that their horseshoes were strapped on, not nailed.

Loss of Weight In Rowing.

A well known physician in New York city who has long been identified with aquatics, says that the average individual loss of weight in a four mile pull, whether in a race or a row against time, is two or three pounds. Under peculiarly trying conditions of heat the individual loss may reach five or six pounds. On the other hand, says this physician, many oarsmen go through a four mile pull with the loss of only about a pound in weight. This lost weight is fully recovered by the next day. Proper training is so arranged in these days that a four mile race comes only when the oarsmen are thoroughly rested and at the top of their training weight, so that the loss of weight rarely indicates that the individual is "stale," or below good training condition.

Goldsmith's Obituary Notice.

It would be difficult to find a more quaint announcement of death than that published in an old newspaper in 1774, at the time of Oliver Goldsmith's demise.

"1774, April 4. Died, Dr. Oliver Goldsmith. Deserted is the village. The traveler hath laid him down to rest; the good natured man is no more; he stoopse but to conquer; the vicar hath performed his sad office; it is a mournful task from which the hermit may essay to meet the dread tyrant with more than Grecian or Roman fortitude."

Dead Leaves as Fertilizers.

According to tests made in France, dead leaves possess a high value as fertilizers. They are extensively used by the market gardeners about the city of Nantes. Pear leaves have the highest quantity of nitrogenous, oak leaves come next, and the leaves of vines stand lowest in value.

Kindness Misdirected.

"What has become of the meerschaum pipe?" inquired an inveterate smoker.

"Well, my dear," his wife replied, "it was getting awfully discolored, so I gave it a coat of white enamel, and it is not quite dry yet!"

Extravagant.

Hub—Reckless and extravagant—I? When did I ever make a useless purchase? Wife—Why, there's that fire extinguisher you bought a year ago. We've never used it once!

Seek the Light.

If there is anywhere on your horizon a spot of light, fix your eyes upon it and turn your thoughts away from the clouds which may cover the rest of the sky.

He Knew.

"It's hard to collect money nowadays."

"Been trying to collect some?"

"No, oh, no! But a lot of people have been trying to collect from me."

The Eternal Feminine.

From the fresco paintings of women in the Cretan palaces of the period about 2000 B. C. it is learned that the women of that time pinched in their waists, had flounced or accordion skirts, wore an elaborate coiffure on their heads, shoes with high heels and hats which might have come from a Parisian hat shop, while one woman might be described as wearing a jupe culotte.

WARRANT OFFICERS.

Their Grade In the Naval Service and the Pay They Draw.

The grade of warrant officer in the navy forms one of those naval castes which are puzzling to the civilian, says Searchlight Philosophy.

The warrant officer holds his position by virtue of a warrant issued by the secretary of the navy.

The warrant rank is next below that of midshipman and consists of boatswains, gunners, carpenters, warrant machinists, sailmakers and pharmacists. The pay is graded according to the length of service and nature of the assignment.

During the first three years the pay on sea duty is $1,500, on shore duty $1,125 and on leave or waiting orders $875 a year. The pay rises with each three years of service until the time of service exceeds twelve years, after which period the pay reaches $2,250 while on sea duty, $2,000 on shore duty or detached assignments and $1,500 when on waiting orders or when on leave.

All gunners are not warrant officers, but when a gunner has attained a warrant officer's rank he has, under the commissioned ordnance officer, charge of the ordnance, magazines, etc. The warrant officer gunner is usually an apprentice with a good record, appointed after examination upon the recommendation of the commanding officers.

When the ship's carpenter is a warrant officer he is chief of all the artisans and mechanics. This force is called the carpenter's gang and consists of shipwrights, plumbers, pipe fitters, blacksmiths, painters and carpenter's mates. After ten years' service the carpenter was formerly commissioned chief carpenter, with the rank of ensign.

The boatswain is one of the most important of the warrant officers. He has, under the executive officer, charge of the rigging, anchors, cable, cordage, etc. He summons the crew at all general evolutions and acts as assistant to the executive in carrying on the general business of the ship. The badge of office of the boatswain is his call or whistle.

COLORS AND NERVES.

Red and Yellow Are Said to Have a Stimulating Effect.

That colors have a profound psychological effect on human beings is a fact that should be emphasized. Used in small quantities, either in the clothing or in household decoration, the color red, for instance, is most stimulating, both in the way of helping to overcome depression and quickening the intellectual processes. But when used in any amount it tends to overstimulation, with resultant nerve strain. According to a leading English authority who has made a careful study of the psychology of colors, there are some people so constituted that they become violently excited, fall into convulsions or faint if obliged even for a short time to look at anything vividly red.

The same effect has been noted from yellow. In one instance, the case of a man operated on at the age of thirty years for congenital cataract, it is recorded that "the first time he saw yellow he became so sick that he thought he would vomit." And that yellow has a nerve stimulating effect fully comparable with that of red is curiously evidenced by the statement of a friend of mine, a shrewd observer, who says:

"Whenever the day is overcast or I have to do a piece of work calling for unusual mental exertion I always wear a red or yellow necktie. I find that either color has a beneficial effect on my thinking apparatus."—H. Addington Bruce in Ainslee's.

Bursting Steel.

An experiment that demonstrated the capacity of steel to endure greater pressure than the hardest stone was made in Germany. Corundum was chosen for the stone, and small cubes of both substances were placed under pressure. A weight of six tons smashed the corundum, but forty-two tons were required to crush the steel. When the steel did give way the effects are described as remarkable. With a loud explosion the metal flew into powder, and its sparks are said to have bored minute holes in the crushing machine. —New York Tribune.

Plenty of Stability.

A western mining prospector was paying his first visit to New York.

"What do you think of it?" asked the proud Gothamite, as he pointed out the skyscrapers.

"Waal," replied the miner, "it looks like a permanent camp all right.—Success Magazine.

Object Unobjected To.

Doctor—You are now convalescent and all you need is exercise. You should walk ten or twenty miles a day, sir, but your walking should have an object. Patient—All right, doctor; I'll travel around trying to borrow enough to pay your bill.—Boston Transcript.

His Preference.

Magistrate—You say this man stole your coat. Do I understand that you prefer the charge against him?

Pat—Well, no, your worship. I prefer the coat, if it's all the same to you!—London Telegraph.

The Better Way.

"I expect to wake up some day and find myself famous."

"Better keep on dreaming, old man."—Exchange.

Legal Pleasantries.

The pompous lawyer assumed his most imposing mien. "Gentlemen of the jury," he began impressively, "I once sat upon the judge's bench in the state of Maine and"—

"Where was the judge?" interrupted the opposing attorney.—Housekeeper.

The Angel's Wings.

"Why do they call a theatrical backer an angel? He hasn't wings?"

"No, but his money has."—Baltimore American.

MOVING PICTURES

Ingenious Methods of Producing Startling Effects.

TRICKS OF THE CAMERA MEN.

Expedients by Which Puzzling Situations and Incidents That Seem to Contradict the Laws of Nature Are Recorded on the Finished Film.

The ingenuity of man is exercised to a wonderful degree in the creation of novel and seemingly impossible situations and episodes for production in the moving picture shows, and audiences are often bewildered in trying to decide how the curious effects, which at times seem to contradict the laws of nature, are secured. Yet, like the conjurer's tricks, it is all very simple when the veil is lifted.

There are some scenes depicted which, while amazing enough in their way, do not puzzle the critical beholder in solving the ways and means of their making. There are the railroad accident, obtained by means of children's toys; the warships and the aeroplanes, which are also photographs of playthings; the burglar in his unheard of performance of climbing the front of a house, and—last, but not least—the man clinging to the ceiling of a room. The pictures explain themselves.

But when we see a man jumping out of a fourth story window, see him fall fifty feet to the ground and then get up and run away unhurt, we ask, How is this possible? The origin of the picture is very simple. The fugitive jumps out of a low window in the studio, which is fitted up in the style of the desired room. Then the photographing process is interrupted. The next picture is taken in the street in front of a real house. A life sized puppet is dropped from one of the windows. When it has reached the ground the machine stops, the actor puts himself in the place of the figure, the reel is started again, the man gets up and runs away.

In like manner auto accidents and similar episodes are arranged.

Another impossibility—a man swims through a river and on the other side he climbs a ten foot wall without difficulty. Origin of the pictures: The man is photographed sliding from the wall into the water, but in taking the picture the reel is turned wrong way, so the motion is reversed when the picture is reeled off in the right direction.

The last obstacle in representing the seemingly impossible was cleared away when some clever mind conceived the idea of stopping the photographing process, not after a series of pictures, but after each single picture or after each two or three of them. The work involved was enormous, as eighteen pictures are taken every second—that is to say, about 50,000 pictures are required for a reel, which is to amuse the public only ten minutes! But human perseverance has accomplished the task, and the results obtained are extraordinary. The following examples will prove it:

A pile of small stones is put on a black table, and the apparatus is fastened vertically above the stones. Then a short turn of the crank, and a few identical pictures of the stone pile are taken. One of the stones is then removed from the pile; another short turn, which gives two or three pictures showing the first stones separate from the pile. The process is repeated until the stones laid aside by hand show the writing, "Good Night!" The finished film does not show the hand that removed one stone after another, but creates the impression that the stones arrange themselves in the form of magic writing.

Instead of the stones, a lump of clay may be placed on the table and some kind of a figure is gradually modeled from it by hand; but, this hand being invisible, it seems as if the figure formed itself.

In the same way a herring can gradually be sent back into the tin can from which it was taken.—Gartenlaube, Leipzig.

A Trifle Withered.

In his native tongue no one could have made more graceful speeches than M. Blanc, but when he essayed compliments in English he was not quite so successful.

"Have I changed in the five years since we met in Paris?" asked an elderly woman who desired above all things to be thought younger, much younger, than she was.

"Madame," said the courtier, his hand on his heart, "you look like a rose of twenty years!"—Youth's Companion.

A Drain on the Company.

On his way home from the theater, where he had seen a performance of "Othello," Bobby was unusually quiet.

"Didn't you enjoy the play?" grandfather asked, at last.

"Oh, yes, very much," replied Bobby. "But, grandpapa, there's one thing I don't quite understand. Does the black man kill a lady every night?"—Youth's Companion.

Two of a Kind.

"You fondle that pug puppy," complained the lover, "until I am actually jealous of him."

"You're all alike," answered the girl. "This puppy is jealous of you."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

He who conceals a useful truth is equally guilty with the propagator of an injurious falsehood.—Augustine.

Wanted the Best.

Uncle Rasberry walked into a drug store.

"Gimme one o' dem plasters foh my back," he said.

"One of the porous plasters?"

"No, I don't want one o' de pores' plasters. I want one o' de bes'."—Washington Star.

Subtlety may deceive you; integrity never will.—Cromwell.

The Woburn Journal

Telephone 55.
Residence 280.

FRIDAY, SEPT. 15, 1911

GO SLOW.

Small manufacturers who are seeking new locations for their plants are not, as a general rule, the kind of business immigrants a town or city needs or should want. They are men incapable of carrying on their trade successfully, and are after "inducements" in some shape—either money, factory rent, freedom from taxes, or other form which will be valuable to them by and by. In years past Woburn has had some dealings with this class of manufacturers; and scores of great empty shoe factories in Maine are now witnesses to the unwisdom of the people of that State in encouraging by substantial "inducements" adventurers to go there 15 years ago and build manufacturing plants with other people's cash or credit.

We hear that the Woburn Business Men's Association are being appealed to for aid by manufacturers seeking new locations for their business. Gentlemen, investigate all such cases thoroughly before making up your minds what to do with them. If you find honest men with good cases, cling to and induce them to come, open up their factories, settle, and work, here; but if they talk help to start with drop them like a hot potato.

RUM WON.

Last Monday, Sept. 11, the voters of Maine, in a contest at the polls between Prohibition and Rum, rendered a verdict in favor of Rum by less than 1,000 majority.

It was the hottest ballot box fight that was ever fought in the Pine Tree state, and ought to have gone for temperance.

But there are so many hypocrites in Maine, as everywhere else, who talk Prohibition in public and drink whiskey "behind the door" that it was a wonder temperance got as many votes as it did last Monday.

LATER. Official returns from the vote in Maine last Monday on "Resubmission" of the Constitutional Prohibition to the people, conveyed the gratifying intelligence that the "Wets" were beaten by 300 majority and the joy of the "Drys" knew no bounds. The first returns gave the Rum party 1,000 majority; but the official count changed all that, and Maine still holds to her Constitutional Prohibition.

FROTHINGHAM IN WOBURN.

Lieutenant Governor Louis A. Frothingham, who is a candidate for reelection, visited this city last Wednesday evening and made a good speech in G. A. R. 33 Hall. The meeting was well attended by Woburn Republicans, and a friendly feeling towards the speaker was exhibited.

Others made speeches in favor of the nomination and reelection of Mr. Frothingham to the high office he occupies with dignity, ability, and general satisfaction of the people.

FOR REPRESENTATIVE.

The primaries are to be held on Sept. 26, or only 15 days hence, and still but little is heard of the Representative campaign in this District or city.

The presumption is, that Messrs. Strout, Andrews and friends are suffering no grass to grow under their feet, or any means to capture the primaries are being neglected.

In the meantime the electors are deciding as to which of the two worthy candidates they will cast their ballots for at the caucus.

☞ Reports reach the JOURNAL from perfectly reliable sources that the Burdett College in Boston opened its new business year, 1911, a few days ago, with more flattering prospects as to attendance than ever before, if such were possible. It is one of the most prosperous educational institutions at the Hub and deserved its success, for it qualifies young men and maidens for surer and more profitable positions in the working world than they could otherwise obtain.

☞ If there is no constitutional objection to a woman holding the office, the City Council would add another feather to their caps by electing Grace L. Norris, Esq., Junior member of the Law Firm of Norris & Norris City Clerk. She is well qualified for the position, and is "sound on the goose" politically.

☞ Many inhabitants of the Metropolitan District are listening intently to hear a report of the G. and B-t Moth Commission on the progress the new Italian Parasite is making towards exterminating the pest.

☞ At their meeting Wednesday evening the City Council postponed its decision on the remonstrance against a patent leather factory on Pine street.

☞ Improvements on Federal street (it is indebted to Mr. Arthur W. Whitcher for its appropriate name) and around the new United States building thereon, are progressing with rapid pace. Mr. Spencer, Superintendent of Water Department, installed last week a large water main from Pleasant street to the building, the grounds adjacent to which and the streets leading to them, to be ready for occupancy as soon as Capt. Wyer, P. M., quits the present office in Savings Bank Block. The choice of the Blake homestead by the Post Office Department for the new building in this city was a good one. Near it is the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank, one of the finest business buildings in the county; the Common with its Soldiers Monument, a work of high art, gravelled walks, and stretches of grassland; the Woburn Public Library, which cost more than $100,000 and contains between 50,000 and 60,000 books, the building being one of Architect Richardson's best productions which has been called in printed descriptions of it "a Poem in Stone;" the Towanda Clubhouse; Library Park, with its handsome and substantial Grandstand; and the beautiful railroad station. Now all that is needed to fill out and make the picture complete is for the city to buy the Littlefield-Taylor property; remove the buildings now occupying it; and erect a 100,000-dollar City Hall and Courthouse; and then Woburn will have a cluster of public buildings to which the people can "point with pride." The Littlefield estate, one of the most valuable in the city, is the only object that will mar the picture when the Federal building is completed, if allowed to remain.

☞ The yarn current early this week that President Charles S. Mellen of the N. Y., Hartford & N. H., and Boston & Maine Railroad Companies had resigned was promptly and emphatically denied by him, who said, furthermore, that he expected to live until he is a 100 years old, or 40 years longer, and remain President of the great corporations named during that period. The "Woburn Loop" was built by Mr. Mellen in 1885 when he was holding his first important railroad office that of General Superintendent of the Boston & Lowell Road. So, Woburn people hope his expectation of rounding out a full century of life will be realized.

☞ The JOURNAL gratefully acknowledges the receipt of a copy of "The Laws Relating to Corrupt Practices in Primaries and Elections in Massachusetts" from the Republican Club of Massachusetts, of which our esteemed friend, Sam J. Elder, the able and eminent Boston Lawyer, is President, and Courtney Crocker, Secretary. Address No. 19 Milk street, Boston, for copies.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements

Land Court—Notice.
F. J. Maloney—Citation.
Edison Elec. Ill. Co.—Light.
Miss M. H. Littlefield—Music.
Woburn National Bank—Statement.
City of Woburn—Registrars of Voters.

— The rain on last Monday was a slim affair at best.

— Burbank R. C. 84, are to hold a regular meeting this evening.

— The Knights of the Sacred Heart are to give a whist and dancing party on Oct. 2.

— The National Band are to give their annual closing concert and ball on Friday, Sept. 22.

— Burbank R. C. 84, are to have a Rollcall this evening, Sept. 15, and a dramatic performance on Sept. 29.

— Some of the School Board seem determined to revive and keep alive that old chestnut, the "Infantile" bogey.

— A special meeting of the City Council was held last evening to arrange for the primaries to be held on Sept. 26.

— Last Sunday was one of the pleasantest days of the whole year. There was not an "out" about it discoverable with the naked eye.

—Last Tuesday night the temperature fell 22 degrees in this city, which was the heaviest fall of the kind that has been experienced here for some time.

— Mrs. Annie Lewis, well and favorably known in Woburn and Winchester as a star piano teacher, has a notice in this paper worth reading.

— The St. Charles Auxiliary are to give an apron and necktie party next Monday evening, Sept. 18. Those people not present will miss a good thing.

— Some people who pretend to possess superior knowledge on the subject say the cause of so many autos "turning turtle" is the heavy mortgages on top of them.

— According to the statement which appears in this paper, the individual deposits subject to check in the Woburn National Bank on Sept. 1, 1911, were $493,731.

— Dr. Charles H. Buss, the popular Main street dentist, has gone on vacation, and will not return to his office before Oct. 1. So, toothache sufferers must "grin and bear it."

— James Marrinan, nephew of Thomas J. Marrinan, Leader of the Woburn Brass Band, left here last Sunday for Pittsburg, Penn., to enter the Carnegie Institute for a 4 years course on a scholarship awarded him for heroically saving the life of a little boy who was in imminent danger of being run over by a B. & M. train on Winn street last summer. He also, for the same act received a medal from the Mass. Humane Society.

— The John J. Riley Patent Leather Co. have bought land on Pine street for a factory. It is believed that Woburn produces more patent leather every week than any other town in the State.

— Departures of parents and children from the umbrageous groves and other delights of Billerica Woods have been numerous this week on account of the coming of fall and opening of schools.

— Smith & Varney, jewelers, are gentlemanly dealers, to begin with; and, then, they are leaders in their class of business. Fine stocks are kept by S. & V., and it is a pleasure to trade with them.

— It was a lucky thing the housekeepers did when they canned their fruit early in the season, for within a few days the price of sugar has nearly doubled, with a prospect of its going higher before snow flies.

— Miss Freda, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Walker of Burlington, returns this week from a summer outing which has included the Adirondacks, the St. Lawrence, the Thousand Islands, Vermont, Canada and New York.

— Lieut. Fred C. Kean, Sergt. Frank H. Kean, and Corp William A. Durward of Woburn, as members of the 5th Regiment team were in the contest for prizes in the Regimental shoot at the Wakefield Rifle Range last Wednesday.

— Miss Gertrude M. Heartz has accepted a position as Supervisor of Music in Plymouth, an office formerly held by Mrs. Clarence Corning who, several years ago was, as Minnie Jameson, head of the Music Department of the Woburn schools.

— Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Martin gave a fine farewell party at their home on Harrison avenue last Friday evening to Miss Frances Callahan on her departure for home in New York after a fortnight's visit here. There was music, dancing, recitations and refreshments.

— Miss Ada Carter of 6 Bennett street captures the blue ribbon on sunflowers. In size of the dear old blossoms that mother used to love; number of blooms on a stock; and the queer way they are hitched on to the stem; Ada's bed of sunflowers in her backyard takes the cake.

— Miss Maude Hortence Littlefield who is well known and honored for her rare talent in circles composed of musicians and lovers of the piano and violin, has a professional card in the JOURNAL this week, to which we respectfully call the attention of our hosts of intelligent readers.

— The Woburn Gaslight Co., of which John W. Johnson, Esq., is Treasurer, are about to extend their mains to North Woburn which should have been done years ago. When completed mains will be extended to other quarters of the city, and the business become a live and more useful one to the public.

— Miss Hope, one of Ex-Mayor and Mrs. W. E. Blodgett's "jewels," to celebrate the 8th anniversary of her birthday, gave a party at her home on Mishawum Road, last Saturday which was a gay and festive affair. Nothing was lacking to make it an afternoon of great merriment and pleasure. A numerous company enjoyed it.

— Even if there was no other signs of the presence of fall, the conduct of the houseflies—the highly annoying pertinacity with which they cling to a sleepy mortal about the hour he wants to take his morning nap—would furnish sufficient evidence of the fact. They seem to be heavier footed now than in June, and their bite is vicious.

— This is, indeed, a queer season, and meteorological eccentricities and vagaries have been the rule all the year round. Early risers yesterday mornings much to their surprise, found ground, trees, and all outdoor things covered by a thick white frost, which came not less than three weeks ahead of schedule time.

— A word or two about Harry Blye, the hardware man: The firm of which he is the head keep for sale every namable article of hardware and goods in that line that is found in the largest stores in Boston—not so big stocks, but as great a variety. Also, agricultural implements and household furnishings. For the lowest prices for the best goods visit the popular store of H. B. Blye & Co.

— Miss Mary E. Grimes, daughter of Deacon Grimes, Associate Editor of Haggerty's *Times*, has returned, after a long and pleasant vacation with her parents, schoolmates, and a whole lot of good friends here, to her High School tasks at Indianapolis, Indiana, where she stands without a rival in her special branch of teaching. She is a bright, polished college graduate, and a highly successful instructor.

— Having heard nothing to the contrary, we assume that the order of the School Board to reopen the public schools of this city on Sept. 14 was carried out to the letter yesterday. The attendance, reports say, is about equal to that of 1910, with possibly a slight increase. To have the St. Charles Parochial School opening correspond with that of the public schools Rev. Fr. Keegan had its date postponed to Sept. 14.

— Mr. Abijah Thompson of Court street, who for years without number has been a liberal patron of the JOURNAL, is temporarily housed at his home, but warns the people down town that he will be with them soon and regulate things. He has no fancy for even temporary confinement. He tried it once when he was an unwilling guest of the Rebs for 30 minutes at the sharp fight on Weldon Road; but he turned the tables on his captors and conducted them into the Yankee camp.

— Columbus Day comes this year on Oct. 12. The Knights of C. of this city are preparing for it and for the great parade that is to come off on that day in honor of the late lamented Christopher Columbus, the reputed discoverer of this country, although his claim to the discovery is disputed. Mr. Angelo Crovo, who, he says, was born in the shadow of the Columbus monument at Genoa, Italy, or some of his folks were, can shed no light on the vexed question, and if he don't know who does?

— One man at North Woburn lost 10 tons of squashes by the frost; another, a one half acre of squashes; another, 2 acres of peppers.

— The frost last Wednesday night struck East Woburn a hard blow. In some of the finest flower and vegetable gardens there, including that of Mrs. Williams, one of the best of them, everything was destroyed. The money loss of North Woburn gardeners by the frost was $2,000. Other sections of the city suffered severely.

— Last Wednesday forenoon Mr. Fred J. Rourke of Lowell was seriously injured by the "turning turtle" of the auto he was driving on the State Road near Caleb Richardson's farm on Winn's Hill, and taken in an ambulance to the Choate Hospital. The three other occupants of the machine who Mr. Roache was taking to Boston, were thrown out but escaped injury. Doctors Robert Chalmers, A. C. Lane and C. Guy Lane responded to the call for help and made the patient as comfortable as possible.

— An unusually large attendance gave Rev. Frank Poole Johnson a cordial reception at the Orthodox church last Sunday. He was raised in the Congregational faith and his first church membership was with the old First of Woburn, but after graduating from Williams College he turned his face and gave his heart to the creed and practices of the Episcopalians and was, in due time, ordained a minister of that denomination. When the meeting was over the congregation said they had heard a sound, practical sermon, in which piety and theology each had a fair share of attention.

— Joseph W. Field is a gentleman who everybody likes, and a Vet of the Civil War who everybody honors. He was a good soldier, faithful to the Union cause, and brave in action. He is, also, Past Commander of Woburn Post, 161, G. A. R. He was 74 years old on Friday, Sept. 8, 1911, and some of his army comrades and friends thought they would do some thing about it. The home of Joseph on Perkins street was invaded, and he had to own up beat, which he never did to the "Johnnies" of Rebeldom. There were refreshments, stories, yarns, a pleasant evening, and a fat purse of money for "Joe." The old soldiers present were: Capt. Edwin F. Wyer, J. Fred Leslie, Edward Hoskins, Orlando M. Brooks, B. Frank Smith, George Newhall, William Sentner, Mr. Gustin, Mrs. Field and Mr. Lovering of Greenwood.

— Rev. James J. Keegan, Rector of St Charles (R. C.) church, gave out word last Sunday that the fine edifice in which his people worship is soon to be further equipped with a suitable Bell, as many people, Catholic and Protestant, have been thinking in years past it ought to be. Fr. Keegan is a clergyman with modern ideas, and he is going to have a firstrate bell for his meetinghouse, and that too pretty soon. That will suit everybody in the city, for a good toned bell on a church edifice is not only appropriate, but is really demanded. Another thing Fr. Keegan said in connection with the bell which we liked, and that was that it will be rung morning, noon, and night every day and evening in the year. The group of Catholic buildings on central Main street are a credit to the city. The large hand some parsonage; a church of generous dimensions and amply provided with religious furniture and ornamentations; a splendid Parochial school building; a hall of large size; and a beautiful dwelling and grounds for the Sisters of Notre Dame on Summer street—these, the modern additions being made by Rev. Fr. Keegan—constitute as fine a collection of religious and educational buildings as can be seen anywhere.

A Fierce Night Alarm

is the hoarse, startling cough of a child, suddenly attacked by croup. Often it aroused Lewis Chamblin, of Manchester, O., [R. R. No. 2] for their four children were greatly subject to croup. "Sometimes in severe attacks," he wrote "we were afraid they would die, but now we proved what a certain remedy Dr. King's New Discovery is, we have no fear. We rely on it for croup and for coughs, colds or any throat or lung trouble." So do thousands of others. So may you. Asthma, Hay Fever, La Grippe, Whooping Cough, Hemorrhages fly before it. 50c and $1.00. Trial bottle free. Sold by All Druggists.

Mrs. Carter.

Mrs. Harriet Carter, who died at her home, the residence of her daughter, Mrs. S. A. Thompson, 44 Elm street in North Woburn, on Sept. 10, 1911, at the advanced age of 82 years, 8 months and 10 days, was the widow of Dexter Carter, who died several years since, and is remembered as actively engaged in the North Woburn street railroad affairs, and was prominent in public business. He was an uncle of the present Mr. John R Carter.

The deceased left four children to miss and mourn for her, namely: Mrs. A. D. Carter of Montvale; Mrs. S. A. Thompson of North Woburn; Mrs. A. G. Mower of Mattapan; Mr. Edwin T. Carter of Dorchester.

The funeral was held at her late home on Wednesday afternoon, Sept. 13, 1911.

Reception.

The home of Miss Abbie Sweetser at 8 Davis street was the scene of a merry gathering on Monday evening, when Miss Abbie Sweetser and Mrs. Hinolf tendered a reception to the Misses Angie Tarbell and Helen Hinolf.

The Misses Tarbell and Hinolf have just returned on the steamer Romanic after an extended tour of Europe, and the reception was given in their honor.

A number of their friends were present to greet them. Vocal and instrumental selections were rendered and a collation was served. A very pleasant evening was enjoyed by all.

Methodist Church.

The way the people returned to their accustomed place of worship last Sunday was very gratifying to all. The Sunday School enjoyed a good attendance, and the Epworth League manifested a readiness to resume its usual work.

Next Sunday the pastor will preach at both services. The evening service will be especially adapted to young people.

Boston Theatres.

B. F. KEITH'S THEATRE.

After a sensational three years' tour of the globe, during which period he has covered himself with fresh laurels in every civilized land under the sun, Harry Houdini, the world famous jail breaker returns to B. F. Keith's Theatre next weeek. Since his last appearance here Houdini has demonstrated that it is practically impossible for bolts, bars, locks, and stone or iron walls to hold him captive.

AUSTIN AND STONE'S.

For more than a score of years Austin & Stone's Museum has held a peculiar fascination for men, who as boys visited the place and wondered at the curiosities, woman whose parents brought them to see the wonders of the world as little girls, and the present day youth who never tires of wandering about the interesting curio hall, or witnessing the stage productions in theatre. During the summer the famous establishment has been closed for four weeks, during which time nearly $10,000 was expended in renovating it.

THE TREMONT.

That nothing succeeds like success or a clever farce is being emphatically demonstrated at the Tremont Theatre, Boston, where Henry W Savage's production of Rupert Hughes' Pullman carnival "Excuse Me" is playing nightly and upon two afternoons of each week to audiences which tax the capacity of the playhouse. The fifth week of the engagement begins next Monday and there are no signs of any diminution of interest on the part of playgoers of Boston and its surrounding communities.

THE NATIONAL.

On Monday evening the first performance will be given at the new National Theatre, the largest theatre in Boston, and the largest vaudeville theatre in the world. A great minstrel street parade will start from in front of the theatre at noon and march through the streets. In the evening a band concert will be given in front of the theatre from seven to eight o'clock. An all star bill has been arranged for the opening week. It will be headed by the National Boston consolidated modern minstrels with Hughie Dougherty and Lew Benedict, the two famous veterans of minstrelsy. The National theatre has indeed been fortunate in securing these men for the opening week. By urgent request Mr. Dougherty will sing the famous and never to be forgotten melody "Evelina."

ONLY A LITTLE COLD in the head may be the beginning of an obstinate case of Nasal Catarrh. Drive out the invader with Ely's Cream Balm applied straight to the inflamed stuffed up air passages. Price 50c. If you prefer to use an atomizer, ask for Liquid Cream Balm. It has all the good qualities of the solid form of this remedy and will rid you of catarrh or hay fever. No cocaine to breed a dreadful habit. No mercury to dry out the secretion. Price 75c., with spraying tube. All druggists, or mailed by Ely Bros., 56 Warren Street, New York.

Kills A Murderer.

A merciless murderer is Appendicitis with many victims, but Dr. King's New Life Pills kill it by prevention. They gently stimulate stomach, liver and bowels, preventing that clogging that invites appendicitis, curing Constipation, Headache, Biliousness, Chills. 25s at All Druggists.

Cash Money.

Blackmail used to be levied on the newlyweds in England to prevent them from being mobbed upon leaving the church. This "graft" was called "ball money," because it was given ostensibly to buy a football for the village green, but it rarely went beyond the nearest public house.

CITY OF WOBURN.

The Registrars of Voters

will be in session at the City Clerk's Office, Room 1, Municipal Building, Common street, on Saturday, September 23rd, 1911, from 7 to 9 P. M. for the purpose of registering all persons legally qualified to vote in the Primary Election, and for correcting the list of Voters—

Registration for the Primary Election of the current year will cease at 9 o'clock on the evening of Saturday, September 23rd, 1911.

All naturalized citizens must produce their naturalization papers for inspection, if a record thereof has not been made by the Registrars of Voters of Woburn.

JOHN C. N. PARKER,
JOHN C. MEEHAN,
FRED F. LOWELL,
DENNIS L. SULLIVAN.
Registrars of Voters.

September 15th, 1911.

Commonwealth of Massachuretts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors and all other persons interested in the estate of Eliza Murray, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Michael J. Doherty, of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on his bonds.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge in said County of Middlesex, on the fourth day of October, A. D. 1911, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twelfth day of September, in the year one thousand nine hundred and eleven.

15-22-29 W. E. ROGERS, Register.

CONVENTION OFFICIALS

Congressman Harris Expects to Make a Great Address

ELDER A1 PLATFORM BUILDER

Republicans Plan Big Convention—Governor Foss and the Garment Workers—Attempt to Put Frothingham In Hole Fails—Democrats Seek New Campaign Issues

The Republican state convention to be held next month promises to be one of the most interesting in recent years. It will be the first held since the passage of the state-wide primaries law, and for that reason alone will be watched with unusual interest. Congressman Robert O. Harris of the 14th district will be the permanent chairman and preside during the convention. Mr. Harris is one of the ablest men in the congressional delegation from this state, and his address is likely to be the keynote of the state campaign. As a lawyer, and as a judge of one of the high courts, Congressman Harris had a rare experience in redeeming a district which had been so recently captured by the Democrats. He has taken note of the attitude of the southern congressmen toward New England industries, and that attitude has surprised as much as it has displeased him. He found them openly boasting that when their opportunity came they would take away every shred of protection from New England. They insist, however, on a protective tariff for sugar and other products of the southern states.

With Hon. Samuel J. Elder as chairman of the committee on resolutions, the party platform is certain to be correct and Republican. Mr. Elder has the rare ability of both speaking and writing well. The convention will be held in Tremont Temple, Boston, Wednesday, Oct. 4, at 10:30 a. m.

The State Convention Delegates

Under the new primary act, the convention will consist of delegates elected at the regular primaries (in number not less than one for each ward and town), the members of the state committee, the United States senators from Masaschusetts, who are members of the party, the nominees of the party for all offices to be filled at the state election, and in years in which no elections are held for such offices, the incumbents of those offices who are members of the party. It will be seen from the list just quoted that the new law makes a radical change in the old convention system which consisted entirely of delegates elected at the caucuses.

Lieutenant Governor Frothingham Is Vindicated

Governor Foss has been having quite a time over some requisition papers which it was alleged had been signed by Lieutenant Governor Frothingham and Attorney General Swift for the extradition of Louis Brooks and Nathan Bergman from Massachusetts to Hebron, Conn., at the request of Samuel Schlarlip of the latter place. They were charged with conspiracy to destroy property of the firm run by Schlarlip, by working among the latter's strike breakers in his factory to induce them to quit work, and with having caused damage to his property. The application for extradition charged a conspiracy to ruin Schlarlip. It has turned out that Lieutenant Governor Frothingham had nothing to do with signing the extradition papers, but that they were signed by Governor Foss after he returned from his recent trip to California.

After the extradition papers had been issued, the garment workers of Boston began to protest, and Governor Foss withdrew them. When the papers were received, it was then discovered that they were signed by Governor Foss, and not by Lieutenant Governor Frothingham as had been alleged. It looked to some of the people at the state house as if an attempt had been made to put Lieutenant Governor Frothingham in a hole for an act of Mr. Foss.

Foss Has Not Made Good

Last year Mr. Foss made his campaign almost entirely on the increased cost of living, charging the Republican party with being responsible for that condition. Since then the greater part of the intelligent people of the country have become convinced that the increase is world-wide, and due to entirely different causes. In addition to that, prices have not declined since 1910 as Mr. Foss predicted would be the case if he were elected. For this reason he is seeking new issues; one of these is a change in the method of taxation in Massachusetts by which those having taxable property will be compelled to pay taxes upon it. He also says that he will renew his campaign in regard to the conduct of insane hospitals with a view to making punishment for brutal treatment of inmates more certain. He will also criticise the defeat of the state finance commission bill, and endeavor to revamp the entire prison system. Prominent Democrats say that it is necessary for him to have new issues, as he has not made good on his promise of what he would do if he were elected on the cost of living issue.

Trying to Placate Labor

He will undoubtedly try to placate the labor element which has not been entirely satisfied with his treatment of them during his term of office. At a recent meeting on Boston common in favor of woman suffrage, Miss Margaret Foley made a sharp attack upon the administration of Governor Foss for his delay in signing the fifty-four hour bill for women and children. Miss Foley claimed that Governor Foss acted as he did because he knew that these women and children could not go out on the stump; nevertheless she said they would, and would fool him. In the course of her remarks, she said that the governor was elected by the working community of people on the condition that he would sign the eight hour bill pertaining to men in government employ. Governor Foss did sign that bill, but Miss Foley declares that when the fifty-four hour bill for women and children came before him, he hesitated. She says that he took considerable time, and it was not until he was strongly urged by labor men that he signed it, and then would only do so on condition that shorter hours for women and children would not again be asked for many years. She declared he did this because he knew there was not a voter among the women and children; but there would be a time when he would be dealing with women as voters, and that at that time the women of Massachusetts would not forget the fifty-four hour bill.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., Preaching by the Pastor, Rev. H. C. Parker. Subject: "The Enlargement of Religion."
12 M., Sunday School.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. B. Williams, D. D.
12 M., Sunday School
At 5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the Pastor, Rev. Stephen A. Norton, D. D.
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 6 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
7 P. M. Evening Service.
Wednesday at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, Main Street. Rev. F. M. Estes, Pastor.
SUNDAY SERVICES:—
Preaching, 10.30 A. M.
Sunday School, 12 M.
Preaching, 7 P. M.
Prayer Meeting, Wednesday, 7.45 P. M.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Service in Five Cents Savings Bank Building, Room 13, every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Matter." Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M. Reading Room open to the public daily except Sunday from 2.30 to 4.30.

CO-OPERATION with its customers to give them the best possible service has always been a fundamental principle in the policy of the Boston Edison Company. This policy of co-operation has proved from the beginning a source of the company's greatest strength.

In the early days (the late 80's and early 90's) when the company was small, probably a majority of the users of Edison Electric Light and Power knew personally the leading officers of the company. Those customers enjoyed and appreciated the personal element in all their dealings with us.

The Boston Edison Company is big to-day (we have about 40,000 customers), but practically the same officers are at its head and controlling its relations with every customer. The principle of co-operation is as firm and strong as ever—it is stronger—it has grown steadily with the coming of each new customer. Although the number of representatives who meet the public has increased, ten for one, every one of them understands that he must, for the company, co-operate with its customers and the general public in bestowing courteous interest, giving prompt attention and supplying reliable service.

The Edison Electric Illuminating Co. of Boston.

Married.

At Cambridge, Sept. 8, by Rev. Chanceford Fairfax, Elmer Douglass Taylor and Eva Schenck, both of Woburn.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notice 10 cents a line.

In this city, Sept. 9, Clarence M. Cole, aged 41 years, 7 months, 21 days.
In this city, Sept. 10, Harriet S. Carter, aged 82 years, 8 months, 10 days.
In this city, Sept. 11, Charles H. Marshall, aged 19 years, 5 months, 11 days.
In this city, Sept. 12, Annie O'Rourke, aged 48 years.

Good Things to Eat

will hold no joys for you if you have indigestion or any STOMACH, LIVER or KIDNEY trouble. You need not pay big doctor's bills, but if you suffer from any of these ailments just step into your nearest druggist and get a 50 cent bottle of SEVEN BARKS, the great household remedy, the finest tonic and blood purifier known. If your system is run down and you want to regain your youthful energy, SEVEN BARKS will accomplish it, make your food digest and give you new life. Money refunded if dissatisfied. Try it and enjoy your meals. Address LYMAN BROWN, 68 Murray St., New York, N.Y.

Musical.

Miss Maude H. Littlefield,

Violin and Piano-forte

INSTRUCTION

Season opens October 2.

79 Prospect St., Woburn.

Telephone 446

MUSIC NOTICE.

Mrs. Annie S. Lewis, pianoforte instructor, may be consulted in the Unitarian vestry, Saturdays, 10–12 and 2–4, or address Winchester, Mass., Sept. 8, 15, 22, 29.

NOTICE

Is hereby given that the subscriber has been duly appointed administrator of the estate of Sarah G. Sheldon, late of Wilmington, in the County of Middlesex, deceased, intestate, and has taken upon himself that trust by giving bond, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to

EDWARD S. TOWNE, Admr.,
Holyoke, Mass.
Aug. 25, 1911. 8-15-22

A Reliable Remedy

Ely's Cream Balm

is quickly absorbed. Gives Relief at Once.

It cleanses, soothes, heals and protects the diseased membrane resulting from Catarrh and drives away a Cold in the Head quickly. Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. Full size 50 cts., at Druggists or by mail. In liquid form, 75 cents. Ely Brothers, 56 Warren Street, New York.

CATARRH



HAY FEVER



PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists.

No. 7550.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE

WOBURN NATIONAL BANK

At Woburn, in the State of Mass., at the close of business, September 1, 1911.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts	$246,698.93
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation	100,000.00
U. S. Bonds to secure Postal Savings	5,000.00
U. S. Bonds on hand	20,000.00
Premiums on U. S. Bonds	7,275.00
Bonds, securities, etc.	328,024.64
Due from approved reserve agents	58,384.70
Checks and other cash items	10.00
Notes of other National Banks	2,855.00
Fractional paper currency, nickels and cents	592.27
Lawful money reserve in Bank, viz:	
Specie	26,961.25
Legal tender notes	8,760.00 34,821.25
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent of circulation)	5,000.00
Due from U. S. Treasurer	3,000.00
Total	$806,661.79

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in	$100,000.00
Surplus fund	20,000.00
Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid	44,905.04
National Bank notes outstanding	98,750.00
Due to State and Private Banks and bankers	12,931.96
Due to Trust Companies and Savings Banks	25,919.85
Individual deposits subject to check	493,731.09
Demand certificates of deposit	980.00
Certified checks	100.00
Deposits of U. S. Postal Savings	339.70
Reserve for the depreciation in market value of bonds	9,000.00
Liabilities other than those stated above	4.16
Total	$806,661.79

STATE OF MASS., COUNTY OF MIDDLESEX, ss.

I, JOHN C. BUCK, Cashier of the above named bank do solemnly swear that the above statement is true, to the best of my knowledge and belief.

JOHN C. BUCK, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 8th day of September, 1911.

EDWARD JOHNSON, Notary Public.

Correct——Attest:

JOHN G. MAGUIRE,
JOHN W. JOHNSON,
L. W. THOMPSON,
Directors.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

LAND COURT.

To the Merrimack Chemical Company, of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, and said Commonwealth; William Banks now or formerly of Boston, in the County of Suffolk, and said Commonwealth, assignee in Insolvency of the estate of Eaton, Hill & Chandler, co-partners, formerly doing business in said Boston, or his successor or successors in said trust; and to all whom it may concern

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court by George Mary Ann McIntosh Crockett of Wilmington, in said County of Middlesex, and others, setting forth that the petitioner is owner, in fee simple, of a certain parcel of land situate in said Woburn, bounded northeasterly by land of the Merrimack Chemical Company about 560 feet; southeasterly by New Boston street about 340 feet; southwesterly by North Maple street; and northwesterly by Merrimack street about 615 feet.

The above described land is shown on a plan filed with said petition, and all boundary lines are claimed to be located on the ground as shown on said plan.

You are hereby cited to appear at the Land Court to be held in said Boston, in the County of Suffolk, on the ninth day of October, A. D. 1911, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted. And unless you appear at said Court at the time and place aforesaid your default will be recorded, and the said petition will be taken as confessed, and you will be forever barred from contesting said petition or any decree entered thereon.

Witness, CHARLES THORNTON DAVIS, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this seventh day of September, in the year nineteen hundred and eleven.

Attest with Seal of said Court.

[SEAL.]

CLARENCE C. SMITH, Recorder.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Benjamin C. Bond, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Lucy F. Bond, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty first day of September, A. D. 1911, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court, and by mailing post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-ninth day of August in the year one thousand nine hundred and eleven.

F. M. ESTY, Ass't. Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

Middlesex ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of Harriet C. Kimball, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Benjamin F. Kimball, of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on his bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex on the twenty sixth day of September, A. D. 1911, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this seventh day of September, in the year one thousand nine hundred and eleven.

8-15-22 W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Attacks School Principal

A severe attack on school principal, Chas. B. Allen, of Sylvania, Ga., is th



Pillsbury's Best

Old Wheat Flour until the quality of the new crop is fully established we advise the purchase of Old Wheat Flour. We can supply you.

Boston Branch

Tea and Grocery House,

FRED. STANLEY

351 Main Street.

TELEPHONE 242-3.

OUR

Store Policy

has always been to carry the standard and desirable goods in every line. That is why we chose Kodaks for our photographic department. You will never regret the purchase of a 3A Folding Pocket Kodak—$20.

Whitcher's

PILL BOX

LET US SHOW YOU.



BEEF DIET

is always allowable. Prime roast steaks, and beef stews never go out of fashion,

BUY BEEF

and you won't want the services of a doctor but seldom. Long lived people are beef eaters. Get beef of us and you'll have the best at least cost.

Linnell's Market,

406 Main Street, Woburn.

Telephone, 314-1

BAY STATE STREET RAILWAY CO.

TIME TABLE

In effect June 25, 1911.

[Subject to change without notice.]

Leave WOBURN CENRTE for MALDEN SQ. at 5.45 A.M., then every 30 minutes to 8.15 A. M., then every 60 min. to 2.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45, 11.15 P. M. SUNDAY at 8.15 A. M., and every 60 minutes to 1.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45, *11.15 P. M. RETURN, leave MALDEN SQ. for WOBURN at 6.45, 7.15 A. M., then every 60 minutes to 3.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes to ‡10.45, †11.15, †11.45, P. M. SUNDAY at 9.15 A. M., then every 60 minutes to 1.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.15, †10.45, †11.15, †11.45 P. M.

Leave STONEHAM SQ. for SAUGUS CENTRE, LYNN and SALEM at 6.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes to 10.30 P. M. Leave corner Main and Franklin Streets, Melrose, for Saugus Centre at 5.45 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45 P. M. SUNDAY at 8.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes to 10.30 P. M. Leave corner Main and Franklin Streets, Melrose for Saugus Centre at 8.45 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45 P. M. RETURN leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sqare at 6 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 11 P. M. SUNDAY at 9 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 11 P. M.

* Melrose Highlands Only.
† To Stoneham Square Only.

GEO. H. GRAY, Supt.

EAMES & CARTER,

— DEALERS IN —

Coal, Coke and Wood

335 Main Street.

Elevator on Prospect Street.

Telephone connection

KILL THE COUGH AND CURE THE LUNGS WITH DR. KING'S NEW DISCOVERY FOR COUGHS COLDS PRICE 50¢ & $1.00 TRIAL BOTTLE FREE AND ALL THROAT AND LUNG TROUBLES

GUARANTEED SATISFACTORY OR MONEY REFUNDED.

For Real Estate call on Griffin Place at 349 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

WINCHESTER.

Aren't our Board of Health about ready for another epidemic scare? They are a great Board—or plank.

Not a word yet from the two Boss Democrats concerning current political affairs. Mum is their slogan.

This District is all stirred up over the Representative question. There is dissatisfaction all around the lot I think Fay ought to pull out.

Last Saturday the Winchester Playground on Manchester Field closed for the season. It has been very successful and a boon for the youngsters.

Fred Joy, Esq., one of the leading citizens of this town, is of the opinion that Mr. Fay should withdraw from the Representative contest. Fred is a Brick!

Our public schools open up in gallant form this fall. Teachers right "on hand like Day & Martin's blacking," and the scholars are just aching to get to work.

This fair and prosperous burg grows stronger in culture and "Highbrows" every year. Sports are being relegated to the rear, and mind cultivation is forging ahead.

"Montague" is writing and the *Star* printing some excellent articles on "Maine Boys," the same being brief notices of some of the men who made the State of Maine a power in Congress. Last week mention was made by him of George Evans, General Chamberlain, Owen and Elijah Lovejoy, Gen. Howard, Blain and others. He gives Hallowell as the native town of the Lovejoys, which is wrong—they were born and bred in Albion, Kennebec county. Owen was a resident of Princeton, Illinois, and represented the 5th Illinois Congressional District many times, his last election occurring in November 1862, his death following the next winter, or early spring. For his foolhardiness in defying public sentiment at Alton, Illinois, a proslavery hotbed, Elijah Lovejoy deserved his fate. George Evans drank a quart of Cognac brandy a day, and was still one of the ablest statesmen in Congress. Dr. Evans of Corinville, Maine, was a leading physician in Somerset county 60 years ago, and on the brandy question could go his brother George one better every day. General Chamberlain became soured against the Republican party and lost political influence. He was a gallant soldier, and stood next to Gen. O. O. Howard, the Christian soldier of Maine.

Has Millions Of Friends.

How would you like to number your friends by millions as Bucklen's Arnica Salve does? Is astounding cures in the past forty years made them. Its the best Salve in the world for sores, ulcers, eczema, burns, boils, scalds, cuts, corns, sore eyes, sprains, swellings, bruises, cold sores. Has no equal for piles. 25c at All Druggists.

GOUNOD'S TEST.

The Budding Composer Changed His Schoolmaster's Opinion.

When Gounod was at the school of one who was called the good Papa Pierson he was constantly scribbling musical notes. One day the school master sent for him into his study.

"Your parents complain," said Pierson. "They do not wish any musician in their family. You must be a professor."

"Never!"

"Your only choice is between Greek and Latin."

"But I will be a musician," said Gounod.

"You will? Give it up, I say; it is no profession at all. However, we will just see what you can do. Here's pen and paper. Compose for me a new air to Joseph's words, 'A peine au sortir de l'enfance!'"

It was the recreation hour.

Before the bell sounded for the studies to begin again Gounod came back with his paper completely covered.

"Already?" cried Pierson. "Well, sing it then!"

Gounod sang and accompanied himself and so deeply affected poor Papa Pierson that with tears he pressed him in his arms and exclaimed:

"Oh, my dear boy! Henceforth they may say what they like, but a musician you shall be and nothing else."—From the German.

LOVE'S LABOR LOST.

He Intended to Be Generous, but His Bride Thought Otherwise.

"What is the matter?" inquired her dearest friend as she was ushered into the boudoir of her newly married chum and found, instead of the vision of happiness she had expected, a dishevelled heroine largely dissolved in tears. "What is the matter?"

"Algernon has gone away for a week"—

"But, my child, you don't mean to say that you are such turtle doves that you can't spare him for a week without making a scene like this?"

"Oh, no, it isn't that at all! Of course it is hard to live alone, but he has at last shown me what a monster he is."

"Why, this is shocking! What can he have done? You haven't found he was already married or"—

"No, no, no! It's only that he is a heartless, miserly creature. Only think! I asked him to leave me a check to pay for things while he was away"—

"Well, surely he didn't refuse?"

"No; worse than that—far worse! He just wanted to wound and humiliate me! He left me a check, all dated and signed, complete, except that he didn't put any amount in! Wasn't that very cruel?"—Judge.

Analysis of Laughter.

For the benefit of a melancholy world an English professor has been devoting his careful, scientific attention to laughter and has prepared an expert analysis of the whole business, according to the Providence Journal. "Laughter," he says, "is a convulsive action of the diaphragm. In this state the person draws a full breath and throws it out in interrupted, short and audible cachinnations. This convulsion of the diaphragm is the principal part of the physical manifestation of laughter, but there are several accessories, especially the sharp vocal utterance arising from the violent tension of the larynx and the expression of the features, this being a more intense form of the smile. In extreme cases the eyes are moistened by the effusion from the lachrymal glands."—Philadelphia Ledger.

WATCHES FOR THE BLIND.

They Are Made With Raised Numerals and Without Crystals.

The fingers of a blind man were skimming over the pages of a book in the reading room for the sightless in the public library when he suddenly drew a watch from his pocket, opened the face, closed it with a snap and then placed his book on the table.

"It's 4 o'clock. I guess I'd better be going," he said to the librarian, who was hovering near to attend to the wants of her readers. The book was replaced on the shelf, and the blind man arose and departed.

The blind man's telling time by a watch impressed a visitor, who asked about it.

"You will find," said the librarian, "that most blind persons carry watches and often consult them. The watches are of the hunting case sort, but they have no crystal, and the numerals are embossed. The blind person opens the case, and by pressing his fingers lightly on the face he can tell the time instantly by the position of the hands. The watches are especially made for the sightless, the hands being made differently, so they may be distinguished at once.

"I have seen blind persons stand near an electric clock, that strikes once on the hour, and with watch in hand wait until the bell rings. As it does so they set their own by moving the minute hand around until it touches their thumb nail, which is held exactly at 12."—New York Times.

MEAT FOR MUSIC.

The Way Haydn's "Ox" Minuet Came to Get That Title.

There is no sensible reason for the titles attached to many pieces of music, some of them even classical selections. Most generally they are placed there as an attempt of some publisher to "boom" his stock and sell his goods. Then again, some peculiar titles may have their origin in incidents about as important as the following:

Haydn one day received a visit from a butcher who said that himself and his daughters were admirers of Haydn's music and as the young woman was soon to be married he made bold to ask that the composer write a minuet for her wedding. Kind "Papa Haydn" consented, and in a few days the man of meat obtained his music. Not long afterward Haydn was surprised to hear this same minuet played under his window. On looking out he saw a band of musicians forming a ring around a large ox, tastefully decorated with flowers. Soon the butcher came up and presented the ox to Haydn, saying that for such excellent music he thought he ought to make the composer a present of the best ox in his possession. Ever after this little composition was called the "Ox" minuet.—W. Francis Gates in "Anecdotes of Great Musicians."

How Franklin Learned Manners.

Franklin collected thirteen principles to cover the small amenities of daily life. Each week he picked out one and practiced it diligently, thus creating a habit. It took three months to cover them all. Each year he practiced each one four full weeks. He kept this up for many years. The uncouth Franklin of early manhood who found fault with his wife for giving him a silver spoon and a china bowl for his bread and milk instead of a pewter spoon and earthenware crock, developed into the statesman and man of the world who won the respect of Englishmen, the admiration of Frenchmen and the gratitude of Americans. — Harrington Emerson in Engineering Magazine.

Following In His Footsteps.

Visitors to China are particularly struck by the numbers of pairs of boots hung in separate wooden cages in the archway of the main west gate of Hsuanhua, the valedictory gifts of beneficent prefects. It is an attractive custom in China to invite a departing magistrate whose rule has been popular to leave a pair of old boots for suspension in a prominent place as a hint to his successor to follow in his footsteps. It is a considerable honor to be asked to leave these boots, and the ruled make the request all the more eagerly because they believe in the efficacy of the hint.

The Play of "Othello."

"Viewed exclusively as a dramatic fabric, 'Othello' is not only the best of Shakespeare's plays, but the best play in the English language," says William Winter in the Century. "No story could be more simple, direct, fluent and elementally tragic, but with what marvelous skill the poet has told it, with what ingenuity of invention, with what vibrant vitality of continuous action, with what ample and superb drawing of character, what prodigious volume of feeling, what tumult of surging and conflicting passion and what perfection of poetic style!"

A Little One.

Figg—Talk about your green servant girls. My wife told ours to put a little nutmeg in the custard she was making this afternoon. Fogg—And did she do it? Figg—Oh, yes; she put a little nutmeg in, all right. I came near choking over the blamed thing.—Boston Transcript.

Aristocrat.

The word "aristocracy" comes from the Greek "aristos" (best) and "archo" (rule), meaning the rule of the best. Literally aristocrat means the "best man."

God hath yoked to Guilt her pale tormentor, Misery.—Bryant.

Rejected Compulsory Happiness.

In 1889 the inundation of the Yellow river caused great suffering in China. The inferior people not only "groaned and murmured," but died by the hundreds. In order to raise funds for the relief of the survivors the prefect of Hangchow levied a tax on each cup of tea sold in the tea houses of the great city. The ancient capital assessed in this arbitrary fashion resented that tax after the manner of the Bostonians of 1773. In spite of the humane object of the assessment, the citizens put a boycott on tea, and the proprietors of the tea houses cried out in protest.

The prefect issued a second proclamation, in which he assured his people that happiness was their sure reward if they cheerfully contributed to this excellent cause. This agreeable assurance had no effect on the boycotters, and the tax had to be removed. Perhaps this is the only instance on record where a cityful of people were banded to resist compulsory "happiness."—Youth's Companion.

PICKED A SAFE SPOT.

He Wanted an Easy Fall if He Missed the Big Bear.

The red bear of Asia lives in lofty mountain solitudes, rarely coming below an altitude of 8,000 feet. For the greater part of the year he is content with a vegetarian diet and leads a blameless and estimable life, but in the spring he becomes mischievous, and then a man who pursues him in his native haunts must be a mountaineer as well as a hunter. The following incident from "Sport and Life in the Further Himalayas," by R. L. Kennion, illustrates the double danger.

My Gilgit stalker used to tell of a bear that was a terror to the goat herds sent to graze the village flocks in the Rakhiot glen, not only a robber, but a truculent one, who committed his crimes in the broad light of day and cared for neither man nor dog. Gul Sher encountered him when out with T., a noted shot from among the small party of officers then at Gilgit. Behind them yawned a precipice; in front was the big beast, grunting and slavering at the mouth. They faced one another "while men could count a score," and still T. did not shoot. The bear advanced.

"Shoot!" cried Gul Sher, but T. only looked round over his shoulder. The bear came on. Then T. slowly put his rifle up and shot him dead through the head.

"And why had not T. shot him before?" I asked.

"That is what I wanted to know," the stalker said, "and he told me that he was just looking for the easiest place to go down the precipice in case the bear was not killed."

I was sitting hearing the story at the exact spot where it happened and, going to the edge, looked over. The first thing to break a fall was a green lawn of pine treetops 2,000 feet below.—Youth's Companion.

AN ANTIQUATED GUN.

"El Camilo," at West Point, a Relic of the Mexican War.

Among the old guns from past wars on Trophy point there is one that is fondly remembered by every graduate of the West Point Military academy. It is "El Camilo," literally "the camel," a relic of the Mexican war, but dating far back of that.

This antiquated piece of ordnance, which is three parts silver and painted a light green, bears its name and the royal coat of arms of Spain over an inscription relating that it was the property of the regiment of the Golden Fleece, commissioned under Ferdinand and Isabella at the time when Columbus set out on his famous voyage to discover a new world. It would be interesting to know what the Spanish grandees would have thought if they could have foreseen that the very cannon which probably thundered godspeed to the explorer would one day be captured by the unborn nation of the undiscovered continent to which Columbus was bound. The ancient gun was probably carried to Mexico as part of the armament of a Spanish ship and many years later was pressed into service in the Mexican army, where the "sinews of war" were always at a premium. It was taken at Monterey by the Americans and sent to West Point as the most appropriate place for such an interesting relic.—New York Press.

Tax on Bachelordom.

During the period under William III. when bachelordom was taxed peers had to pay more dearly than commoners for the privilege of single bliss. The yearly tax levied on bachelors ranged from £12 11s. in the case of dukes and archbishops down to 1 shilling in the case of those scheduled as "other persons." Furthermore, a duke was compelled to pay £50 when he married, £30 when his eldest son was born, £25 when every younger son was born, £30 when his eldest son was married, £50 when his wife was buried and £30 when his eldest son was buried. And the other members of the peerage had to pay similar taxes graduated according to their rank.—London Chronicle.

An Economic Suggestion.

Gladys—Tommy Tightwad is the meanest man I've ever encountered. Gwendolyn — What has he done? Gladys—He's engaged to Tilly Tilton, you know. It appears that he picked up a ring at a bargain sale and had the nerve to offer it as an engagement ring. It was much too small for her finger. What do you suppose he suggested? Gwendolyn—What? Gladys—That she diet until she could get it on.—Detroit Free Press.

Plenty of Rest Is Necessary.

The best work, however hard, is always methodical enough to permit of timely rest and regular nutrition, and the full recognition of this fact is a mere question of public utility which we hope to see more and more widely admitted into practice.—London Lancet.

A Help When Ironing.

A floor pad of newspapers, piled two inches high or so, will be the delight of the busy ironer. One side should be covered with floor linen, the other with carpet—the linen for summer and the carpet for winter. It is an unbelievable relief to tired feet.—Philadelphia North American.

No Time to Think.

Father—Have you done any thinking about how you are to meet your debts? Son—No, dad, but I've done a deuce of a lot of wondering.—Puck.

If you have knowledge let others light their candles by it.—Thomas Fuller.

A Simple Antidote to Poison.

It is a valuable thing to understand thoroughly what simple antidote to take if one is so unlucky as to swallow poison of any kind. Sweet oil is to be found in nearly every house, however humble, and half a pint of it taken immediately is an effectual antidote to almost all poisons. Any one with a strong constitution should take a larger quantity of this simple remedy.—London Family Herald.

Household Debate.

"I could have done better than to marry you."

"You bring that question up at inopportune times, my dear. Suppose we place a regular weekly evening on the calendar, to be devoted to its discussion."—Pittsburg Post.

Sufficient Proof.

Lady—And you guarantee that the parrot talks quite a lot? Dealer—Rather. His last mistress sold him because she couldn't get a word in edgeways.—Fliegende Blatter.

MENTAL MACHINERY.

Shut Off All the Power When You Quit Work at Night.

It is a great thing to learn to shut off the mental steam when you quit work, says Orison Swett Marden in Success Magazine. What would you think of a factory manager who would leave all of his power turned on after the operators had left the factory, the delicate machinery running everywhere, pounding itself to pieces, grinding out its delicate bearings without producing anything? Many of us do not turn off our mental power after we are through producing or creating for the day. We carry our business home, take it to bed with us, think, plan, worry and waste precious energy in all sorts of ways, in superfluous thinking, foolish worrying that produces nothing, but grinds out the exquisite mental machinery and unfits it for the next day's work. It is a great art to learn to shut off power when through our day's work, so that we can oil our mental machinery, refresh our minds and recuperate ourselves, so that we can go to the next day's work completely reinvigorated.

Many men seem to think that they are accomplishing something if they keep their minds on business even when not at work, but they really accomplish less than nothing because they are wasting precious mental energy, the power for concentration, the vigor, the focusing of the mind, which is imperative for creating purposes.

VON MOLTKE'S METHODS.

An Incident That Showed His Grasp of Military Detail.

The parents of a young soldier, who was a private in a Prussian cavalry regiment during the Franco-Prussian war, became very anxious about him. Several battles had been fought and they had received no news of their boy. After some hesitation the father went to see General von Moltke and after a long wait was admitted to the presence of the great field marshal.

"What is your business?" asked the general. "Use as few words as possible."

The visitor explained that he wished to know the fate of his son, a private in a certain regiment. Moltke smiled, but not unkindly, and drew forth a square of cardboard covered with dots, lines and crosses of various colors. "This line," he said, "indicates the line of march of your son's regiment. These dots mark the distance of each forced march. Tomorrow morning at 7 o'clock the regiment must be at this point here. Take note of the situation." He said no more, and the interview ended.

Long before the hour named the father was at the point indicated on the map. Just before 7 o'clock the trumpets of the advance guard were heard in the distance, and precisely at the hour the father saw his son.—London Telegraph.

Why He Went to Market.

It usually happens in this way:

"Jim," says Mrs. Mann, "I see that the best butter is 3 cents cheaper at the market than it is out there at our grocery store. This is market day. Would you mind going down there on your way home and getting me two dozen eggs and some corn and a few"—

"Oh, I'm awfully sorry, dear," breaks in Mr. Mann, "but this is going to be my busy day. I won't be home till pretty late, and there are a lot of extra things that I simply must attend to, and"—

"Never mind, dear," says Mrs. Mann. "I'd just as soon do it myself, but I haven't any money, and if you will leave me a ten dollar bill I'll"—

"Come to think of it," breaks in Mr. Mann right there, "I won't be so very busy today. I was thinking about next week. I'll go to the market for you very gladly."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Gulls and the Black Crickets.

When the Mormons first settled in Utah black crickets came in myriads from the mountains and would have destroyed the crops had it not been for the gulls that came by hundreds and thousands from the surrounding lakes. At that time the settlers at Salt Lake regarded the advent of the birds as a heaven sent miracle, and ever since the gull has been esteemed almost as a sacred bird by the Mormons. About the beet and alfalfa fields when they are being irrigated the gulls still collect and feed largely on field mice that are so destructive to crops.—Success Magazine.

Saving Him.

"Why have you and Miss Sweet broken off your engagement?"

"Because she loves me so."

"That's a queer reason."

"Not at all. She believes in fortune telling, and when she went to have her future revealed not long ago she was informed that she would be married three times. That settled my case, for the time being at least. She said that she was determined that I should not encounter the danger of being first on the list."—Pittsburg Press.

Looked Ominous.

"Mabel, what are that young man's intentions?'

"I don't know, papa. He is keeping me in the dark."

"That is the reason I am asking. Tell him he need not mind turning down the light any more when he calls."—Houston Post.

Most Natural.

"We drew skits on our teacher today, mother."

"And who did the best one?"

"Fritz. He got his ears boxed for it."—Fliegende Blatter.

The Last Luxury.

Ten-year-old Arthur had been telling impressively of the number of servants employed in his home. He continued, "And our house is fixed so that if you want a drink or a window raised or to go upstairs or anything all you have to do is to pull a chain."

"But what do you want with so many servants in that sort of a house?" asked one of his hearers.

"Oh," replied Arthur, "we have the servants to pull the chains."—Judge.

Drops and Minims.

Drops vary in size according to the conditions under which they are produced. Some are large and some are small, some long and some short. The drop of the druggist is called a minim, of which 480 go to make a fluid ounce and 76,800 to make a gallon. An actual experiment in filling a one ounce measure will probably show that 400 drops make a fluid ounce. The average drop is 20 per cent larger than the minim.

MAYONNAISE.

The Way the Genuine Dressing Is Prepared by French Cooks.

Housewives concoct all sorts of dressings—cooked and uncooked—which they call mayonnaise, but which are not properly entitled to that name. The genuine mayonnaise as prepared by French cooks is made by combining olive oil, egg yoke and vinegar without cooking in such a way that the mixture will not curdle. The proportions of these ingredients and the method of putting them together may be varied, and mustard and similar seasonings may be added, but fundamentally the real mayonnaise is always the same. The following rule will be found a good one:

Have ready one egg yolk, one scant cupful of olive oil, three teaspoonfuls of vinegar, a saltspoonful of salt, a saltspoonful of sugar, a light dust of cayenne and a level half teaspoonful of powdered mustard. Break the yolk with a fork, beat the mustard, salt, pepper and sugar into it and when a smooth mixture has been formed begin adding the oil, drop by drop, until the whole begins to look like creamed butter. Then pour in the oil faster until all is used. While the oil is being added the dressing should be beaten constantly with a fork. Last of all, pour in the vinegar very slowly, beating the dressing rapidly while doing so. Set it on ice to stand until wanted and add it to the salad the last moment before serving.

It is well to have everything very cold when making this dressing, although excellent mayonnaise has been made without the use of ice, but the oil must not be so cold that it has begun to thicken. It is sometimes stated that the drop by drop method is unnecessary, but while success may be obtained by putting the ingredients together more quickly it is always risky to do so. The drop by drop method practically insures success. If desired lime juice may be substituted for the vinegar.—Exchange.

FRENCH POLICEMEN.

They Can't Be "Fixed," and They Are Always Polite.

The laws of France relative to the out of door life of the masses are made in the interest of the people. Furthermore, they are enforced. There is no fixing things with a French policeman. If your bicycle has suddenly been twisted into junk by a careless driver the belted and brass buttoned gentleman who arrives on the scene questions you with intelligence and jots down in his notebook the facts of the occurrence as near as he can ascertain them. Throughout the interview he is polite, alert and painstaking in getting at the exact truth, and, whether you or the offending driver or both accompany him to the police station, he conducts you with a quiet dignity and an air of fulfilling his duty. It does not make the slightest difference in France who you are or whether or not you have mutual friends or come from his "ward" or are a relative of Congressman So-and-so. If you are at fault you must pay the damages. If the other fellow is to blame you will be ushered from the presence of the commissaire de police with as much ceremonial politeness as would be shown at a diplomatic interview.

If it is boiling hot or freezing cold and you are in need of information, go to the nearest policeman, address him as "monsieur" and raise your hat. He will immediately return you a military salute, listen attentively and give you, as carefully as possible, the necessary information, saluting you again as you raise your hat to leave him.—F. Berkeley Smith, "Parisians Out of Doors."

Couldn't Fool Him.

Serving in the capacity of collector for a local bank is a colored man who spends his evenings playing in an Oakland band.

One of the clerks in the bank, knowing of the clerk's musical attainments, said to him, "Joe, I went to a vaudeville show last night, and one of the fellows there played 'Traumerei' great!"

Joe looked at him suspiciously for a moment and then said: "You tell that stuff to Bonny. You don't get me to bite, 'cause Ah knows they ain't no such instrument."—San Francisco Chronicle.

Dancing In Washington's Days.

It was a dancing age. None was too old or too dignified to join in the pastime. We have it on the authority of General Greene that on one occasion Washington danced for three hours without once sitting down. Patrick Henry would close the doors of his office to betake himself to dancing or fiddling, and Jefferson dearly loved to "rosin" his bow for a merry jig. The story is told of him that once when away from home he received news of the burning of his father's house. "Did you save any of my books?" he asked of the slave who brought him the tidings. "No, massa," answered the negro, "but we saved the fiddle."—Maud Wilder Goodwin in "The Colonial Cavalier."

Ten Out of Five.

It was in an ideal seacoast town of Maine, to which they had fled for a lazy two weeks, that they found him, one of those "natives" with a large stock of undeveloped wit.

They were out gunning with the native as their guide. A flock of five birds flew over. Raising his gun, he took aim and fired. All five fell to the earth, and they were loud in their praises of his skill.

"That ain't nothin'!" said he contemptuously. "If I'd hed my other gun along I'd 'a' done better than that."—Metropolitan Magazine.

Arrows and Big Guns.

In the days of mailed knights and battleaxes there was safety at a distance of 400 yards. That was about as far as the best archers could shoot an arrow. Neade, a famous archer under Charles I., states that the ordinary range of the bow was between 320 and 400 yards, though it is on record that one man was shot a distance of 463 yards with the wind. Compared with this is the latest naval gun with a range of fifteen miles.

Hotter Than He Thought.

The boy whose business it was to answer the telephone rushed into the room of the senior partner.

"Just got a message saying that your house was on fire," he said.

"Dear me!" returned the senior partner in a bewildered sort of way. "I knew my wife was pretty hot about something when I left home this morning, but I didn't think it was so bad as to set the house on fire!"

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Daniel R. Beggs of Beggs & Cobb, leather manufacturers.
William E. Blodgett, Treasurer of R.Guastavino Co.
John C. Buck, Cashier.
Robert Chalmers, Physician.
Everett P. Fox of W. P. Fox & Sons, leather manufacturers.
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SPRAGUE PUBLISHING CO. Majestic Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

The Settler's Daughter

She Chose Her Own Way of Showing Gratitude

By SARAH BRYCE VAUGHAN

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While the Emery family were sitting at supper Phoebe, a girl of twelve, saw through the open door a man on horseback galloping straight for the house.

He rode right up to the door and cried out to the husband and father:

"Mr. Emery, the body of Ben Armstrong, with whom you had the trouble last week, has been found with a bullet hole in his head. An excited crowd of his friends is coming to lynch you. Come, hurry up; I must put you in the jail before they get here."

"But, sheriff, I haven't seen Armstrong since the day he threatened to kill me."

"That doesn't matter. Suspicion points to you, and they won't give you a chance to defend yourself.



"GET OUT A HORSE AS QUICK AS YOU CAN."

Come; get out a horse as quick as you can and go with me to the jail. If I get you in there they'll have to pass over my dead body to get you out."

It may be it was these stirring words that fixed the picture of Sheriff John Winslow on Phoebe Emery's mind.

"Go with him!" cried Mrs. Emery, terror stricken.

"Go with him, papa!" cried Phoebe.

"I reckon you're right, sheriff," said Emery. And, making a dash for the barn, he saddled a horse, and, embracing his wife and children, who had followed him, he mounted, and the two men galloped away. Before their horses' hoof beats had died in the distance others were heard coming from an opposite direction, and in a few minutes an excited mob surrounded the house.

"Whar's Emery?" cried the leader to the wife, whose children clung to her in terror.

"He's not here. What do you want with him?"

"Not here? We'll find out whether he's here or not." And half a dozen of the party, throwing themselves off their horses, entered the house and ransacked it.

"The bird has flown," said the leader. "Like enough Jack Winslow has warned him."

"But Jack wouldn't let a man under charge of murder go," said another. "More'n likely he's taken Emery to jail to keep him from us. If he has you might as well let the law take its course. The sheriff ain't going to give him up—that is, Jack will die before he'll let any of his prisoners be taken away from him."

"He will, eh!" exclaimed the leader. "Then there'll be two funerals. Come on, boys! To the jail!"

What a night for the Emery family! Only the younger ones slept. Neither Mrs. Emery nor Phoebe closed their eyes. The mother moaned and cried out from time to time: "They've taken him from the jail! He's swinging! I know he is! Oh, heavens, I shall go mad!"

"Mother, didn't you hear the sheriff say that they'd have to kill him too?"

"Oh, don't talk to me! Your father is dead—hanged for a murder he never committed. I was only afraid that Armstrong would kill him. Armstrong was a bad man—a horrid man. What shall I do? What shall I do?"

All night the little girl strove to keep up a ray of hope in her mother, and when day dawned the child had left childhood. From that night she acted the part of a woman.

It was about 9 o'clock in the morning that Cyrus Crowfeet rode up to the cabin. Phoebe saw him coming and went out to meet him that she might beg him to break any bad news he might have gently to her mother. But Mrs. Emery followed her, wildly crying:

"Is it all over? Have they killed him? Tell me quick!"

"I have come to let you know, Mrs. Emery, that the sheriff concluded not to stop at the jail, but kept right on. The mob, not finding them there, scattered, some of them going to their homes and a few taking the road to Marion. But I don't think they'll catch 'em."

"Thank heaven!" cried the woman, clasping her hands fervently.

"Thank you for coming to tell us, Mr. Crowfeet," said Phoebe as the man rode away.

* * * * * * *

The next appearance of Phoebe Emery in this story is six years later. She is eighteen years old, and nature has endowed her with a face and figure singularly attractive. Strong and beautiful characters are often made so as much by environment as by heredity. Phoebe's experience as a child and her own inherent strength had developed her into a very different person from the average girl of eighteen. The mob, disappointed in finding her father and drunken with liquor, had returned and forced his wife and children out of their home by burning it. But he had been saved to them, and as soon as he could safely communicate with them he had done so. Then the real murderer of Armstrong turned up, and a committee of citizens had gone to Emery and invited him to return to them. But he declined.

Emery established himself in one of those rapidly growing western towns which throw off their childhood within a few years and become cities. There his children were educated and became accustomed to city ways and manners. Phoebe became an accomplished girl and when she was nineteen years old was the acknowledged belle of her social circle.

One evening at a ball Miss Emery was standing in the center of a group of young men who were vying with one another to engage her for the dances. Happening to glance toward the entrance, she saw a man enter and stand looking as if attracted by curiosity, but too retiring to join the gay throng. She saw in the man who shrank from elbowing his way through the immaculately dressed young people assembled for the dance Sheriff Jack Winslow. Before her flashed a picture of his stalwart figure riding over the plain to warn her father of his danger at the risk of his own life. He had changed but little. She had budded from childhood to womanhood. Even if at the time he had come to her former home he had not been preoccupied with his warning she was then too young for him to have noticed her, and now, changed as she was, he would not, in any event, have recognized in her the little girl of half a dozen years ago. Phoebe knew him the moment her eyes rested upon him.

The German cotillion was introduced that evening for the first time in the assembly. Jack Winslow, though he had danced in barns, did not consider himself sufficiently polished to take part in a society dance. Indeed, his coat was not a spiketail, nor did he wear a low cut white vest. So he concluded to "sit out" the cotillion by himself.

Various figures were danced, and finally one was introduced wherein a lady was seated by herself in the middle of the room, holding a hand mirror. The young men, one by one, were brought up behind her. She looked at their reflections in the mirror, and when the one she wished to dance with appeared she chose him for her partner.

When it came Phoebe Emery's turn to take the chair one man after another was led up behind her, but she seemed disposed to be very particular as to the man she would dance with. All the young men most prominent in a social point of view were taken up, and all were rejected. Then the less desirable newcomers and generally unknown men were tried, to meet a like fate. At last every man who was dancing the cotillion had been led up and sent back to his seat.

Naturally the episode by this time excited attention. What did it mean? That the lady desired to snub the man, or had not the right man been found? The leader, having exhausted those who were in the cotillion, now turned his attention to the few loiterers who were not. They were all known except Jack Winslow. Every man in the room except himself was taken up and rejected. Finally, amid excited chatter, the leader approached the last man. Jack saw the eyes of every one turned upon him.

"Go away," he said, red as a beet. "I don't know the lady."

"Come," replied the leader. "Every man must be tried."

Jack was dragged unwillingly behind the chair in which Phoebe was sitting. He was about to turn away when she arose from her chair, put one hand on his shoulder and sailed away amid a burst of applause.

The interest excited was short lived except for one person. That person was Jack Winslow. After dancing a few minutes the couple seated themselves, and Jack said:

"Will you kindly explain this unusual attention with which you have honored me?"

"Not till I have 'honored' you with another. I wish you to be my escort to my home."

"And then?"

"You will understand it all."

"Let us go at once."

"I am ready."

Later the two ascended the steps of a dwelling, and the girl rang. A man opened the door, but the darkness prevented him and Winslow from getting a good view of each other.

"Come in," said Phoebe.

They entered a parlor, and Phoebe turned up a gas jet.

"Great Scott, sheriff!" exclaimed the man, grasping Jack's hand in both of his. "Where did you come from?"

"And you"— cried Jack, turning to Phoebe.

"I am the daughter of the man whose life you saved."

End of the Honeymoon.

It was along toward the waning of the honeymoon that this dialogue took place:

"Are you sure that you love me as much as ever?"

"Perfectly sure."

"And you will never, never love anybody else?"

"Never, never."

"Is there anything you wouldn't do to make me happy?"

"Nothing within the bounds of reason."

"Aha! I thought so! You have begun to reason. The honeymoon is over!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

When Beecher "Hollered."

Coming home from the morning service one Sunday Dr. Beecher threw himself on a lounge and said in a tone of deep dejection, "I believe that was the worst sermon I ever preached." One of his daughters protested that she had seldom heard him when he was more energetic. "Oh, yes," was the impatient reply, "when I haven't anything to say I always holler."—Outlook.

Their Use.

"Why do you have those glass cases with the ax, hammer, crowbar and so forth on these cars?" asked a traveler on the railroad going to New York.

"Oh, those are put there in case any one wants a window open," replied the facetious man.—Youth's Companion.

Stupid Man!

Mrs. Ascum—But why didn't you buy the material if you liked it? Mrs. Nurich—The salesman said it was domestic dress goods. Mrs. Ascum—Well? Mrs. Nurich—You don't suppose I'd wear anything meant for domestics, do you?—Philadelphia Press.

Why He Didn't Pay.

"I have bet a silk hat with that man five times in the last year, and he has never paid me one of them."

"That so? I didn't know he was in the habit of breaking his word."

"Oh, he isn't. He won the bets."—Cincinnati Times-Star.

Purse Versus Passport In Russia.

Should a citizen of the United States attempt to enter Russia without a passport he would be turned back at the frontier. Should he arrive in Russian waters he will not be permitted to disembark until he has produced the necessary document, properly vised by a Russian consular or diplomatic officer. Indeed, the mere possession of an American passport is not sufficient, for the regulations of the Russians prescribe that the credential must be vised before the frontier is crossed. Better to lose one's purse than one's passport in Russia. Funds may be cabled for and received in the course of a few hours, but it is a question of weeks where a passport is concerned. Russian officials are usually courteous to American visitors who do not display too much curiosity about certain unspeakable Russian institutions, but let them find a traveler in the interior without a passport and the luckless one will speedily see the inside of a Russian jail, and sooner or later be conducted to the nearest point of the frontier.—Travel Magazine.

Astronomical Facts.

The diameter of the sun is reckoned at 882,000 miles. This diameter, owing to its loss of heat and the consequent condensation, is steadily being shortened, though at a very slow rate, of course. The whole solar system—the sun and all of its planets—is moving through space at a pace estimated at about 150,000,000 of miles annually. Those who are supposed to know about the matter assure us that, owing to certain causes, too numerous and complicated to be dealt with in this place, the planet on which we live receives only the 2,250-millionth part of the heat that is thrown off by the sun. Even as it is the earth receives annually from the sun an amount of heat that exceeds by a million times the heat producible by the combustion of 280,000,000 tons of coal.—New York American.

Thackeray's First Poem.

Thackeray's momentous first appearance in print was a satirical poem, published in the Western Luminary during one of the happy holiday times which he spent in Devonshire when still a scholar at the Charterhouse. A certain Mr. Lalor Shell was to have delivered a speech upon Penendon heath, but the crowd refused to hear him. He had taken the precaution, however, to send copies of his intended oration to all the leading journals before leaving town, and these, of course, printed it. This ludicrous incident inspired Thackeray to write a little jeu d'esprit entitled "Irish Melody," telling how "Mister Sheil" when the men of Kent "began a grievous shouting" found comfort in reflecting:

"My speech is safe in the Times I wot
And eke in the Morning Chronicle."

—Westminster Gazette.

Business Before Pleasure.

Fussy Man (hurrying into newspaper office)—I've lost my spectacles somewhere, and I want to advertise for them, but I can't see to write without them, you know. Advertising Clerk (likely to be business manager some day)—I will write the ad. for you, sir. Any marks on them? Fussy Man—Yes, yes. Gold rimmed, lenses different focus, and letters L. Q. C. on inside. Insert it three times. Advertising Clerk—Yes, sir. Ten shillings, please. Fussy Man—Here it is. Advertising Clerk—Thanks. It gives me, sir, great pleasure—very great pleasure, to inform you, sir, that your spectacles are on top of your head. Fussy Man—My stars! So they are. Why didn't you say so before? Advertising Clerk—Business before pleasure, you know.—London Mail.

Cats In Ancient Wales.

An ancient statute ascribed to Howel the Good, a Welsh prince, who ruled in 948, regulated the price of cats. A penny was the price of a kitten before its eyes were open, twopence until it had caught its first mouse and fourpence when it was old enough for combat. He who stole a cat from the royal granaries forfeited either a milk ewe, with its fleece and lamb, or as much wheat as would cover the body of the cat suspended by its tail, with its nose touching the ground. A penny was a coin of great purchasing power in the tenth century.

When Women Vote.

Mrs. Church—Well, how did you vote today? Mrs. Gotham—I didn't vote at all. There were only two women candidates, and one of them said something uncomplimentary about my hat, and the other one never noticed my hat at all!—Yonkers Statesman.

The three things most difficult are to keep a secret, to forget an injury and to make good use of leisure.

Birth of Aeronautics.

It was on Aug. 1, 1767, that the Scotchman Black of Edinburgh filled a little bag with hydrogen gas and watched it rise to the ceiling of his room, and it was right then and there that the science of aeronautics was born. Cavendish had only a little while before proved that hydrogen gas was about eleven times lighter than common air, and it occurred to Black that, such being the case, a light bag inflated with it would ascend. The experiment in his room in Edinburgh showed that his surmise was correct.

It was not long after Black made his demonstration that Montgolfier sent a silken balloon up into the heavens and watched it careening through space, and the following year, 1783, the Montgolfiers—Joseph and Stephen—made a successful ascent in a balloon. The same year Charles ascended in a hydrogen balloon to the height of 9,770 feet. Ballooning was a success, and in an amazingly short time it became popular in all lands.—New York American.

The Building of Homes.

Dwelling houses may be constructed of anything from paper to concrete.

When built of paper they consist of ground plans, front elevations and mortgages. When they progress to something more substantial they do not resemble in any way the front elevation or the ground plan of the paper stage and are therefore disappointing in these particulars. The mortgage, however, always comes up to expectations. The houses of the elect may be distinguished by the butler's pantry, the middle classes by the reception hall and those of the hoi polloi by the parlor. Houses are useful to eat in, sleep in, bathe in, dress in, hide in, be seen in, die in, store junk in, insure and burn down. Dignity in houses is typified by a parking inclosed English country place, romance by a southern planter's mansion, poetry by a rose embowered cottage and humor by a modern flat.—Life.

Ocular Defects In Artists.

It was said of the late Edwin A. Abbey that his nearsightedness had much to do with his close attention to detail, one of the characteristics of his art. An illustrator who does work in black and white, speaking of Mr. Abbey's conscientious drawing in of details, wondered how much ocular defects accounted for certain aptitudes of well known artists.

"A cynical person told me the other day," he said, "that he half believed every impressionistic painter was nearsighted and drew what he saw with his glasses off. It sounds sensible.

"And consider me. I am completely color blind. I cannot even tell blue from yellow, a failing which is rarer than red-green color blindness.

"Yet I would not see colors if I could. When I draw, you see, I put in precisely the effects I get in nature, and they tell me that shade gradation is the chief merit of my work. I lay that to color blindness."—New York Sun.

When They Fined the Servants.

There must have been a servant problem even in the specious times of Elizabeth, if we may judge by a list of rules drawn up by a baronet of that era for the guidance of his domestic helpers and recently brought to light by an English writer. The baronet evidently liked his house kept in order, and if it were not made absolutely spotless on Friday after dinner everybody responsible had to pay threepence. He liked punctuality, and sixpence was the fine for meat that was not ready at 11 or before for dinner and at 6 or before for supper, while the table had to be laid half an hour before those times, on pain of twopence. Oaths were a penny each, and it was equally expensive to leave a door open which was found shut, while to teach any of the children any "unhonest speech" was fourpence. The fines were duly paid each quarter day out of the wages, and with fine vagueness the baronet winds up, "They shall be bestowed on the poor or other godly use."

The Doctor's Revenge.

It is always a pleasure to hear or read of arrogance rebuked; hence this little tale, which might be headed "The Doctor's Revenge." An elderly lady whose characteristics entitle her to the present name of Mrs. Portly Pompous had a pet monkey which suddenly became ill. She had the assurance to send for a prominent physician to treat the little beast. When the doctor was introduced to his patient he was very much enraged, but he did not betray himself. He took the sick monkey's pulse and asked the usual questions. Now, in the room was a little boy, Mrs. Portly Pompous' grandson. The doctor approached the boy, examined his pulse also and then said solemnly to the lady: "Madam, your two little grandchildren are suffering from indigestion. Give them only light food, with plenty of exercise, and they will come out all right."—Boston Transcript.

Loaded For Economy.

A fireman was up for examination for promotion to the position of engineer. He passed a fair test on the rules and machinery, but during all of it the examiner was constantly lecturing him as to the need of economy in the use of fuel and oil, so that by the time he finished his examination it was pretty well on his nerves. Having finished the technical part, the examiner thought he would put the man in a critical position to see what he might do in an emergency. So he put this question: "Supposing you are the engineer of a freight train on a single track, and you are in danger of a head-on collision with a passenger train, and you know that you could not stop your train—that a collision could not be averted—what would you do?" The man, unstrung by the vigorous instruction he had received as to economy, replied in this way: "Why, I would grab the oil can in one hand and a lump of coal in the other and jump."—Atchison Globe.

Candle Making In China.

The manufacture of candles in China is no new thing. Years before the advent of the foreigner the natives made them by crude methods and used them in home and temple. Even today millions of candles are made by the old process of dipping, at which the old Chinese are very expert. A mixture of tallow and castor oil is first prepared and the operator, placing a straw to serve as a wick between each of his ten fingers, dips them into the preparation as many times as necessary to give the candles the desired thickness. After this they are set up on end against a board to harden and the straw wicks clipped to a proper length. The finished product burns well, gives a fair light, is consumed slowly, and, best of all, in native eyes, is very cheap. These candles are usually made by small factories for sale to storekeepers, but many individuals still manufacture for family and temple use.

Buddist Priests of Burma.

Every morning after sunrise the Buddhist priests of Burma go out in Indian file, preceded by a boy with a bell, which he rings at intervals. This warns the people of their approach, and it is wonderful to see with what reverence the people regard these priests. Immediately the bell rings a Burmese woman runs out with her offering of rice, bananas, eggs or the best that her house can provide. No words of greeting are exchanged. The offerings are made and received in silence. The Buddhist priests may not receive money. This is why they have to beg for their daily bread.

Days of the Week.

While the Egyptians named the days of their week, the Jews numbered them only, the first day of the week being always the day after the weekly Sabbath. Fifteen different methods of Sabbath counting are known to have existed during the last 4,000 years, including every day of the week, weeks of different and varying length, from six to ten days, and months of various and varying length.

He'd Eat the Thistle.

A discussion on appointments to the Most Noble Order of the Thistle gave rise to a caustic saying on the part of Disraeli. Among the names suggested was that of a certain peer, who displayed more zeal than judgment in his support of the Conservative party. "Oh, no!" remarked his ungrateful chief. "I couldn't give Lord —— the Thistle. He'd eat it."—London Graphic.

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson XII.—Third Quarter, For Sept. 17, 1911.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, Dan. iii, 13-28. Memory Verses, 17, 18—Golden Text, Heb. xiii, 6—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

The first chapter ended with Daniel continuing. Many begin well who do not so continue, but one mark of a true disciple is patient continuance (I Cor. xv, 58). The second chapter ends with Daniel promoted to be a great man, ruler over the whole province of Babylon and chief of the governors over all the wise men of Babylon. He also sat in the gate of the king, but we may be sure that he was there for the Lord God of Israel rather than for the king of Babylon. In his high position he did not forget his three friends, but by his request they also were set over the affairs of the province of Babylon (chapter ii, 48, 49).

The vision granted to the king of Babylon and the part of the interpretation which said "Thou art this head of gold" seem to have affected him more than the words "The God of heaven hath given thee a kingdom" (ii, 37, 38), and so he caused to be made a great image all of gold and set it up in the plain of Dura and gathered all his rulers and great men to the dedication of this image.

There are in this chapter ten references to this image, as made or set up by the king, that all people might fall down and worship it. The penalty for disobedience was to be cast into a burning fiery furnace (verse 6). The importance of this man in his own estimation is seen also in chapter iv, 30, in the words, "Is not this great Babylon that I have built * * * by the might of my power and for the honor of my majesty?" He is strikingly suggestive of one soon to come who will cause to be made an image that can speak and who will kill all who will not worship his image and prevent all from doing business who have not his mark (Rev. xiii, 11-17).

His thought and manner of conduct are seen in such words as these: "I will ascend above the heights of the clouds. I will be like the Most High." "He shall exalt himself and magnify himself above every god and shall speak marvelous things against the God of gods." "Who opposeth and exalteth himself above all that is called God or that is worshiped so that he, as God, sitteth in the temple of God, showing himself that he is God" (Isa. xiv, 14; Dan. xi, 36; II Thess. ii, 4).

The end of this trio will be not a furnace of fire, but the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone and torment forever (Rev. xix, 19, 20; xx, 10). See the contrast in the future of those who worship Him and those who will rather die than worship Him (Rev. xiv, 9-11; xv, 2-4). Oh, for grace to stand as did the friends of Daniel and bow down to nothing that any man set up, whether of doctrine or good works or any scheme that is not of God.

Judging from verses 3 and 7, there must have been an immense company of people and a most magnificent and imposing celebration at the dedication of this image. It might be said that the like of it was never seen on earth before. In a sense, all the world gathered to honor the world ruler. Had Daniel's friends not been Jews and not occupying so high a position in the kingdom (verse 12) they might possibly not have been noticed, but there were envy and jealousy enough abroad to cause them to be keenly watched.

The rage and fury of the king were very great when he learned that any one had refused to bow to his image, but when his offer of a second opportunity was rejected with the words "Be it known unto thee, O king, that we will not serve thy gods nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up," then his fury knew no bounds, and quickly were these three men of God cast into the burning fiery furnace (verses 13, 18-23). Note their splendid confidence in God in the words "Our God whom we serve is able to deliver us from the burning fiery furnace, and He will deliver us out of thine hand, O king" (verse 17).

It is not His pleasure always to save us from trials and persecutions. On the contrary, we are taught to expect these things, but all in order that He may be seen and glorified in us (John xvi, 33; Phil. i, 29; Matt. v). See in their case a literal fulfilment of Isa. xliii, 2, and, though the fire slew the men who cast them into the furnace, they walked about in it unharmed. The fire had no power upon their bodies, nor was a hair of their heads singed, * * * nor the smell of fire had passed on them, because they trusted in God (verses 27, 28).

There was one with them whom even the king could see—one who is the same yesterday, today and forever, who has all power in heaven and on earth and who will be with His people in every trial and not suffer any to be tried beyond grace given to bear it. He was seen that day only in the furnace, and when He permits us to enter some furnace it is in order that He may be seen with us or in us.

He was specially seen in Joseph while a slave in Potiphar's house and a prisoner unjustly imprisoned. These men in the furnace were wholly unharmed and lost only the bonds which had bound them. Trials set us more free from many things to walk with God. Note in verse 29 the worldwide God honoring decree, because of their faithfulness, and in verse 30 their own further promotions.

Why They Died.

Naturally applicants for life insurance may be expected to put as good a face as possible on the reports concerning relatives and the causes of their deaths, but they sometimes make rather amusing statements. Some one has collected a few of these which were originally published in the British Medical Journal:

"Mother died in infancy." "Father went to bed feeling well and the next morning woke up dead." "Grandfather died suddenly at the age of 103. Up to this time he bid fair to reach a ripe old age." "Applicant does not know cause of mother's death, but states that she fully recovered from her last illness." "Applicant has never been fatally sick." "Applicant's brother, who was an infant, died when he was a mere child." "Grandfather died from gunshot wound caused by an arrow shot by an Indian." "Applicant's paternal parents died when he was a child." "Mother's last illness was caused from chronic rheumatism, but she was cured before death." "Father died suddenly; nothing serious."—Journal of American Medical Association.

Awed by the Servant.

The amusing mistake once made by two Abyssinian delegates of the Emperor Menelek to France is narrated by the Paris Gaulois. Awed by the splendor of his gold lace uniform and the solemnity of his imposing manner, they mistook the usher at the door of the foreign minister's office for M. de Selves himself. As they were brought into the anteroom the usher was standing with his hands on the door handle ready to announce them. But at the sight of his silver chain his medals, his sword, his gold topped cane and his three cornered hat the Abyssinians could not be expected to know they were in the presence of a mere servant. So bowing low repeatedly, they approached him slowly and with great respect until they were within reach of his coattails, which, one on either side, they seized in their hands and kissed. The usher did not know what to do, but the appearance of the minister relieved the situation.

Bathing In Gold.

A Parisian journalist who had speculated in railway shares won 200,000 francs as the result of a lucky venture. Drawing it in gold, he proceeded to a hotel, emptied the bags of gold in the bed and went to sleep literally in the sands of Pactolus. The man was so crazed by his good fortune that he found indescribable pleasure in reveling in a golden bath.

Paganini, the violinist, when he received the proceeds of his concerts (he insisted upon being paid in gold) used to wash his hands in sovereigns.

A French novelist, Soulie, wrote a book called "The Memoirs of the Devil." It was successful. The publishers paid him for the first volume $10,000 in gold. The author carried the gold to his bedroom, poured it into a foot bath and enjoyed for half an hour the excitement of moving his feet to and fro in a bath of gold coins, smoking meanwhile the biggest of Havanas.

Old Leather Bottles.

Leather bottles, or blackjacks, were common in Europe two centuries ago. The bottles were often made of one skin doubled up and closely stitched together, leaving an aperture for the neck. The thick piece between was inserted for the slip. It was meant to be slung at the back, a leather thong passed through two loops placed on either side of the neck, and it was sufficiently flat at the base to stand when put down. The stopper was made of wood, horn or old leather. A good deal of care was required in the preparation of the leather, which had to be oiled and worked with hammers to make it supple and then washed with a lye so that all the impurity was entirely removed, leaving the leather clean and dry. No moisture or air had any effect on it. Blackjacks were, in fact, flagons made in various sizes. They were sometimes pitched inside.

Serpents and Music.

Barnard concludes from his personal observation of cobras in Ceylon, says the Scientific American, that the serpent's traditional love for music is a pure fable and that the only effect of music is to arouse the reptile's curiosity, which is excited by any loud and acute sound. The cobra protrudes its head from its burrow alike on hearing the snake charmer's flute, the rattling of a chain and the sounds made by beating the ground with a switch. It appears to perceive only sounds of high pitch, for it pays no attention to the low notes of the flute or the beating of the drum. Barnard also confirmed, in Ceylon, the results of observations made in the London zoological garden on the supposed power of fascination exerted by serpents upon birds, and he concludes that this power of fascination is also purely imaginary.

Blow the Steam Aside.

The wise woman sent a sudden vigorous puff of breath at the jet of steam rising from the copper teakettle she was tilting, repeated it hastily as she filled the blue teapot and set the kettle back on the stove with a nod of triumph. "That trick has saved me many a scalded hand," she asserted. "Whether I read it or was told it I am not sure, but until I tried it I was always getting most painful little burns. Steam is so easily blown aside if you have the presence of mind to remember it that you can easily keep it from reaching your hand until you can set down the kettle or pot. Don't forget it next time the lid slips or the steam comes unexpectedly from the kettle spout. You will bless me for the hint."—New York Tribune.

Strangled the Tree.

A Victoria clergyman had an orange and a pine tree in his garden. One spring it was noticed that the orange tree was drooping, and on digging down he found that the roots of the pine, which stood at some distance, had twisted around the taproot of the orange tree and were strangling it to death. The offending roots were untwisted and cut away, and the drooping plant revived. The tree eventually died. Then on digging down at a greater depth the clergyman found the pine had attacked the orange root lower down and accomplished its murderous end.—London Graphic.

He Wanted a Permanent One.

Joshua was buying a fieldglass.

"This one," said the clerk, "is just what you want. Its magnifying power is twenty-five times."

"No," Joshua replied; "I want to use it oftener than that."—Success Magazine.

So He Rose.

An Irish M. P. once declared with due solemnity, "Mr. Speaker, I cannot sit still here and keep silent without rising and saying a few words!"—London Telegraph.

A Simple Twist of the Wrist.

"You know Jones, who was reputed so rich? Well, he died the other day, and the only thing he left was an old Dutch clock."

"Well, there's one good thing about it—it won't be much trouble to wind up his estate."—Sacred Heart Review.

An Amiable Dentist.

Victim—Say, durn ye, you've pulled the wrong tooth! Dentist—From the way you hollered I thought I had hold of the right one, but we'll call it my mistake.—Chicago Tribune.

Wealth and Wisdom.

A man who is worth more than $1,000,000 can get any commonplace remark accepted as an epigram.—Chicago Record-Herald.

What a strange thing is man and what a stranger is woman!—Byron.

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A TRIAL OF STRENGTH.

The Feat That Was Performed by Adargoma, the Wrestler.

Tradition has immortalized one Adargoma of Grand Canary, who could wrestle for two consecutive hours and, having been thrown undermost in a certain contest, got his antagonist between his legs and arms and squeezed him so that his bones began to crack.

The native was subsequently sent as a prisoner to Spain, where he astounded the people by his performances. One day in Seville he was visited by a brawny youth of La Mancha, who was anxious to try a bout with him. "My good friend," said Adargoma, "as we are going to wrestle together it is only reasonable that we should begin by drinking something."

A large bowl of wine having been brought, he took this in one hand and continued to address his challenger: "If with both your arms you can overpower one of mine so as to hinder me from drinking every drop of this wine we will try our strength together; if not, you may return to your home." The struggle took place, and Adargoma by degrees drained the bowl in the coolest manner without spilling a drop of the wine. His one hand was more than a match for the other's two.—London Spectator.

The Problem of the Glacier.

The curves of variation of glaciers which are collected in the Alpine museum in Berne show, according to Professor Brueckner, that the twenty-six great glaciers of Switzerland which were very extensive at the beginning of the nineteenth century thereafter receded, at first slowly and then more rapidly, until the close of the century. The course of recession was interrupted about the middle of the century by a brief advance, in which only two glaciers exceeded the limits that bounded them at the commencement of the century. The glaciers showed a second slight advance between 1890 and 1895. Although the curves of the various glaciers are similar in general, each exhibits well marked peculiarities, which make it difficult to trace any connection between climatic changes and fluctuations in glaciation. The problem of the glaciers is still involved in obscurity, and much patient research will be required to effect its solution.—Scientific American.

British Local Nicknames.

The residents of the English counties have nicknames the meaning and origin of which are not always obvious. Why the inhabitants of Liverpool should be called "Dicky Sams" is not very clear. But nearly all the counties have their distinctive nicknames. The Glaswegians are "Keelies," the Lancashire men are "Tim Bobbins." Yorkshire men, again, are everywhere "Tykes," a nickname the etymology of which is not easy to trace. The inhabitants of Suffolk are called "Dumplings," those of Kent "Hogs" and the Isle of Wight people "Calves."

A Friendly Call.

Little Tommy—Mamma, may I go over and play with Mrs. Nextdoor's children? Mother—You have never cared to play with them. Little Tommy—But my ball went over into their yard, and they threw it back to me, and it was all sticky. I guess they've got some candy.

The Lesser Bore.

"Why do you insist on asking that young man to sing?"

"Because," replied Miss Cayenne, "when he's singing he isn't trying to converse."—Washington Star.

Business.

"Now, about the oratorio. Shall we put Handel's picture on the program or the picture of the leading soprano?"

"I vote for the soprano. She has twenty or thirty relatives who'll buy tickets to the show."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

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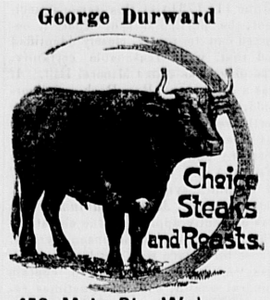
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WHICH ROAD?

A Case Where the Wrong One Brought Great Happiness

By CLARISSA MACKIE

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It was a hard, level road with many a sinuous curve that kept the siren tooting hoarsely as the dusk obliterated the stiff sentinel woods on either hand and gave Justin Delos little opportunity to test the speed of his new racing car.

"Hi, mister, hi!" shrilled a young voice above the rush of his machine.

With a few rapid movements he stopped dead short and tried to pierce the twilight with his sand filled eyes.

"Well, what's up?" he demanded curtly.

"It's me," said the small voice, with a hint of a sob in it. "I'm up in this tree—right over your head."

"My gracious, what are you doing up there?" Justin stared upward to where the limb of a wild cherry tree bent over the road. The air was filled with the pungent smell of wild cherry blossoms and the bruised bark of the tree. There was the glimmer of a small white face and a white blouse balanced perilously on the limb.

"Now, you just slip off that limb and drop—that's the boy! Caught you, didn't I?" said Mr. Delos.

Justin tucked the boy in a corner of the seat and prepared to resume his ride, but the boy placed a cold little hand on his and raised his voice in protest.

"Please don't, mister! I'm afraid to go up that road," he bawled lustily.

"What are you afraid of? How do you expect to go home if you don't take that road?"

"I'm lost!" wailed the strayed one.

"Where do you live?" demanded Justin.

"Cro-oss High-wa-ay!"

"Well, you're all right then—this is the Cross Highway," reassured Justin



SHE LOOKED AT HIM WITH ASTONISHMENT.

as he threw in the clutch and pulled the starting lever, but the boy grasped him with trembling fingers.

"No, it isn't, sir; I missed it way back. I ran away from nurse, and I've been trying to find it ever since and"—

A handsome lamppost supported a large electric globe which gave down sufficient light to convince Justin that he was indeed on the wrong road.

"Well, I'll be jiggered!" he exclaimed at last.

"I told you it was the wrong road," piped the little voice rather triumphantly.

"So you did. Well, it's the first time I knew this old road went beyond Cross Highway! Seems to stop right here too. Do you know where this drive leads to, son?"

"To perdition," said the little fellow calmly.

"Perdition!" repeated Justin, scandalized. "Who told you that?"

"Mother did. I asked her. I waited in the carriage once when she went inside, and she said it was perdition. So I asked cook what perdition was, and she said it was—you know the hot place."

"What's your name?"

"Frederick Templeton Leeson. That's dad's name too."

"Ah! Then you're Leeson's little chap, eh? Well, you are a good way from home. Guess I better run up this drive and telephone to your folks that you're all right. What do you say?" Justin turned the car into the drive and sped swiftly up its length.

"I don't—want to go to that—place!" wailed Master Frederick Templeton Leeson. "Cook says they fry you on toasting forks if you're naughty."

"Never you mind, son. You're a good boy. They won't fry you nor bake you. Very likely all the ladies will kiss you and call you a sweet child."

"I hate ladies, and I won't be kissed, and I won't be fried!" protested Frederick, kicking the shins of his rescuer with sudden fierce ingratitude. "You stop this car, mister!"

"At your command, sir," said Justin as he brought the machine handsomely under the lighted porte-cochere and jammed down his levers. His siren uttered a brief commanding salute, the door opened instantly, and a man servant appeared.

"I've missed the road, my man," said Justin, "and I would like to be set right if you can direct me to the Cross Highway."

"A mile back, sir. You probably passed the turn without noticing. From there on is private property. If you turn around and go back over your own tracks you'll find your way all right."

"Thanks," said Justin, tossing the man a coin. "Oh, I wonder if your people would allow me to use a telephone for a moment. I've picked up a little lost boy and"—

"Certainly, sir. If it's Mr. Leeson's little boy it's all right. They've been telephoning here to know if we've seen him. Come right in."

He held open the door and admitted Justin and his sleepy charge into a wide entrance hall softly carpeted and delicately lighted with carefully disposed electric bulbs. A wood fire whispered in the wide fireplace, and several comfortable chairs were gathered around the hearth, where a white haired woman was dispensing tea. There were several other women, some within the tall shadow of the settle.

The white haired woman dropped a teaspoon with a silvery clatter and arose to her feet. Justin saw with dazed eyes that her face was startled out of its customary sweet repose and that she looked at him with astonishment and displeasure rather than welcome.

"I ask your pardon, madam—Mrs. Stone. I came upon your place by mistake, and I asked your man if I might telephone to this little boy's parents that he was found and that I would return him at once," he stammered after a little awkward silence.

"Oh, it's little Frederick! How delighted poor Evelyn will be. Here is the telephone booth, Mr. Delos."

When Justin emerged after reassuring the delighted parents that he would return the wandering Frederick to their arms at once he found Mrs. Stone awaiting him at the end of the corridor. She held out her hand, smiling rather sadly as she did so.

"I must ask your pardon, Mr. Delos, for not giving you a heartier welcome. I was so startled at sight of you I quite lost my wits for the moment."

"You hardly expected to see me," said Delos with a rueful smile. "I'm afraid if I'd known you were here I'd never have ventured to knock at your door, hospitable as it always was in the past. Pardon me for that blundering reminder!" he begged hastily.

"Certainly, Justin. Will you come and drink a cup of tea with us?" She paused at his protesting hand.

"Thank you, dear Mrs. Stone, but I couldn't—not until you change your mind about me, you know," he said firmly.

"Change my mind! Ah, Justin, we did that almost immediately after you left in anger. If you had only read and heeded our explanatory letters you would have known that Mr. Stone was quite satisfied that the fault of the accident rested entirely on a defect in our machine and not in your driving. But you never answered our letters, and you declined to see my husband"—

"I never received your letters, Mrs. Stone, and as soon as I learned that Dita—Miss Stone was out of danger I went abroad and have been home only a few weeks. You see, I bought a place not far from here—thought I'd get in a new part of the country and wouldn't meet any of the old crowd. But it's a small world."

"It is indeed, and you haven't asked after my daughter, Justin. It's three years since you last saw her, isn't it?" She searched his face with anxious motherly eyes.

"I haven't dared ask for her. I've felt that I was to blame for reckless driving, and I shall never forget her white face as she lay unconscious on the stones nor the words of your husband as he accused me of having murdered her—murdering Dita when—oh, what's the use? You knew how I felt about it, Mrs. Stone."

For an instant her warm hand pressed his, and then she glided away to give place to a tall, slender form, crowned with golden hair, whose face was rosy with health and whose gray eyes were now alight with a happiness which had been postponed until this blissful moment. Justin could scarcely believe his hungry eyes when her own answered his unspoken appeal and the quiet corridor witnessed the reunion of the parted lovers.

After awhile the wailing Master Frederick Templeton Leeson demanded to be taken to his mamma. "I don't like perdition!" he protested.

"Perdition!" repeated Justin for the second time that evening. "Why perdition, eh?"

Perdita Stone laughed merrily. "It's such a good joke, Justin. It seems his mother told him this road led to Perdita's, and he translated it into 'perdition,' and the cook gave him a literal interpretation of that word, and he's been afraid to come here ever since, haven't you, Frederick?"

"I like Miss Dita, but I don't want to stay in perdition," yowled Frederick.

Justin lifted him to his shoulder and turned to Mrs. Stone with his old winning smile. "I'm going to take Frederick home. Would you trust Perdita with me too?"

Without a word Mrs. Stone stood a tiptoe to kiss the tall young man, while Perdita slipped away to don coat and scarf.

As they whirled down the dark avenue and into the winding road Frederick snuggled between them and uttered a sleepy sigh.

"I guess we're out of perdition now."

"And right into paradise," concluded Justin happily.

MASTERS OF CHESS.

Some of the Greatest Blindfolded Players of the Past.

Playing at chess without seeing the board is a much older accomplishment than is generally known even among chess players. Buzecca, an Italian, as early as 1266 played three games at once, looking at one board, but not at the other two. His three competitors were skilled in the game, but he won two games and made a draw of the third. Ruy Lopez, whose name has been given to an opening; Manglolini, Terone Medrano, Leonardi da Cutis, Paoli Boi, Salvia and others who lived between the thirteenth and seventeenth centuries were able to play the game without seeing the board. Father Sacchieri of Pavia early in the eighteenth century played three games at once against three players without seeing any of the boards.

It remained for Phillidor, the greatest genius at chess known up to his time, to play blindfolded in England in 1783 against three of the best players then living, winning two games and drawing the third, surprising his antagonists and the throng of onlookers by keeping up a lively conversation all the while. Phillidor's achievement as to the number of simultaneous games has been far outdone by Paul Morphy, Paulsen, Blackburne and several of their successors. But Phillidor, lively Frenchman that he was, still holds the palm as a conversationalist and player at the same time.

Phillidor was the assumed name of Francois Andre Danican, born at Dreux in 1726. He was educated as a court musician for Louis XIV. He composed music to Dryden's "Alexander's Feast" and to many operas, all long since forgotten. Dunican's fame does not live in music, but as Phillidor, the chess player. As a chess player he visited Holland, Germany and England. In 1749, while in England, he published his "Analysis of Chess," a work which has taken its place among the classics of the game. He died in England Aug. 31, 1795.—Exchange.

HIS UNIQUE ANTIQUES.

They Were Sold One by One, Yet the Set Remained Intact.

An old curiosity dealer of Paris recently found a new snare for the eternally guileless amateur. He put in his window five dolls dressed in vaguely medieval clothes. Collector No. 1 came in and asked to buy one of them. The dealer could not divide the lots, as they were a valuable set, representing the five senses. After long persuasion the amateur at last carried one off at a very long price.

Collector No. 2 followed. Could he have one of the dolls? "Out of the question, sir; a most valuable set, representing the four seasons." After more long persuasion and at a still longer price one of the dolls was sold. When amateur No. 3 called the three dolls were the three graces, a most valuable set, which could not be divided. By offering an enormous sum he carried off one of them.

Amateur No. 4 called and wanted to buy one of the two dolls. What was monsieur actually proposing? The two dolls were Adam and Eve, sculptured and dressed by some forgotten medieval artist. The pair could not possibly be parted. The collector eventually carried off Adam for a gigantic sum. Amateur No. 5 called and asked: "How much for that curio? Evidently an odd one of a set."

"An odd one of a set!" screamed the dealer. "It is a unique piece. Does not monsieur perceive that it represents Agnes Sorel, the favorite of Charles VII.?" And the amateur secured the unique piece for a fabulous amount.—Paris Cor. London Telegraph.

He Was Observant.

The supervisor of a school was trying to prove that children are lacking in observation. To the children he said, "Now, children, tell me a number to put on the board."

Some child said "Thirty-six." The supervisor wrote sixty-three.

He asked for another number, and seventy-six was given. He wrote sixty-seven.

When a third number was asked a child who apparently had paid no attention called out:

"Theventy-theven. Change that, you darned faker!"—Everybody's.

Fish at Billingsgate.

Fish is sold in London shops at a stated price per pound, but the retailer in getting his supplies from Billingsgate has to purchase each kind by a separate weight or measurement. He buys soles by the pound, plaice by the stone, mackerel by the sixty, cod by the box, eels by the draught, haddocks by the steamer trunk, crabs by the barrel, lobsters by the score, whitebait by the quart and periwinkles by the hundredweight.—London Globe.

The Proper Place.

"I understand that the leading lady and the prima donna had a violent quarrel."

"Yes."

"How did they settle it?"

"Oh, they went to their dressing rooms and made up."—Woman's Home Companion.

Not Reassuring.

"Do you think you will like married life as well as you do your club, dear?"

"Yes, quite sure, darling."

"Are you so very fond of your club?"

"Not very, darling."

A Delightful Metaphor.

"Now," said a famous Irish speaker in a political debate, "I come to dangerous ground. In fact, I know I am skating on the thin ice of a burning volcano!"

Too Big a Pill.

The man in bed had never been sick before. The doctor, wishing to ascertain his temperature, pointed the thermometer at him and commanded, "Open your mouth, Jim."

"Wait a minute, doc," objected the patient. "I don't b'lieve I can swaller that."—Judge.

Ill habits gather by unseen degrees, as brooks make rivers, rivers run to seas.—Dryden.

BEST BANKNOTES.

They Are Produced by American Talent and Methods.

HARDEST TO COUNTERFEIT.

From the Time of Paul Revere, the First American Banknote Artist, Ours Have Been More Difficult to Imitate Than Those of the Old World.

To say that Americans make the best banknotes in the world may sound at first rather boastful, and yet any history of the art and industry of note engraving which failed to record that fact would be incomplete. Paul Revere was the first American banknote artist, and from the time of the chartering of the Bank of North America under the direction of Robert Morris, in 1781, up to the present American engravers have excelled not only in the artistic quality of their designs, but in their provisions against counterfeiting.

Marco Polo found banknotes in China ages ago, printed on paper made from the bark of the mulberry tree. One of the notes upon which the great Venetian traveler himself may have gazed is on exhibition at this day in the office of an American company. It is one of a series issued by the Ming dynasty about 1399 A. D.—"current anywhere under heaven"—and seems to have been printed from wooden blocks on a sheet of paper nine by thirteen inches, a bigger surface than any man could cover with both hands outstretched. It is good for "one string of cash." The provision against forgery is simple to the point of severity: "Counterfeiters hereof will be executed. Persons giving information of counterfeiters will be rewarded with taels 250 and in addition will receive the property belonging to the criminal."

Another great government has placed much dependence upon death as a deterrent to imitators of its promises to pay. When Jacob Perkins of Newburyport, Mass., invented the method of transferring designs from hardened steel plates to steel cylinders and retransferring to flat plates, thus enabling the engraver to devote the time necessary to accomplish his best work in the original and reproduce it at will, the new process aroused international interest. Mr. Perkins and his associates went to London in 1819 at the instance of the British minister at Washington to help the Bank of England to issue notes not easily counterfeited. But the conservative old bank refused to adopt the new method, preferring, as one of the Americans said, to rely upon the hangman rather than the engraver. Nevertheless the English began in time to follow American methods after the geometric lathe had been invented by Asa Spencer of New London, Conn., and improved by Cyrus Durand.

The governments of continental Europe depend exclusively upon color work to protect their paper currency, and several of the large banks of issue have civil engineers in charge of their bureau of engraving and printing, though what connection there may be between engineering and engraving is a mystery. Many Italian banknotes are easy to counterfeit. The Bank of Spain has of late abandoned its own plant because its notes were imitated so successfully that counterfeits were accepted by the bank without question. A private concern now does the work. The Bank of Greece now uses the American method, having had sad experiences with notes of Austrian, German and English fashioning.

A myth that probably will never die tells us that the notes of the Bank of England cannot be counterfeited. As a matter of fact, they can be imitated readily enough, for little attempt is made to protect the notes beyond the use of a watermark paper. The watermark can be easily copied.

One practical safeguard of great effectiveness is the custom of the Bank of England to cancel every note that is returned to the bank and issue another in its place. This and the practice of keeping a record of the numbers of all bank notes used in every business establishment keep alive a keen sense of responsibility which adds to security. The custom of circulating soiled banknotes, of course, gives the counterfeiter his best opportunity. Forgery is much more readily detected in a crisp, stiff, new bill than in a rumpled and dirty one.

The American style of banknote has become the standard in the countries of Central and South America. The experience of the Brazilian government led the way in this after various disappointments. First the much vaunted Austrian system was tried, the notes being engraved and printed in England under that system. They proved a complete failure. Counterfeiters flourished. The Brazilians tried banknotes made in France, and these were promptly and extensively imitated as soon as the counterfeiters could get their plates and paper ready. Brazil tried German and English establishments, but still without securing protection to the banknote circulation, and at last turned to the United States and found a type of bills practically impossible to counterfeit. So it is no boast, but a mere record of fact, to state that Americans make the best banknotes in the world.—Detroit News.

A Scientific Question.

"Nothing is ever totally lost or destroyed," said the professor of physics.

"In that case," said the simple and frank person, "how do you explain the fact that everybody loses umbrellas and you never meet anybody who has found one?"—Washington Star.

Hard Water.

Aunt Jane—Is the water where you live now hard or soft? Niece—I guess it's pretty hard. The girl spattered some on the lamp chimney the other night, and it broke all to pieces.

In this world one must be a little too kind to be kind enough.—Marivaux.

SPEED OF A SHOT

Finding the Velocity of a Missile a Simple Matter.

MEASURED BY A PAPER DRUM.

The Whirling Cylinder Registers the Projectile's Flight With Minute Accuracy at Any Desired Distance. Wing Shots and Shot Charges.

Persons at all interested in gun firing of any kind, whether of the revolver or rifle or of heavy ordnance of any kind, occasionally come upon the term "muzzle velocity" and velocities of the missile at stated distances.

"How can anybody tell how fast a bullet is traveling when it leaves the muzzle of a weapon?" is a likely comment on the part of the layman.

As a matter of fact this approximate velocity of the missile may be one of the easiest of determinations to make.

In the first place, a drumlike cylinder is made of fixed diameter and of sufficiently stiff paper to allow of its revolving rapidly on a spindle. Using a cylinder of small circumference, it is necessary that the speed approach 2,000 revolutions a minute. These revolutions are produced by electric power, and the count is made by an exact mechanical register.

The gun is placed securely at the required distance from the drum and is sighted directly at the center of the cylinder, which is spinning at so many rods, even miles, a minute, as its circumference determines. With the drum's speed adjusted an electric current discharges the weapon, the bullet striking the center of the drum as measured from top to bottom.

The reader understands that with the drum stationary the bullet would pass directly through it on the line of its diameter, coming out on the other side with scarcely a shade of impediment. With the drum's periphery whirling at the rate of 2,000 revolutions a minute and its diameter only a fraction more than a foot this would mean a rate of 2,000 yards in sixty seconds. Thus in the fragment of a second necessary for the bullet to enter one side of the paper drum, cross it and out at the other side the opposite side of the drum would show considerable deviation from an exact diameter of line of passage.

It is this space of deflection shown inside the further rim of the drum that is used for the computation of velocity of the missile. The speed of the cylinder may be computed to the ten thousandth part of a second if necessary and the lineal distance run in that time be charted in perpendicular lines on the inner side of the paper. At whatever line the bullet penetrates outward it registers its time in crossing the diameter of the cylinder. If it has required the ten-thousandth part of a second for the bullet to fly one foot its muzzle velocity to the mile may be computed by any schoolboy. By the same process, too, the bullet's velocity at 100 yards or 500 yards may be determined.

Years ago before wing shooting had become an art the farmer with his muzzle loading shotgun and charge of black powder would shoot directly at a wild goose or duck in full flight. He evolved a theory of his own as to the oncoming bird, holding that the heavy breast feathers "turned" the shot. He waited until the bird had passed him when, firing directly at it, he could bring down his quarry.

But it was not because the bird was not vulnerable, coming breast on. The fact was that it flew over his charge of shot. Before he could pull the trigger and the hammer fell on the percussion cap and the comparatively slow black powder could be ignited and exploded, sending the shot twenty-five or thirty yards, the bird had flown yards perhaps beyond its position when the fowler first touched the trigger. But firing directly at the bird after it had passed the shot charge had a strong tendency to drop as it flew, and the bird flying on a level line "got in the way" of the charge.

Today the modern nitro powders are immensely quicker than was the old black gunpowder, yet it has been an engineering problem to determine just how fast and in what line a charge of shot will travel. In this determination the revolving drum device has shown several important facts which have been taken in connection with the speed of individual game birds and the effects of windage on a shot charge.

That most important fact as to the flight of shot from a modern shotgun is that at forty yards the shot are "strung out" for approximately fifteen feet. While the leading pellets in the string have greatest velocity and killing power, at this distance even the trailing pellets are of sufficient force to kill.

All this has led to the modern practice of the fowler to reckon with the speed of his shot, the speed of the bird, the influence of the wind in "drifting" the charge, and out of these established facts to "lead" the bird sufficiently to kill it rather than maim and cripple it.—Marvin Holton in Chicago Tribune.

The Other National Game.

Mrs. Galey (as Galey arrives home at 6 a. m.)—Well, what in the world reminded you to come home at all? Galey—The game was called on account of daylight, my dear.—Puck.

Hatred does not cease by hatred at any time. Hatred ceases by love. This is an old rule.—Buddha.

Stung.

Teacher—Tommy, do you know "How Does the Little Busy Bee?"

Tommy—No; I only know he doth it!—Today's Magazine.

Strategy.

Miss Highsee—But it is time for the guests to leave. Hostess—Yes; that's why I want you to sing.—New York Sun.

The Woburn Journal

Telephone 55.
Residence 280.

FRIDAY, SEPT. 22, 1911

FOR REPRESENTATIVE.

The nomination of Joe Henry Parker, Jr., Esq., by the Democrats for Representative to the Legislature is generally regarded as a foregone conclusion, but the same cannot be said of his reelection. Nor does a contrary opinion prevail outside of his party, so far as we have been able to learn.

Representative Parker is personally popular, particularly with the young Republicans of the 20th District, not a few of whom voted for him at the last election; but neither he nor his political supporters can reasonably expect that such an unjustifiable course will be repeated by them next November.

The Republicans have an easy working majority in this District which ought not to be thrown away on the score of personal popularity of the candidate of the opposition party, or by indifference as to the importance of electing one of their own.

REPUBLICAN STATE CONVENTION.

Massachusetts Republicans are to hold their annual convention for the nomination of candidates for State officers and the performance of other duties in Boston on October 4, next. Congressman Harris of the 14th District, who enjoys the enviable reputation of being nearly the most eloquent stump speaker in this Commonwealth, is to be Permanent Chairman, and our highly esteemed friend, Samuel J. Elder, Esq., is to be Chairman of the Committee on Resolutions, in the work of which assurances have been given out that there will not be the slightest allusion to the Newfoundland Fisheries controversy.

The Republican State Committee and leaders of the Party tell us that the convention is going to be the largest, most harmonious, and most enthusiastic, of any ever held in the Hub of the Universe.

THE PRIMARIES.

As every Massachusetts voter knows by this time, or ought to, if he has read the papers, the Primaries, or caucuses, under the new law, for the nomination of candidates for offices to be voted for on the first Tuesday after the first Monday in next November, or November 7, 1911, are to be held on Tuesday, Sept. 26.

Only candidates who have filed nomination papers in due and regular form will be voted for at the Primaries. (We humbly and regretfully confess ignorance of some features of the law.)

But that is neither here nor there. The aim of this article is to induce every Republican voter in this city to attend the Primaries on Sept. 26 and do their duty as every freeborn and adopted American citizen should.

WET OR DRY.

The latest official count of votes on the constitutional amendment in Maine gave the "Wet," or Rum party, 20 majority.

But that didn't settle it, for Governor Plaisted gave the experts 20 days to get the exact figures which may result in a "Dry" victory, after all.

☞ In the hearing the other night on the application of Riley & Co. for permit to build a leather factory on Pine street, this city, for which he has bought a lot, and a remonstrance from Pine street people against granting the same by the authorities, Judge John G. Maguire, Attorney for the petitioners, hit the mark exactly when he said to the Board that Woburn, although one of the best and most desirable of the second class cities for gentlemen's and workingmen's homes in the Metropolitan District, is not, strictly speaking, a residential one, nor can be for many years to come, if ever; but is an industrial, or manufacturing center, with all that the term implies. It will always, as now, be the home of manufacturers, mechanics, artisans, skilled and plain laborers, tradesmen, etc., for which reason it is the duty of our municipal authorities and citizens to welcome the Riley Company, and all similar applicants for business locations. In this statement Judge Maguire disclosed the possession of sound common sense.

☞ One of the groundless stories circulated by the invidual who originated the "Infantile Paralysis" scare in this city a few weeks ago and was almost wholly instrumental in prolonging it, was that 100 hogs had died of the disease since its appearance here, all in one pen and owned by one man. In a report, sworn to before a Justice of the Peace, and published last Friday, Sept. 15, James N. Stuart, V. S., Inspector of Animals, Meats, Provisions and Slaughterhouses for the City of Woburn, made the following statement:

"The report circulated through the newspapers and otherwise that 100 swine died from the disease is without the slightest foundation in fact, other than that three hogs, out of a lot were killed by dogs."

☞ Next Sunday, Sept. 24, is to be observed as Rally Day in the "Men and Religion Forward Movement" all over the United States, the church services to begin at 3.45 in the afternoon. The plan for Rally Day will come to a head in Greater Boston by central meetings in 10 Districts on next Sunday at the hour named above, the programme for which is to be identical in all of them. The Somerville District consists of that city, Woburn, Winchester, and Medford, and the central meeting will be held in the Broadway Congregational church, in Somerville, the speakers at which are to be Rev. S. A. Norton, D. D., of the Woburn First Congregational church, Rev. F. F. Peterson of the Medford Baptist church; Rev. C. A. Fulton of the Dudly Street Baptist church. George F. Day will preside at the meeting.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements

J. G. Maguire—Mortg. Sale.
City of Woburn—Primaries.
George L. Pratt—Political.
J. W. & E. F. Johnson—Citation
Edison Elec. Ill. Co.—Light.

— Mr. Charles A. Nichols of Buel's Court takes up, cleanses, and puts down carpets with neatness and despatch.

— Bernard J. Golden, Esq., City Tax Collector, is taking his vacation in Bermuda. He is to be away about 3 weeks.

— Not much longer will the music of the lawnmower be heard in the land. The lawns must get along without the implement.

— Mr. A. V. Haynes is improving in health, which has not been good of late. He is a respected member of the "Sons of '24."

—Mrs. Susan Grothe will be Chairman of the Candy Committee at the entertainment to be given by Burbank W. R. C. in G. A. R. Hall.

— Rev. Stephen A. Norton, D. D., returned from his vacation outing last week and resumed his ministerial duties at First church on Sept. 12.

— We hear of no name mentioned for City Clerk and see no signs of getting one very soon. But appointee Sullivan fills the office quite acceptably.

— Mr. John Connolly, the gentlemanly Overseer of City Hall, will please accept our thanks for a copy of the "Acts and Resolves Passed by the Mass. Leg., 1911."

— Treasurer Herbert Holland of the Five Cents Savings Bank and Mrs. Holland are at home again from a delightful vacation tour of the White Mountains, well, hearty and happy.

— Our best thanks are due to Hon. Edward Everett Thompson of Montvale avenue, one of the JOURNAL'S oldest and staunchest friends, for an elegant bouquet of autumn flowers.

— At a meeting of the City Council last week William A. Lynch, Clerk of Committees, was unanimously elected Clerk of the Council. It was voted to give policeman the legal one day off in 15.

— The Woburn Machine Company, Marrinan&O'Brien, have been awarded the contract to furnish 6,500 feet of 4-inch pipe to the Woburn Gas Light Co. for use in the extension of their gas mains to North Woburn.

— The B. P. W. discussed that wornout subject, the water station pump, last Monday evening. Why don't Hugh D. Murray, Mayor and exofficio chairman of the B. P. W., settle that matter at once and forever? The people are sick of it.

— Capt. Edwin F. Wyer, P. M., is taking his annual vacation; but whether, or not, he is in Vermont giving, as in years past, the hardy and prosperous husbandmen of that State points on farming and maple sugar making, we are unable to inform the JOURNAL'S host of intelligent readers.

— The floral tribute to the memory of the late wife of Hon. Edward E. Thompson that stood on the alter of First Church during the services on Sunday morning, Sept. 17, contained 600 asters, an exhibition which for size and beauty has never been approached on any former occasion of the kind.

— To be abreast of the times and up with the fashions, Master Edward Dexter Hart, son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Hart of Davis street gave a party to his juvenile friends last Saturday in honor of the 8th anniversary of his birthday, which was a very pleasant affair. He entertained his guests in fine style.

— Mr. John M. Wallace, Foreman of the mechanical department of the Woburn *Evening News*, and wife and daughters Blanche and Ethel, have returned from a pleasant visit to Washington, D. C., and his former home in Leesburg, Va., and thereabouts. John M. is a boss printer in the best sense of the term.

— H. B. Blye & Co., dealers in all kinds of hardware, stoves, ranges, furnaces, tinware, cutlery, etc., are fully prepared to install heating furnaces, steam and hot water boilers, and this is just the time for people to attend to such business. They are expert workmen; do firstclass work; and nowhere can more favorable prices for it be found.

— This time the people of Munroe street and vicinity are sending a petition to the State Board of Health, instead of to our own Board, to come and see about that alleged tannery nuisance on Munroe street. Something ought to be done in the matter, and that speedily, for it is a menace to health, which ought not to be allowed to exist, if reports concerning it are true. But why go to the State Board? Have not our own sufficient power to remove, or razed, the shop which furnishes the intolerable odor? Or are they indifferent to the appeals and welfare of the public?

— The new England Dahlia Society held their exhibition in Horticultural Hall, Boston, early this week. Mr. Edgar W. Ela of Woburn, Secretary of the Society, stated that the show exceeded in size, variety of flowers and beauty all former ones, and the visitors were counted by the thousands each day. Mr. Ela is the most extensive dahlia grower in New England.

— Mrs. Farrar, mother of Geraldine Farrar, the world famous prima donna of this country, is ill in a hospital at Paris, France. Mrs. Soles of Church avenue Court, this city, who is a sister of Mrs. Farrar, received a cablegram from Paris last Monday which conveyed the news of her sister's illness. Mr. Farrar, the husband, left for Paris early this week. The lady accompanies her daughter on her grand opera tours in Europe.

— At a rehearsal of the Apollo Orchestra, of which Miss Maude H. Littlefield, the piano and violin teacher, is the accomplished Director, held at her home, 79 Prospect street, last Friday evening, Sept 15, a fine gold bracelet was presented to Miss Marguerite Maloney, the talented daughter of Mr. John Maloney, the well known grocer, on her departure for Trinity College at Washington, D. C. A pleasant evening was passed by the company.

— The early filling up of the swamps, the increased flow of the springs in the hills; the rise of brooks, streams and ponds, point unerringly to a "hard winter" in 1911-12. Aged weather prophets count on long spells of Arctic weather, deep snows and thick ice next winter, just as the Maine Indians used to when copious rains fell early in the fall, and the bogs and swamps were filled with water, as is at present the case, and as the woodsmen do now. Prepare for a cold winter.

— Mrs. Fowle, wife of Rev. James L. Fowle who has been a Congregational missionary in Turkey many years, interested the members of the Woman's Missionary Society in First Church parlor on Friday afternoon, Sept. 15, by a talk on missionary work and life in that far country. Rev. Mr. Fowle and family are enjoying their furlough of 12 months regularly granted by the American Board to all their representotives in missionary fields of the East. They are spending the year with relatives and friends in New England.

— The Editor of the JOURNAL, himself something of a sport, is pleased to learn that the Woburn High School Athletic Association Football Team are going to be coached this season by a professional of much experience, and better still, by a state of Maine College graduate, one James H. Carroll of Attleboro, Mass. Graduating from Bates College at Auburn on the Androscoggin he came to the Harvard Law School of which he is now a student. Mr. Carroll coached the Little High School football team at Auburn, Maine, last year and gave universal satisfaction. The Woburn team propose to do some business this season.

— Woburn has two steam railroads running through it on which there are 10 stations—5 on the "Loop" and the same number on the main line. Of street railways the city has a full complement; a line to Lowell via Burlington and Billerica; another via Wilmington and Tewksbury; a line to Lexington; one to Reading; to Stoneham, Melrose, Malden, Chelsea and Boston; and one to Winchester, Medford, Boston; this last one is only an hour long to Park street, and 10 cent fare. All parts of the city have trolley lines, except Cummingsville, which populous section will probably be pierced with one at an early date. It must be remembered that the different roads above mentioned, with their connections, run all over the Western Continent, for, at least, over Uncle Sam's dominions, and the person who should undertake to mentally connect them would be in danger of an attack of nervous prostration. Thus it will be seen that there is hardly a city, or town, in Eastern Massachusetts so well equipped with passenger and freight facilities, or so favorably situated and adapted for manufacturing, purposes, in this respect, as our old town of Woburn.

Joseph Henry Parker.

The subject of this sketch, Mr. Joseph Henry Parker of Salem street, was born in Woburn on September 16, 1836, the son of Oliver H. and Patty Parker, and the old and highly respectable town has always been his home.

Mr. Parker is a man of good character and sterling worth. As a citizen he is respected and honored.

Last Saturday, Sept. 16, 1911, Mr. Parker reached the 75th anniversary of his natal day. While no elaborate display was made in honor of the event, his hosts of friends here and abroad took notice of it and congratulated him heartily on his good health, sound mind, and moral condition.

Mr. Parker has lived a quiet, orderly life. Limelight has never had any especial charms for him; and yet everybody knew "Joe Henry" and liked him and like him now. He is a G. A. R man, a Veteran of the Civil War, and fought in the first Battle at Bull's Run. He is a Free Mason and a clubman.

Long may he live, flourish, and be happy.

Methodist Church.

Next Sunday will be Rally Day at this church. In the morning the pastor will preach a sermon appropriate to the day. The Sunday school will offer a special program at its session. Promotion exercises will be conducted in honor of classes to be advanced in grade. Superintendents of other Bible Schools in the city will be present and offer words of greeting and encouragement.

The Epworth League will also share in the spirit and plan of the day by amassing its young people for a season of uplift using the assigned topic: "The Exemplary Life."

At 7 o'clock the committee on the "Men and Religion Forward Movement" will conduct a platform meeting in the interest of this cause, at which addresses will be made by representative laymen of the church.

Doctor—What made that mule kick you? Patient—I may look foolish, but I am not fool enough to go back and ask him.—Toledo Blade.

Boston Theatres.

B. F. KEITH'S THEATRE.

Harry Houdini, the celebrated jail breaker who has successfully defied the police and prison officials of every clime to hold him captive, will begin the second and positively last week of his engagement at B. F. Keith's Theatre on Monday. It has been over three years since Houdini last appeared in Boston, but that his absence has only served to whet the public appetite is very evident from the packed houses that greet him twice daily at B. F. Keith's.

THE BOSTON.

Klaw & Erlanger's production of "The Round Up" which for various reasons has made a special appeal to Boston audiences will enter upon the fourth week of its engagement at the Boston Theatre Monday night. It is one of those good, wholesome things and unlike so many plays of the day leaves no bad taste in any one's mouth. There are some features in "The Round Up" which it is hard for one to forget after once seeing it—such as the quaint make-up and the rollicking humor of Sheriff Holmes, the procession of the cowboys at the wedding and that famous combat with the Indians.

THE HOLLIS STREET.

Louis Mann, the distinguished character comedian, will present his latest success, "Elevating a Husband," at the Hollis for two weeks, beginning next Monday, September 25. The play is by Clara Lipman and Samuel Shipman. Miss Lipman is Mrs. Mann in private life, and she has won enviable fame as dramatist and actress. One of her notable plays was "Julie Bon Bon," in which she and her husband jointly starred several seasons ago. "Elevating a Husband" is an American play, with the scenes laid in New York city at the present time. The story of the play deals with the efforts of an ambitious and "cultured" wife to "polish" her illerate, but financially successful husband.

THE TREMONT.

Crowded with amusement seekers who laugh heartily and continuously for two and a half hours—that is the record of "Excuse Me," Henry W. Savage's production of Rupert Hughes' farce which begins the sixth week of its Boston engagement on Monday. Reference to the piece as "a laughing fever you'll be glad to catch" does not appear to be an exaggerated statement, for the contagion has spread from Boston proper to all of the city's surrounding communities, and there is not a performance that is not witnessed by a goodly number of suburbanites, who have made the trip to the Hub especially to gratify their taste for theatrical novelty, clean humor and applause-producing comedy.

THE NATIONAL.

All attendance records for a vaudeville theatre in America were shattered this week by the new National Theatre. For the first ten performances more than 25,000 people bought tickets to witness a performance in the world's largest vaudeville playhouse. Because of the great rush for seats at every performance, the management has decided to have reserved seats—the sale of which will commence on next Monday morning. Last week's show was a huge success, especially the National-Boston consolidated modern minstrels with Lew Bededict, Hughie Dougherty Bob Evans, Eli Stone, Thomas Clifford and other big favorites. The immense popularity of this wonderful organization of singers, comedians and dancers has caused the management to hold them over for next week. They will have a score of new songs and jokes.

THE PLYMOUTH.

Boston's newest Theatre, the Plymouth, in Eliot St. just West of Tremont, will be opened by Messrs. Liebler & Co. on Saturday night, Sept. 23. The Plymouth is to give to Boston what New York and Paris already enjoy, a theatre where only high class plays will be produced by the best actors and actresses. Messrs. Liebler & Co.'s policy is to give Boston through the medium of The Plymouth plays precisely as they are produced in New York and with the New York casts. The opening of the Plymouth will be marked by a dramatic novelty presented for the first time in America. The famous company of players from the National Irish Theatre, Dublin, have been engaged for a season and sailed last week from Ireland direct for Boston and the opening on Sept. 23 William Butler Yeats, the distinguished Irish poet and dramatist, and Lady Gregory, whose comedies have made successes in all the capitals of Europe, are coming to America with the Irish players.

A Fierce Night Alarm

is the hoarse, startling cough of a child, suddenly attacked by croup. Often it aroused Lewis Chamblin, of Manchester, O., [R. R. No. 2] for their four children were greatly subject to croup. "Sometimes in severe attacks," he wrote "we were afraid they would die, but since we proved what a certain remedy Dr. King's New Discovery is, we have no fear. We rely on it for croup and for coughs, colds or any throat or lung trouble." So do thousands of others. So may you. Asthma, Hay Fever, La Grippe, Whooping Cough, Hemorrhages fly before it. 50c and $1.00. Trial bottle free. Sold by All Druggists.

W. C. T. U. Anniversary.

The Womans Christian Temperance Union will celebrate its twenty-fifth anniversary on Monday, Sept. 25, at the regular place of meeting, the Congregational church parlor, the same to open at 3 P. M. A cordial invitation is extended to all members and those who have been members, including those of the first organization, which dates back to 1877.

It is impossible to send personal invitations to all of the earlier members, as some of the names have been lost.

It is expected that the State President, Mrs. K. L. Stevenson, as well as some of the County officers will be present.—S.

Kills A Murderer.

A merciless murderer is Appendicitis with many victims, but Dr. King's New Life Pills kill it by prevention. They gently stimulate stomach, liver and bowels, preventing that clogging that invites appendicitis, curing Constipation, Headache, Biliousness, Chills, 25c at All Druggists.

Phases of Woburn History.

BY WILLIAM R. CUTTER.

Topography—Mortality.

When one ascends an elevation in Woburn and takes a look at the surrounding scenery, he is surprised, if he has not performed that act very often, at the beauty of the view displayed before him. The face of the country is very beautiful. It is like the fair face of a woman, which, being seen every day in our experience, loses in a sense its attractiveness, from the effect of the object becoming so familiar. Both the face of the woman and the scenery of our own city of Woburn are so often in our presence, that the sense of their beauty becomes dulled from constant association and commonplace in our estimation.

The reverend historian Samuel Sewall, in his imaginary address to the ancestors of the period of 1680, speaking as if he were present at a Sabbath day's services in Woburn on Meeting-House Hill, remarks, at the beginning, "There's a surprising resemblance in many respects between your country and mine. The climate is the very same. The natural scenery of both places is almost exactly alike." The period of which he was speaking was one hundred and eighty years and upwards, back from his own time; and the scenery upon which we are looking was familiar forty years before 1680, to the eyes of Capt. Edward Johnson, the early New England historian and first settler of Woburn, who said, in quaint phrase, that the situation of the town was then "in the highest part of the yet peopled land." He described the territory as "very full of pleasant springs, and great variety of very good water;" and said the meadows were "not large," but lie in different places; that the land in many spots was "very fruitful;" but there was no "great quantity of plain land," meaning level land, in any one place. Rocks and swamps, masts and tar, and iron ore were abundant. The masts and tar were too distant from the market, and no attempt was made to mine the iron ore until a long period afterward; and, so far as known, only futile attempts. Silver and bog iron ore, and possibly iron pyrites (fools' gold) have been mined in small quantities in Woburn, but all before the present memory of man. There are better places for such work than here.

The United States is making a topographic and geologic map of the entire country. The topographic map represents all inequalities of surface, called relief; distribution of water, or drainage; and the works of man, called culture. In the first we see reference to such features as plains, valleys, and hills, and in the second to such features as streams, lakes and swamps, and in the third to the roads, railroads, boundaries, villages and cities. The employees are provided with rules for the prosecution of every part of their work; but the ancients on whom we must depend for much of our early description had no such minute rules, and as the works of man were naught in the rude wilderness, which then surrounded the new settlements, Capt. Edward Johnson in his account, did report fairly on the character of the surface of the country and the drainage, and his words signify that the topographical features of this section, referring to the relief, or the prominent inequalities of surface are the same today, as they have been from the earliest known generation of its inhabitants.

Climate and location have much to do with the health and progress of a community. Good drinking water is desirable for its benefit, and according to early testimony Woburn had this abundantly from springs which lay near adjacent to respective dwellings This was followed by the system of wells, early defined as holes under ground, usually of a cylindrical figure, and walled with stone and mortar. The practice of obtaining water from wells is of great antiquity. The common well, or dug well, was introduced into this country at a period long prior to 1775, for they are mentioned in the stories of Revolutionary combatants. Of course the sources of impurity are so numerous in large towns that wells have long since been abandoned for domestic purposes.

While the theory of springs has given rise to much discussion, it is universally believed at the present day that the flow of water from springs, whether deep-seated or superficial, is due to the fact that they are the lines of natural drainage, and that they are derived from reservoirs, whose openings assume a basin-like form, where they touch the surface of the ground. Very little has been written on the subject of ancient wells by the historians of this country. The mortality of the community, referring to the frequency of death, appears to have been small at the first, a very few dying each year; the number being very early increased by the losses in the several desperate wars waged by the colonists against the Indian and French enemies before 1763, and by the periodic ravages of the smallpox; one disastrous epidemic of which, occurring in 1678, destroyed an unknown number of the Woburn inhabitants in the course of that and the following year. A ship brought the infection to Nantasket, and multitudes died of it in Boston and surrounding places. It is estimated of those who caught it, that eight hundred died. In Woburn twenty-seven persons were sick of it in May, 1679, and of this number, four, at least, died; and there were certainly others who were sick of the smallpox, and died at that period. Other instances still of deaths from this dreaded disease in the early time are noted in the records in 1703, 1707, 1721, etc. In 1688 was a death from a notable accident, in which a young man of Woburn, died by a shot from the hand of his brother, who fired and shot him unawares in the woods, instead of a deer.

But the statistics and nature of the early record, are such as to give only a meagre and very imperfect outline of causes of death and number affected in epidemics.

There is one instance, however, which escaped them. The account is taken from the *Boston News-Letter*, the first newspaper established on the American continent, and one of the very few then published in Boston.

In the month of June, 1731, James Clough, a brassfounder of Boston, with one John Potter of that place, his apprentice, and one Pierce of Woburn while seeking the direction of a Copper Mine, in order to come at it—for the accident happened at Woburn—they were obliged to brake in pieces a large Rock, and charged it with sufficient powder for blasting, and while they were ramming the broken pieces of stone upon the powder, struck fire, and the spark flew in at a crack in the cane, which held the fuse, and instantly communicating with the powder that was in the bottom of the hole an explosion resulted, and blew them up. The result was very disastrous upon the operators. Mr. Clough lost his right hand immediately, and his arm was so broke to piece, and his left hand so badly burnt that the surgeons cut off his right arm and left hand on the following day. He was also much injured in the region of his stomach; and having been thus blown up with powder, and lost both his arms, at Woburn, he died in Boston eighteen days after.

John Potter, the apprentice, had his right arm so burnt, that it was thought necessary, and it was accordingly cut off.

The Mr. Pierce—whose name we cannot further identify—was much wounded in his face, and was made blind, and his life was left in much danger.

The Boston News Letter, June 17, and July 1, 1731.

The Clough family of Boston, of which the above James Clough was a member, were substantial mechanics They were braziers and important enough to have a Clough Street of their time named in their honor.

Though one hundred and eighty years have elapsed since the date (June 11, 1731) of this serious accident, the particular spot where it occurred can be pretty closely identified and that with reasonable certainty. The place was called Mineral Hill. It was a hill in the Rag Rock neighborhood, but about a half a mile to the northwestward of it. The land is in the present limits of Burlington, at the northern end of Burlington street (in Woburn) and overlooks the "Plains" of Cummingsville, hence the uneuphonious name of *Mount Plainum* which was anciently applied to the elevation. The hill, as Judge Johnson writes, whose birthplace was not far from it, was "anciently supposed to contain mineral wealth, and is sometimes referred to as Mineral Hill, Copper Mountain, etc." "But," as Judge Johnson remarks, "is worth far less today, than it was 200 years ago," when a value was sought in it for its supposed mineral wealth.

(To be continued)

The Grange Party.

One of the best and most enjoyable meetings the Middlesex Pomona Grange have held this season was that of last Wednesday afternoon and evening with the Woburn Grange in Odd Fellows Hall this city. The attendance was all that the most exacting could reasonably ask for, while the spirit of the farm, garden, orchard, and dairy was everywhere present.

The leading features of the afternoon session was a hearty Address of Welcome by Mr. Fred F. Walker of Burlington, Master of the Woburn Grange, which was listened to with interest and pleasure, and eloquently responded to by Alonzo H. Glass, who is the Worthy Steward of Pomona Grange, which was followed by a fine piano solo by Louis M. Wetherbee of Bedford.

Interesting and instructive papers were read by Grangers Charles J. R. Cahill of Waltham, Arthur E Payson of Acton, Charles E. Donslow of Everett, William A. Staples of Lexington, George W. Thompson of Bedford; a reading came next by Ethel F. Whittaker of Lexington; address by Rev. Albert H. Wheelock of Marlboro, Chaplain of the Massachusetts State Grange which was highly enjoyed by the large and eminent party of sons and daughters of Middlesex county soil. At this session valuable papers on entertaining themes were given by Wayland F. Dorothy of Everett and Amelia H. Stanley of Waltham; a vocal solo by William H. Colburn of Everett; 5 minute talks on a given topic; and speeches were delivered on a variety of subjects of deep interest to farmers, dairymen, and the public, by Mr. George H. Sweetman of Bedford, Mr. Clarence A. Currier of Lexington, Mr. Isaac McRae of Lincoln, Mrs. Allen K. Holden of Waltham, Ernest W Martin of Lexington, Arthur S. Harding of Everett and Edwin C. Miller of Wakefield, reading by Clara Frances Comley of Lexington and a piano solo by Bertha W. Bent of Lincoln.

It was a grand good meeting, for the success of which the Woburn Grange were warmly praised.

ELY'S CREAM BALM has been tried and not found wanting in thousands of homes all over the country. It has won a place in the family medicine closet among the reliable household remedies, where it is kept at hand for use in treating cold in the head just as soon as some member of the household begins the preliminary sneezing or snuffling. It gives immediate relief and a day or two's treatment will put a stop to a cold which might, if not checked, become chronic and run into a bad case of catarrh.

LOCAL NOTES.

— Yesterday, Sept. 21, occured in this city the Autumnal Equinox, but nothing unusual in the shape of weather came with it. The nights and days are supposed to be of equal length on the annual arrival of the A. E., and the rule is quite generally observed. Just how that matter stood yesterday and today we are not able to say. Since Labor Unions came into vogue, and the K. of L. got the management of things, the length of days has not cut much figure, for now a working day is only from 8 to 10 hours long, whereas, it used to be "from sun to sun."

— At a well attended and highly enjoyed meeting of Burbank W. R. C. 84, held at their headquarters on Friday evening, Sept. 15, it was voted to begin their popular whist parties on Friday, Oct. 6, and continue them every Friday night during the whist season. They likewise adopted a resolution to contribute to the fund being raised to defray the expenses of a Memorial to the Army Nurses to occupy a post of honor in the State House.

— Dear JOURNAL: You are to be commended for remarks on work being done around our Public Library. Push that City Hall.—A. W. W.—It may not be generally know in this community that John Greenleaf Whittier, one of the greatest American Poets, was a distant cousin of A. W. W. who penned the above.

Consolation.

Knicker—My wife is always praising the men she rejected for me. Bocker—Never mind; she will praise you to her second husband.—New York Sun.

Quite a Linguist.

"My husband speaks three languages fluently."

"English, French and German?"

"No. Baseball, golf and aviation."—Chicago Record-Herald.

PERSONALITY—the kind that inspires confidence, wins and keeps friends—is a distinctive characteristic of the Boston Edison Company. It is another of those unusual ways by which this Company has developed its great strength and has secured such a widespread feeling of good will on the part of its customers.

Personality is a characteristic commonly attributed to the individual; it is not ordinarily attributed to a great corporation.

But the Boston Edison Company is different. This company has consistently maintained intimate personal relations with all its customers, and has sought to encourage this attitude more and more in the minds of those using or planning to use electric light and power service.

Just as an attractive personality in the individual represents a concentration of many varying qualities, just so does the personality of the Boston Edison Company as a corporation represent the combination of the excellent qualities of its hundreds of employees. Every employee is trained to be at his best, keep at his best and do his best. He must always be honest, considerate and fair.

These qualities, together with the practical training that every employee gets, develop the Edison man; and these hundreds of Edison men make the Boston Edison Company. This company stands unique in its consideration of the welfare of the public as a whole and of the people in its territory as individuals. It is the privilege of every resident in the 560 square miles of Greater Boston territory to enjoy the advantages of close, intimate relationship with this personality.

The Edison Electric Illuminating Co. of Boston.

LLOYDS
EYEGLASSES AND SPECTACLES
KRYPTOK BIFOCAL GLASSES
Far and Near Glasses in a Single Pair.

Separate Glasses for Far and Near are unnecessary, for Kryptoks give you both in a handsome, durable, single pair. Ask to see them at any of our stores.

315 Washington St.,
310 Boylston St.,
75 Summer St.,
1252 Massachusetts Ave. CAMBRIDGE.
} BOSTON
ANDREW J. LLOYD CO.

Musical.

Miss Maude H. Littlefield,
Violin and Piano-forte
INSTRUCTION
Season opens October 2.
79 Prospect St., Woburn.
Telephone 446

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law and all other persons interested in the estate of julia A. Ward, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, Edward Johnson, administrator of the estate of said deceased, has presented to said Court his petition for license to sell at public auction the whole of a certain parcel of the real estate of said deceased for the payment of debts, and charges of administration, and for other reasons set forth in said petition.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge in said County, on the tenth day of October, A. D., 1911, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to each person interested in the estate fourteen days, at least, before said Court, or by publishing the same once in each week for three successive weeks in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this fourteenth day of September in the year one thousand nine hundred and eleven.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachuretts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors and all other persons interested in the estate of Erica Murray, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Michael J Doherty of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on his bonds.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge in said County of Middlesex, on the fourth day of October, A. D. 1911, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twelfth day of September, in the year one thousand nine hundred and eleven

15-22-29 W. E. ROGERS, Register.

A Reliable Remedy
Ely's Cream Balm
is quickly absorbed.
Gives Relief at Once.
It cleanses, soothes, heals and protects the diseased membrane resulting from Catarrh and drives away a Cold in the Head quickly. Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. Full size 50 cts., at Druggists or by mail. In liquid form, 75 cents. Ely Brothers, 56 Warren Street, New York.

CATARRH


HAY FEVER

NOTICE

Is hereby given that the subscriber has been duly appointed administrator of the estate of Sarah G Sheldon, late of Wilmington, in the County of Middlesex, deceased, intestate, and has taken upon himself that trust by giving bond, as the law directs All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to

EDWARD S. TOWNE, Admr.,
Holyoke, Mass.
Aug. 25, 1911. 8-15-22


PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists

Mortgagee's Sale
— OF —
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Ellen M. Parkinson of Billerica, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts to the Woburn Co-operative Bank, dated March 5th, 1908, and recorded with Middlesex North District Deeds, Libro 415, Folio 355, for breach of the condition of said mortgage deed, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction on the premises hereinafter described, on **Tuesday, the seventeenth day of October, A. D. 1911**, at three o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, and therein described substantially as follows:—

A certain parcel of land with the buildings there, on, situated in the southerly part of Billerica, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth aforesaid, containing about seven (7) acres, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Northerly on land now or formerly of John Allen; easterly by the road; southerly by land formerly of Sarah Richardson, now supposed to be owned by J. W. Essex; and westerly by land formerly of Joseph White, now supposed to be owned by George Parlin and land of Harry Crosby. Being the same premises conveyed to said Ellen M. Parkinson by Elizabeth Canning, by deed dated March 22d, 1901, recorded with said Middlesex North District Deeds, Book 329, Page 14.

Said premises will be sold subject to all unpaid taxes, outstanding tax titles and municipal liens, if any, there are. Two Hundred ($200.00) Dollars in cash will be required of the purchaser at time and place of sale; balance within ten days upon passing papers at the office of John G. Maguire, No. 420 Main street, Woburn, Mass.

WOBURN CO-OPERATIVE BANK, Mortgagee, by Arthur E. Gage, Treasurer.

Woburn, Mass., September 18th, 1911. 22-29-6

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

LAND COURT.

To the Merrimack Chemical Company, of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, and said Commonwealth; William Banks now or formerly of Boston, in the County of Suffolk, and said Commonwealth, assignee in Insolvency of the estate of Eaton, Hill & Chandler, co-partners, formerly doing business in said Boston, or his successor or successors in said trust; and to all whom it may concern:

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court by George Mary Ann McIntosh Crockett of Wilmington, in said County of Middlesex, and on motion the name of George H. Shields of said Boston, Trustee, has been substituted as owner, to register and confirm his title in the following described land:

A certain parcel of land situate in said Woburn, bounded northeasterly by land of the Merrimack Chemical Company about 560 feet; southeasterly by New Boston street about 340 feet; southwesterly by North Maple street; and northwesterly by Merrimack street about 515 feet.

The above described land is shown on a plan filed with said petition, and all boundary lines are claimed to be located on the ground as shown on said plan.

You are hereby cited to appear at the Land Court to be held at Boston, in the County of Suffolk, on the ninth day of October, A. D. 1911, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted. And unless you appear at said Court at the time and place aforesaid your default will be recorded, and the said petition will be taken as confessed, and you will be forever barred from contesting said petition or any decree entered thereon.

Witness, CHARLES THORNTON DAVIS, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this seventh day of September, in the year nineteen hundred and eleven.

Attest with Seal of said Court.

[SEAL.]

CLARENCE C. SMITH, Recorder.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

Middlesex ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of Harriet C. Kimball, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Benjamin F. Kimball, of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on his bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex on the twenty-sixth day of September, A. D. 1911, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this seventh day of September, in the year one thousand nine hundred and eleven.

8-15-22 W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Attacks School Principal.

A severe attack on school principal, Chas. B. Allen, of Sylvania, Ga., is thus told by him. "For more than three years," he writes, "I suffered indescribable torture from rheumatism, liver and stomach trouble and diseased kidneys. All remedies failed till I used Electric Bitters, but four bottles of this wonderful remedy cured me completely." Such results are common. Thousands bless them for curing stomach trouble, female complaints, kidney disorders, biliousness and for new health and vigor. Try them.



Pillsbury's Best

Old Wheat Flour until the quality of the new crop is fully established we advise the purchase of Old Wheat Flour. We can supply you.

Boston Branch

Tea and Grocery House,

FRED. STANLEY

351 Main Street.

TELEPHONE 242-3.

OUR Store Policy

has always been to carry the standard and desirable goods in every line. That is why we chose Kodaks for our photographic department. You will never regret the purchase of a 3A Folding Pocket Kodak—$20.

Whitcher's PILL BOX

LET US SHOW YOU.



BEEF DIET

is always allowable. Prime roast steaks, and beef stews never go out of fashion,

BUY BEEF

and you won't want the services of a doctor but seldom. Long lived people are beef eaters. Get beef of us and you'll have the best at least cost.

Linnell's Market,

406 Main Street, Woburn.

Telephone, 314-1

BAY STATE STREET RAILWAY CO.

TIME TABLE

In effect June 25, 1911.

[Subject to change without notice.]

Leave WOBURN CENRTE for MALDEN SQ. at 5.45 A.M., then every 30 minutes to 8.15 A. M., then every 60 min. to 2.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45, 11.15 P. M. SUNDAY at 8.15 A.M., and every 60 minutes to 1.15 P.M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45, *11.15 P.M. RETURN, leave MALDEN SQ. for WOBURN at 6.45, 7.15 A.M., then every 60 minutes to 3.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45, †11.15, †11.45, P. M. SUNDAY at 9.15 A.M., then every 60 minutes to 1.15 P.M., then every 30 minutes to 10.15, †10.45, †11.15, †11.45 P.M.

Leave STONEHAM SQ. for SAUGUS CENTRE, LYNN and SALEM at 6.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes to 10.30 P. M. Leave corner Main and Franklin Streets, Melrose, for Saugus Cenrre at 5.45 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45 P. M. SUNDAY at 8.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes to 10.30 P. M. Leave corner Main and Franklin Streets, Melrose for Saugus Centre at 8.46 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45 P. M. RETURN leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Square at 6 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 11 P. M. SUNDAY at 9 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 11 P. M.

* Melrose Highlands Only.
† To Stoneham Square Only.

GEO. H. GRAY, Supt.

EAMES & CARTER,

— DEALERS IN —

Coal, Coke and Wood

335 Main Street.

Elevator on Prospect Street.

Telephone connection

KILL THE COUGH AND CURE THE LUNGS

WITH DR. KING'S NEW DISCOVERY

FOR COUGHS COLDS PRICE 50¢ & $1.00 TRIAL BOTTLE FREE

AND ALL THROAT AND LUNG TROUBLES

GUARANTEED SATISFACTORY OR MONEY REFUNDED.

For Real Estate call on Griffin Place at 349 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

Salt.

Salt production is about the oldest industry in the world. In Italy, the cradle of the salt industry, it has been manufactured commercially for 2,500 years. Salt is so necessary to existence that in some parts of the world tribes will sell the members of their families in exchange for salt. Salt has been the cause of wars, and so important has it always been considered that in some places the passing of salt is established as a token of friendship, and women throw salt on a visitor as a friendly greeting. In some countries salt is so scarce that it is obtained through the ashes of grasses and a species of palm and other plants. While salt is produced in almost every country in the world, it is stated that nowhere can salt of such purity be obtained at anything like the cost for mining as in Louisiana.—Manufacturers' Record.

Has Millions Of Friends.

How would you like to number your friends by millions as Bucklen's Arnica Salve does? Its astounding cures in the past forty years made them. Its the best Salve in the world for sores, ulcers, eczema, burns, boils, scalds, cuts, corns, sore eyes, sprains, swellings, bruises, cold sores. Has no equal for piles. 25c at All Druggists.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., Preaching by the Pastor, Rev. H. C. Parker. Subject: "I Am a Debtor."
12 M., Sunday School.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. B Williams, D. D.
12 M., Sunday School
At 5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the Pastor, Rev. Stephen A. Norton, D. D.
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 6 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
7 P. M. Evening Service.
Wednesday at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, Main Street
Rev. F. M. Estes, Pastor.
SUNDAY SERVICES:—
Preaching, 10.30 A. M.
Sunday School, 12 M.
Preaching, 7 P. M.
Prayer Meeting, Wednesday, 7.45 P. M.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Service in Five Cents Savings Bank Building, Room 13, every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Reality."
Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.
Reading Room open to the public daily except Sunday from 2.30 to 4.30.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notice 10 cents a line.

In this city, Sept. 18, Margaret McNamara, aged 63 years.
In this city, Sept. 19, Margaret Wall, aged 32 years.

CITY OF WOBURN

CITY CLERK'S OFFICE,
Sept. 18, 1911.

In accordance with the provisions of Chapter 550, Acts of 1911, notice is hereby given that meetings of the male citizens qualified to vote, will be held on Tuesday, September 26th, 1911, in the following places; namely:

Ward 1—Dow's Block, Main Street
Ward2—HoseHouse, Prospect Street
Ward 3—Lyceum Hall, Main Street, (Left Entrance)
Ward 4—Lyceum Hall, Main Street, (RightEntrance)
Ward 5—Porter Hose House, Thorn Street.
Ward 6—Vidette Hose House, Main Street
Ward 7—Cummings Hose House, Willow Street

The polls will be opened at 12 o'clock M. and closed at 9 o'clock P. M. and all such citizens will, in the several polling places in which they are entitled to vote, give in their votes for the **Direct Nomination** of State and County Officers; the election of District members of the State Committee, and Ward Committees, not less than three from each ward, also Delegates to the State Convention, not less than one from each ward.

By order of the Mayor and City Council.

Attest; D. L. SULLIVAN,
City Clerk.

CITY OF WOBURN

The Registrars of Voters

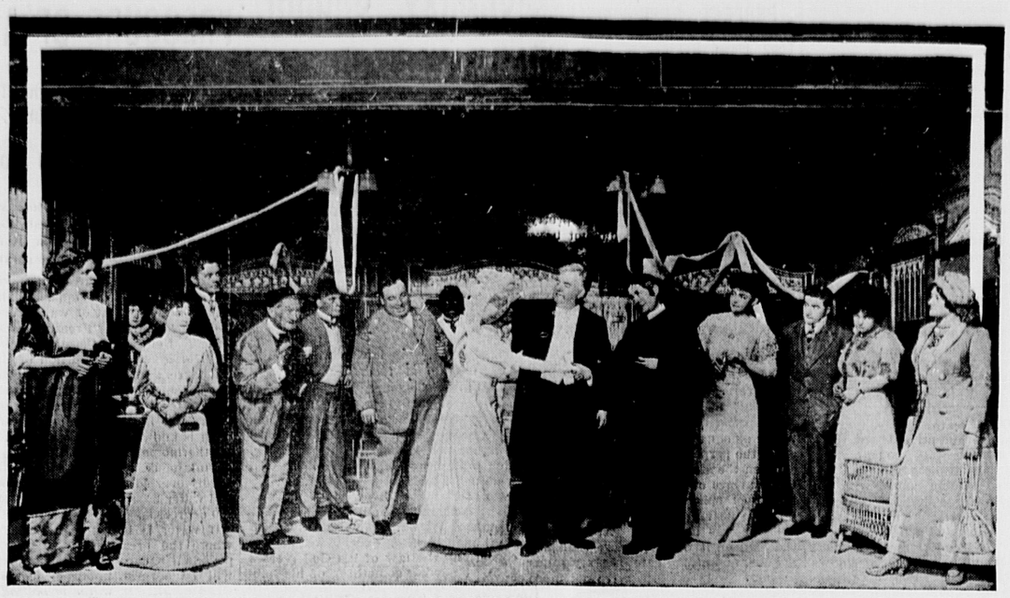
will be in session at the City Clerk's Office, Room 1, Municipal Building, Common street, on Saturday, September 23rd, 1911, from 7 to 9 P. M. for the purpose of registering all persons legally qualified to vote in the Primary Election, and for correcting the list of Voters—

Registration for the Primary Election of the current year will cease at 9 o'clock on the evening of Saturday, September 23rd, 1911.

All naturalized citizens must produce their naturalization papers for inspection, if a record thereof has not been made by the Registrars of Voters of Woburn.

JOHN C. N. PARKER,
JOHN C. MEEHAN,
FRED F. LOWELL,
DENNIS L. SULLIVAN.
Registrars of Voters.

September 18th, 1911.



Scene from "EXCUSE ME," now playing at the Tremont Theatre, Boston.

Political Advertisement.

Reading, Mass., Sept. 22, 1911.

To the Voters of the 20th Representative District:

Having allowed my name to be used as a candidate for the honor of representing this District in the Legislature, I would say for your information that I have not, and shall not, ask any voter in the District to pledge himself to vote for me either at the Primaries, or if nominated at the Election, and if elected it will be without pledges on my part, except that I should try to govern my actions by what I should consider to be for the greatest good to the greatest number, and having in mind at all times the interests of the 20th District.

I would therefore ask that you consider me as a candidate and if consistant with the best interests of the District I should appreciate your vote.

Regardless of who you may vote for I would urge upon you the importance of your attendance at the Primaries Tuesday, Sept. 26th that the nominations may be made by the many and not by a few.

I regard it as an honor to have been considered as a candidate and should certainly appreciate the honor of representing you in the Legislature.

Yours very truly,
GEORGE L. PRATT.

WINCHESTER.

Pastor Osborne of the Second Congregational church at Cross street has resigned the charge of that religious body.

The Boat Club of this village are thinking some of enlarging the hall of their clubhouse which is necessitated by increase of membership. Price Wilson is investigating the subject.

People living up near the Woburn line, N. E. of this village are complaining bitterly of the noise caused by the daily blasting of the ledge there. It is awful annoying and dangerous.

The politicians are keeping up a terrible hulabaloo over the Representative imbroglio. I don't know how it will end, and I'm sure I don't care so long as the best man wins the nomination.

Tomorrow, Sept. 23, will witness the close of the Winchester Baseball Club's end for the season. It has been a fairly successful one, and it is expected they will beat the Lowell town tomorrow.

Mr. Irving S. Palmer, one of our best known and highly esteemed citizens, for many years a member of the firm of Palmer & Parker, dealers in mahogany lumber, died at the Homeopathic Hospital in Boston of heart disease, on Tuesday morning, Sept. 19, 1911, and left many friends to mourn for him. He was born at Manchester, N. H., Nov. 15, 1838, has been a resident of Winchester many years, and was a son-in-law of Harrison Parker. Mr. Palmer was a soldier in the Civil War in a New Hampshire Regiment. At the time of his death he was Treasurer of the Palmer & Parker Company in Boston. He was a Blue Lodge, Royal Arch and Commandery Free Mason; and a prominent member of the Congregational church.

Montvale.

Mr. Albert E. Myers, Superintendent of the Woburn Division of the Bay State Street Railway Company, is authority for the statement that, a building permit having been granted, about 16 or 18 men, residents of this city, are now engaged in preparing the East Woburn Power Station of the Bay State Company for an addition to the same to cost not less than $10,000, the contemplated improvements when this addition and equipment are completed to involve an expenditure of not less than $130,000. New engines and boilers of large capacity are to be installed in the reconstructed plant and many other additions made. The officers and employees of the Bay State Company say only Woburn men will be employed on the work, which will be completed late next spring.

A Political Genius.

Congressmen sometimes adopt queer expedients to gain the good will of their constituents. Years ago a member from a western state was afraid that his first term would be his last, as he had not managed to make himself a power in congress. While he was debating what he should do a friend said, "You live near the center of the United States, don't you?" "Yes." "Then why don't you introduce a bill to have the capital moved to the principal town in your district?" The congressman introduced the bill, and the people of his district at once concluded he was a great man and sent him back for another term. He reintroduced the bill in the next congress, and, although it was promptly pigeonholed in committee, his constituents gave him a third term as a reward for his genius.

MASSACHUSETTS MANUFACTURERS

They Are Greatly Disturbed Over the Tariff Situation

SOUTHERN DEMOCRATS FEARED

Threats of Attack on New England Industries — How Manufacturers View the Situation—Wages In Danger—State Election to Be Significant

The manufacturers of Massachusetts are very deeply stirred over the attitude of the southern Democratic members of congress toward northern, and especially New England industries. As is well known, whenever the Democrats control congress, a large majority of that Democratic membership is from the south. Republican members of congress from Massachusetts cannot recall a time when the southern Democratic members showed such animosity against New England manufacturing industries as they are now showing. During the special session southern members repeatedly declared to congressmen from this state that when they had the opportunity they would deprive Massachusetts and New England of every shred of protection. They took this position when the farmers' free list bill was under discussion and avowed their purpose with perfect openness. Notwithstanding the fact that they decided to take the protective duty off shoes, they refused to allow the duty on rice or sugar, southern products, to be touched.

It is this spirit of hostility to New England that is alarming the manufacturers of this section. They feel that if the Democrats should retain their hold upon the lower house of congress in 1912, and at the same time carry enough normally Republican states to control the senate, and in addition should elect their candidate for president, the industries of the country would be in a perilous situation.

The Peril of New England

These manufacturers say that if the duties are removed which partially protect them from foreign competition, it would be impossible for them to continue their business. It would be necessary at all events to cheapen their product as far as they could in an endeavor to manufacture as cheaply as is done abroad. The chief difficulty in doing this, as they assert, is the fact that labor in this country is paid about double what workingmen receive abroad for the same class of work. Manufacturers feel that they could not continue the present scale of wages under such conditions, and that consequently the first to feel the effects of such a tariff revision as the Democrats propose would be the workingmen and working women of the east. There would be no alternative on the part of manufacturers but to reduce the cost of their labor. Undoubtedly the working people would be disposed to resist such a cut in their wages even though they might see that, from the manufacturers' standpoint, it was a necessity of their continuance in business. Cotton manufacturers in this state say that cotton manufacturers of the south are as much stirred up over the tariff program of the southern Democrats as those in the north. One of these latter, in a communication to a southern congressman, declared that it is admitted the cotton industry is really suffering and depressed as never before in its history, but that some congressmen say this is due to over production—too much supply, too little demand. Then he added:

Tariff Slashing No Benefit

"How will letting in more foreign made goods under a lower tariff help that condition? Will it enable us to manufacture at a profit? Will it give regular employment to our operatives who now suffer on account of shutdowns and curtailment? If not, who will benefit by it? Will it not be the foreign manufacturer and the foreign operative? Will not these operatives who remain in the mills and accept the revision downward want to know why it should be deemed legislatively necessary to slash the duty on cotton goods when, as a class, the manufacturers themselves have operated for the past two years with no profit, and many at a loss, without cutting wages?"

The situation as regards cotton manufactures is no different from what prevails in the woolen industry. In 1908 we imported more than $19,000,000 worth of goods made from wool. All these goods were made abroad by foreign labor, and the money we paid for them went abroad to pay them. If these goods had been made here, American workmen would have got the wages instead of foreign workmen. If a very heavy cut were made in the present tariff, the United States would be swamped with foreign goods, and our own mills would be obliged to close unless they could cut wages sufficiently to meet the fierce competition.

Shoe Manufacturers Are Alarmed

So far as boots and shoes are concerned, the situation is exactly the same. Under the reduced duties imposed by the Payne tariff act, our imports of boots and shoes have increased enormously since 1907. English and German shoe manufacturers have copied American styles so closely that none but an expert can detect the difference, although they are not nearly as good. These shoes in very large quantities are being imported into this country. Every pair of these foreign shoes sold in this country means so much less work for the American shoemaker. Under the circumstances it is not to be wondered at that Massachusetts manufacturers are much disturbed over the outlook for business should the Democrats elect their candidate for president, and congress in 1912. The election of a Democratic governor in Massachusetts this fall would greatly strengthen the courage of Democrats throughout the country.

Who "Bosses" the Democracy?

Last year the Democrats made a great deal of talk about "bossism" in Massachusetts, and denounced Senator Lodge and some others as "bosses." Republicans are now pointing to the fact that the Democratic party is more boss-ridden today than the Republican party ever thought of being. They insist that three men absolutely boss the Democratic organization in Massachusetts. These are Governor Foss, Mayor Fitzgerald and Martin M. Lomasney. The Democratic leaders outside of these three men are absolutely obedient to orders from the "bosses." Republicans say that the little Democratic "boss" takes his orders absolutely from one of the three big "bosses." In Boston, when Fitzgerald or Lomasney issues an order to his lieutenants, there is no such thing as insurgency. Insurgence would mean being read out of the Democratic party for good and all. That has been seen a good many times the last half dozen years. During the session of the legislature it seemed to be capable of demonstration that Martin M. Lomasney was the king of "bosses." Nothing that he really wanted was refused him by Governor Foss. Lomasney demanded that Chairman Charles Warren of the civil service commission should not be reappointed, and he was not. A Boston machine Democrat was appointed by Governor Foss to succeed him. It is said by those who ought to be in a position to know that Fitzgerald himself would hesitate to offend Lomasney by refusing him anything he asked for. Republicans are calling attention to the fact that the Democratic party has always been the party controlled by "bosses."

Secret Baseball Signals.

"Perhaps you never realized that there is an exact science in coaching and signaling," says Hugh S. Fullerton, writing on the secret tricks of baseball coaching in the American Magazine; "that the two men out there near first and third bases, who seem to be making fools of themselves or trying to annoy the majestic man in blue serge, are the wigwag men signaling to runners or batters just what the general sitting on the bench wants them to try to do. Sometimes the general is on the lines himself, looking just as foolish as the wigwag men or more so, but somewhere, hidden in his meaningless or hackneyed phrases or his wild gestures, there is a meaning. He is telling the batter not to hit the next ball or to bunt it or informing him that the next will be a straight fast ball and at the same time informing the base runner that the batter intends to hit and that he must start at top speed when the pitcher starts to wind up."

Salt Water Bathing.

Dr. Copeman of Brighton, England, writing in the Practitioner, London, gives some advice on sea bathing. "The best time to bathe is about two hours after breakfast, the period of greatest vital activity," says Dr. Copeman. "The one time which must be avoided by all is after a full meal. During the process of digestion the vessels of the internal organs are already engorged with blood, and the shock of the cold water is apt to produce a very dangerous condition of congestion, the least of many penalties that may accrue being an acute attack of indigestion. With many keen bathers it is an article of faith to bathe before breakfast. But business men, after months of unremitting toil, those who are below par or who are getting on in years, should avoid taxing their system by bathing at such a time. Even the most robust would be wise to partake of a cup of hot milk before leaving the house."

VALUE OF SYSTEM.

Whether In Working or Thinking It Helps on to Success.

Working or thinking without system enfeebles the mind and leaves the mental faculties in a clogged condition, so that they do not work sharply. The mind must be kept clear and clean for the present problem, so that it may seize and grasp with all its might the thing it is attempting to accomplish.

There is only one best way to learn how to act. That way is the way of system. Systematize your thoughts, your energies, your abilities. Learn early in life to do this, and it will prove the master habit that wins success.

Systemless men are always surprised that the heads of great enterprises can find so much time for social life, for hobbies, for travel. They cannot understand it at all. They do not realize that a man of great organizing ability, with a splendid system, can do more effective business in a single hour at his office than a systemless man can accomplish in twelve. It is not the number of hours, but the effectiveness of the system, that tells.

One of the advantages of a college course is that it trains the mind to work by system. Whether he likes to or not, the student is forced to concentrate his mind when the time comes, no matter what his mood or how he feels. Four years of training in this should put the mind into working order. It should tune the intellect so that all the strings will be in harmony. A good college education should train the mind to think concisely, deeply, effectively at will.—Orison Swett Marden in Success Magazine.

ANIMALS IN A FRENZY.

There's Danger Afoot When Captive Wild Beasts "Go Bad."

What those who have charge of wild animals in captivity, and especially trainers, dread most among the large beasts is that inexplicable change of temperament on the part of the animal known in the parlance of the menagerie as "going bad."

Lions are likely to go bad about the tenth year of life; tigers, two or three years earlier. The male tiger is the dread of the profession when he reaches this condition, because he is more likely to go into a frenzy without warning, and once gone bad nothing will satisfy him but murder.

He will leap for any man within reach, and when once his teeth are on the bone nothing but fire will make him relinquish it, and not always that.

This "going bad" may come in the nature of a sudden attack or it may develop slowly and be counteracted if taken in time. An old trainer can usually detect the symptoms of this curious ailment. It seems to be in the nature of a disease, and other animals recognize it and shun the affected one.

When its progress is apparent the danger is not great. All that is required then is a level head and the wisdom to refrain from further interference with the animal.

Sometimes this bad temper will last but a short time, and again it will become the permanent condition of the animal. In that case he is sent to the lonely cage to spend the rest of his life in comparative obscurity, disturbed merely by the passing crowd and his daily meals.—Pearson's Weekly.

Respect of Dead Royalty.

Dead royalty was treated with scant respect at Holyrood a century ago. C. K. Sharpe, the friend of Scott, writing to Robert Chambers in 1825, recounted some of his experiences during his wanderings among the tombs in Holyrood. "I remember many fragments of the royal bodies shown in the chapel of Holyrood House—one entire, saving the hand. * * * In later times I paid a visit to the chapel after the royal vault had been closed. 'Oh, man,' said the female in charge, 'if ye had cam here a while syne I cud hae showed ye muckle mair in this place—King James the Fifth's shuther (shoulder) and Lord Darnley's thigh banes, and a gude bit o' the Earl o' Buchan's back.'"—London Chronicle.

Practical.

"My good woman," said the social reformer, "your children seem to be slightly obstreperous. Have you any clearly defined theories about bringing up your little ones by scientific methods?"

"No, I haven't, madam," answered the much tried mother as she firmly grasped a squirming child in one hand and her slipper in the other. "I'm bringing them up by hand."—Baltimore American.

A Terrible Storm.

The most violent storm that ever ravaged England occurred Nov. 26 and 27, 1703. The loss in London alone was $10,000,000. Eight thousand people were drowned in the floods. Twelve warships, with more than 1,800 men on board, were lost. Trees were uprooted—1,700 of them in Kent. Eddystone lighthouse was destroyed, and Winstanley, its contriver, was killed with several others.

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Savings Department.

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To meet this legitimate demand and to extend increased banking facilities to the people of Woburn and vicinity, the WOBURN NATIONAL BANK has opened a new department to be known as its SAVINGS DEPARTMENT, and will receive deposits of money to bear interest FROM DATE OFDEPOSIT at the rate of three per centum per annum on sums not less than $100. These deposits however will not be subject to check.

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Robert Chalmers, Physician.
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SPRAGUE PUBLISHING CO. Majestic Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

A Feud

How It Was Ended and Kept From Breaking Out Again

By F. A. MITCHEL

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One day years ago a girl in a calico dress and sunbonnet was walking in a wood near her mountain home in east Tennessee when she met a young man, who stopped her to ask her some questions.

"Whar do yo' live?"

"In that house down thar."

"Heard of anything particular goin' on about yere lately?'

"What kind o' thing?"

"Waal, they say the Hoskinses is lookin' fo' Jim Green, he that shot Tom Hoskins Saturday."

"Reckon I don't want to say nothin' about that, seein' I'm a Hoskins."

"Supposin' a Green was expectin' to get a bullet through his skull and yo' could put him on to a way to dodge it, would yo' do it?'

"If I did I mought get killed myself by my own side."

"Waal, mawnin'. Yo' better keep out o' this yere feud. Reckon it won't stop till all the Hoskinses and all the Greens are killed."

He was walking away when the girl called to him:

"Air yo' Jim Green?'

"What do yo' want to know fo'? Want to give me away?"

"Not exactly. Tom Hoskins was my cousin."

The two stood looking at each other for some time; then the man said:

"I didn't kill him."

"Yo' didn't?"

"No."

"Who did?"

"Reckon I won't tell that. Yo' Hoskinses think I done it, and I'm goin' to let yo' go on thinkin' that way, leastways all of 'em except yo'."

"I don't see what yo' want to git yo'self killed fo' when yo' didn't do it."

"'Cause I don't want the one that done it killed."

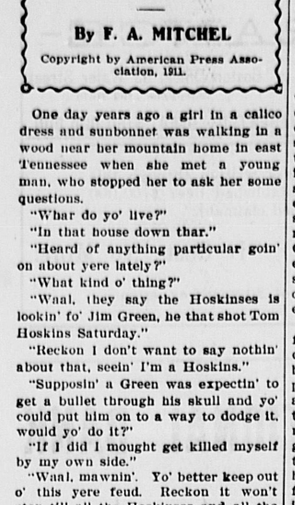
"Whar yo' hidin'?'

"Yo' don't want to put yo' people on to me, do yo'?"

"No; I mought let yo' know if they find it out."

He looked steadily in the girl's eyes for a few moments, then took her hand in his, saying:

"Little gal, I'm goin' to trust yo'. I'm hidin' in the ravine up on Collins hill.



ONE OF THE GIRLS WAS A MAN.

I just come down fo' a bite to eat. I hain't had nothin' since yesterday mawnin'."

"Yo' hain't?'

"No."

"If yo'll stay yere I'll go to the house and git yo' some corn pone and a slice o' meat."

The hungry look on his face showed how well he would like to have her do what she proposed.

"Shore nobody 'll git on to it?" he asked.

"I'll be keerful. Go into that thicket thar and wait."

He went to the thicket, and she went to the cabin in which she lived with her parents and her brothers, the latter all grown. She was the only girl of the family and was treated with that devotion to be expected under such a condition. Having purloined some eatables, which she hid in the back of her sunbonnet, she took them to the man in hiding.

"I'm mighty glad to see that," he said, "and yo' too."

"Why me?"

"Waal, I trusted yo', but as soon as yo'd gone I reckoned yo' mought bring some o' your people to kill me."

"I s'pose I ort to," said the girl, with a pained expression. "Ef they'd ketch me bringin' food to Jim Hoskins they mought kill me."

"Don't yo' do it no mo'."

He ate what she had brought him, and while he was doing so she stood looking at him. She was half girl, half woman, her dress reaching to her bare ankles and her hair, cut square, reaching nearly to her shoulders. Her eyes were big black ones and were fixed on this enemy of her kinsmen with an intensity of interest in which pity predominated, while now and again a wave of fear swept over it when she thought of the consequences of discovery both to him and herself.

"Who was it," she asked, "that called Tom to his door in the middle of the night and shot him?"

"Couldn't tell nobody that."

"Not me?"

Again he took her hand and, looking at her with strong emotion, said:

"I'll tell you, little girl, if yo'll keep the secret."

"I will."

"It was my young brother Sam."

There was a silence, which the girl broke.

"Why don't he come out with it?"

"We're tryin' to git him away befo' it's found out. He don't know I'm standin' in his place."

There was a look in her eyes that drew the young man's arm toward her and around her waist. A kiss sealed the compact between them, a compact which if discovered would make her an outcast from her people. Then, hearing men's voices at the house below, they parted, she to go to her home, he to his hiding place on Collins hill.

That night there was a meeting of the Hoskinses at the house, and the girl, Eliza Hoskins, listened to all that was said. They believed that Jim Green was hiding in the neighborhood and formed a plan to divide the territory into a number of districts, each district to be thoroughly searched by persons designated for the purpose. The hunt was to begin the next morning at sunrise and continue till the suspected region had been explored. If Green was found he was to be shot down at once without a word. Having laid their plan of campaign, those who lived elsewhere went home and those who lived in the house to bed.

When all were asleep Eliza reached under her bed and, taking up a bundle she had prepared, went to her window. The little space in which she slept was simply partitioned off from two other compartments, the cabin being but one story. Eliza stepped stealthily out of the window and moved away. The moon was rising, but she did not need it to guide her to the ravine. Approaching it she coughed. Green, who was lying on some branches he had cut off the trees trying to sleep, heard her and sat up. She coughed again. Going to her, he clasped her in his arms.

She told him of the Hoskinses' plan for the morrow and, unrolling her bundle, showed him a calico dress, a sunbonnet and some corn pone and salt pork. He was to put on the woman's apparel and thus disguised endeavor to save himself. But even as a woman it would be difficult for him to get away, for the Hoskins faction extended for miles in all directions, and he had not even a razor to shave his face. The only hope was in concealing it at critical moments by means of the sunbonnet, which extended far forward.

Eliza having given him the articles and he having disguised himself, the two made their exit from the ravine. Coming to a place where their routes diverged, they stood clasped in each other's arms, then parted. But Green had not gone far before, hearing twigs breaking behind him, he turned and saw the girl approaching.

"One more kiss?" he said.

"No, I'm goin' with yo'."

He begged her not to bring down the curse of her people upon her by this open aid to their enemy. His pleadings were in vain. At last, dreading to lose time, he consented, and the two set out together to run the gantlet.

In the morning Eliza's father and brothers were off before she was supposed to be up, and they did not know that she was missing. During the day they saw two girls walking on a distant road. One of them they thought resembled Eliza in general appearance. They struck across country to ask the girls if they had seen any one, but before the men reached them they had disappeared. Not dreaming that one of the girls was a man and the man they wanted, they did not make a search. In the evening reports came in at the cabin from the different parties that Jim Green had not been found.

Eliza's mother told of her daughter's disappearance. She told, too, of the taking of the only other dress the girl owned and the sunbonnet. Some freshly baked corn pone also was missing. Then for the first time arose in the minds of her family a suspicion that the two girls seen during the search had something to do with the fugitive, Jim Green.

The mystery was not cleared up till a week later, when a note mailed from a town north of the Ohio river was received from Eliza confessing that she had helped Green to escape and that she was now his wife. She also informed her people that it was Horace Green, a boy of seventeen, and not Jim, who had shot Tom Hoskins. Horace was beyond their reach, Jim was beyond their reach, and Eliza was Jim's wife.

There was a consultation among the Hoskins faction, at which the situation was discussed. Considerable feeling—that is, for participants in a feud—was manifested at their escape from having killed the wrong man. Indeed, there was more to make them ashamed of their work in this than regret at the successful flight of both the Green brothers. But the crowning influence was Eliza's keeping them from shooting an innocent man. After a long discussion that was extended over many days all were brought into an agreement to drop the feud and invite the fugitives to return. The invitation was accepted, and the feud ended.

Mrs. Jim Green became a tower of feminine strength among both parties, and it was she alone on many occasions who by her influence held the factions in check and prevented a renewal of hostilities.

That Was Different.

Repeatedly he had heard the young woman boast of eluding the vigilance of the conductor and riding home free, so when he got a chance to sneak a ride for both of them he slipped the dime back into his pocket and smiled upon her in triumph.

"Didn't you pay your fare?" she asked.

"No," said he. "The conductor never even looked our way.

She said nothing, but her look of disdain was unmistakable.

"I've heard you tell many a time of doing the same thing," he said defiantly.

"Oh, well," she said, "that's different. For a man"—

And the young man understood then that there certainly is a double standard for the sexes.—New York Sun.

A Caution.

Reginald—I love you, Madeline. For you I would give up family, position, wealth. Madeline — Hold, Reginald! Giving up family is all right. I fain would be spared a mother-in-law. Give up your position if you can get a better one, but please hold on to your wealth. We may need it.

Checkmate!

In these days, when various schemes are being suggested by which the loser of personal property may recover it without offering an extreme reward, it is interesting to note two advertisements which appeared last summer in a German paper. In these advertisements nothing so bald as a suggestion of reward appeared. They seem merely to present two wits fencing, and the reader forgets the matter at stake:

Berlin, Aug. 5.—The gentleman who found a purse, valuable beyond explanation, in the Blumenstrasse, is requested graciously to forward it to the address of the loser, as he is recognized.

Berlin, Aug. 6.—The recognized gentleman who found a purse, valuable beyond explanation, begs that the loser will call at his house at the earliest convenient hour.

Extremes of Temperature.

Science reasons that the lowest temperatures at the earth's surface are not found directly at the poles, but at some distance to the south of the north pole and to the north of the south pole. Likewise the greatest degree of heat is not, as might be supposed, to be found at the equator, but prevails at some distance to the north and to the south of that imaginary line. The coldest place on the earth's surface of which there is authentic record is in Siberia. The lowest temperature ever recorded in the open air was 90 degrees below zero F. at Werchajansk, central Siberia, on Jan. 15, 1885. The highest temperature of which there is an authentic record is 124 degrees above zero F. in Algeria, northern Africa, on July 17, 1879. These places of extreme heat and extreme cold give a range of temperature covering the whole inhabited world of 214 degrees, or two degrees more than from zero to the boiling point.

Don't Breathe Lazily.

"If you are consumptive, if you think you are drifting into consumption, sing!" said a medical man.

"Of course singing alone will not save you from consumption or cure you. Besides singing you must have plenty of fresh air and good food. And, speaking of fresh air, I must say that not one person in a hundred knows how to inhale it. People seldom breathe deeply enough. They seldom properly ventilate their lung cavities, which resemble stuffy, insanitary apartments, where all germs thrive undisturbed. Acquire the habit of taking the big, deep breath which is a primary requisite for any kind of singing, bad or good, and the physical joy derived from it will never allow you to relapse into lazy breathing. Furthermore, the mere effort of singing compels the singer to stand straight and to throw out the chest, a good corrective for the bad physical habits of weak chested people."

Killed by a Shout.

A joyful shout thoughtlessly given by an Italian smuggler on having eluded the customs guards on the Swiss frontier was the cause of his six companions being killed by an avalanche. The party, coming from the Grisons, had, with a thousand precautions, successfully negotiated the Forcola pass on the Swiss-Italian border. Five of the men were loaded with valuable contraband goods, and two acted as guides and scouts. When they were all safely on Italian soil one of the guides named Maretoli gave vent to a joyful yodel. In the still air the least sound causes a vibration which may set enormous masses of snow moving. This is what occurred here. A quarter of a million tons of snow detached itself from the mountain side and came thundering down upon the party, who were swept in an instant into an abyss. Maretoli alone was able to extricate himself.

DEAD SEA WATER.

Its Buoyancy Not So Great as to Make Swimming Impossible.

In Jerusalem ridiculous stories are told of the impossibility of bathing in the Dead sea, and it is even said by the superstitious that no animals or vegetation can exist near it. The truth is that if Palestine belonged to any other power but Turkey the northern shore of the Dead sea would probably become a popular bathing station and health resort, as the chloride of magnesia which enters so largely into the composition of the water would be found to have medicinal and curative properties, says the Zion Herald.

So far as swimming is concerned, the excessive buoyancy of the water of the Dead sea simply renders it difficult for the swimmer to make much headway, but if care be taken not to allow the salt water to get into the eyes a swim is both feasible and enjoyable.

The Dead sea contains 25 per cent of solid matter and is, bulk for bulk, heavier than the human body. In a ton of water from the Caspian sea there are 11 pounds of salt, in the Baltic 18 pounds, in the Black sea 26 pounds, in the Atlantic 31 pounds, in the English channel 72 pounds, in the Mediterranean 85 pounds, in the Red sea 93 pounds and in the Dead sea 187 pounds.

FERRYING THE TRAIN.

One of the River and Harbor Sights of New York City.

One of the sights of the harbor familiar enough to those acquainted with the water front, but of never failing interest to the waterside strolling stranger, is the big railroad ferryboat that carries the Boston-Washington through trains around Manhattan between Mott Haven and Jersey City, and apparently this ride is as interesting to the people on the boat as the boat is to the people on the shore.

They just run the whole train on this boat, and then in fair weather the passengers get out to stretch their legs and take in the view. As the big boat comes along with the cars of the train aboard seen projecting out forward and aft on deck from under the hoods you see the passengers standing forward for their eight or ten miles water ride down the East river and up the north, or vice versa, through all the varied river traffic close at hand, while shoreward they have that marvelous view of the lower city. The boat is one of the city's notable river sights, and the trip on the boat itself and the view from its deck are still as wonderful as ever to the unaccustomed traveler.—New York Sun.

Corrected Him.

A reporter was once interviewing Thomas A. Edison.

"And you, sir," he said to the inventor, "made the first talking machine?"

"No," Mr. Edison replied, "the first one was made long before my time—out of a rib."

Three Not of a Kind.

Sir Henry Maine's famous political diagnosis is worth quoting. The king of England reigns, but does not govern. The president of the United States governs, but does not reign. The president of France neither reigns nor governs.—Boston Herald.

Usual Reason.

"He used to be a straight enough young chap. What made him get crooked?"

"Trying to make both ends meet, I believe."—Toledo Blade.

His Strong Face.

"Bilkein's is a strong face or I'm no judge of physiognomy."

"It ought to be. He and his whole family are living on it."—Buffalo [illegible]."—London Telegraph.

PERFECT STEEL BALLS.

They Have Never Yet Been Made, Even In the Laboratory.

One of the needs of the day is a perfectly spherical steel ball, and yet it has never been made even in the laboratory, much less in the shop for commercial uses. When we consider the importance of ball bearings for automobiles, motorcycles and other machinery the imperfections in steel balls must appeal to all as of the greatest moment. Of course we make pretty good steel balls, which could not have been manufactured a few years ago. So far as the eye can discern, they are perfectly spherical, too, and ordinary measuring instruments will not be able to detect any difference in them, but nevertheless they are not perfectly spherical.

A steel ball for automobile bearings must be perfect within .0001 inch, and they are made even more perfect than this, but mathematical perfection in this respect seems to be almost as illusive as squaring the circle or discovering the perpetual motion machine.

When the steel ball was first used in the bearings of bicycles it was a very imperfect sphere. It was not called upon to bear any great load, and the velocity was not great. At the best the load on it was not more than 200 pounds, and at the rate of sixty miles an hour the revolutions were not more than 720 per minute. Compare that with the load and velocity of the modern ball bearings of automobiles. Frequently the load approximates a thousand pounds and the velocity is anywhere from 800 to 1,200 revolutions. The small steel balls must take the maximum load of the car and pass it on to others without binding or catching. A slight imperfection in any one ball would cause trouble. In fact, it is impossible to use balls with any appreciable variation in size from one another, and the more nearly round they are the better the results.

Steel balls are not only made more perfect in shape than ever before, but they are harder and tougher. As there is a tendency to flake, only special steels can be used in their manufacture, and these tough, hard steels are all the more difficult to work with to secure perfect roundness. The chrome steel, of which most balls for bearings are made, is one of the most difficult of steels to cut or shape, and the work of handling it has developed special tools and machines made of even harder material.

While we have not yet made the perfectly spherical steel ball and perhaps may never succeed, the point of perfection reached is little short of wonderful. The approximately perfect steel ball is a matter of vital importance wherever machines and machinery are made and used. The application of the ball bearing system is extended to new lines of industrial use each year, and builders of all kinds of apparatus are taking advantage of the perfection reached by the manufacturers of these little spheres of tough steel.—Harper's Weekly.

The Green Kind.

A naval officer who has seen considerable service in South American waters once brought home two parrots, one of which he gave to the housemaid and the other to the cook.

For a long time there ensued animated discussions as to the merits of their respective birds. Finally the housemaid said:

"Your parrot may be a better talker than mine, though I don't believe it." Then, with an air of presenting the final clinching argument in her favor, she added, "Besides, you'll have to admit that mine has the most beautiful foliage."—Lippincott's.

Honored the Old Men.

A unique festival occurred in Paris in 1797 in honor of the old men. The idea was the encouragement of the family circle, and the old man who was a happy grandfather was held up to the younger generations to follow in his footsteps. "A gracious Hebe crowned their white locks with garlands of roses, while the soldiers of France presented arms in their honor."

Legislatively Expressed.

"No one can go wrong if he follows the Ten Commandments," said the sincere citizen.

"Yes," replied Senator Sorghum, "the only trouble about the Ten Commandments arises from the amendments people try to tack to them."—Washington Star.

A Real Gas Plant.

There are two varieties of gas plant. One is a manufacturing establishment where coal is converted into gas for illuminating and heating purposes. The other variety is a real growing plant called the fraxinella. Few know why the fraxinella is called the "gas plant." This is because at certain times it releases a volatile oil that actually ignites if allowed to come in contact with a lighted match. The fraxinella is also noted for its fragrance and longevity if not disturbed. One plant in a New England garden is doing its best to outlive a third generation, and elsewhere a clump is still flourishing after no less than thirty-seven years on a grave—one of the most difficult of places for a perennial to keep up a long struggle for existence, let alone a normal life.—New York World.

Gifted.

"I don't know what I'm ever going to make of that son of mine," complained a prominent Cleveland business man the other day. The old chap is self made, a graduate of the university of hard knocks and all that, and it naturally grieves him to have a son who is not aggressive.

"Maybe your son hasn't found himself yet," we consoled. "Isn't he gifted in any way?"

"Gifted! I should say he is! He ain't got a darned thing that wasn't given to him."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Big William Penn.

The statue of William Penn at the city hall in Philadelphia weighs thirty tons and is thirty-seven feet high. Some other dimensions are: Hat rim, twenty-three feet in circumference; nose, thirteen inches long; eyes, twelve inches long and four inches wide; hair, four feet long; arms, twelve feet six inches long; waist, twenty-four feet in circumference; legs, from ankle to knee, ten feet; calf, eight feet eight inches in circumference.

Beats a Good Wife.

An orator holding forth in favor of woman—dear, divine woman—concluded thus:

"Oh, my friends, depend upon it, nothing beats a good wife."

"I beg your pardon," replied a woman. "Sure, a bad husband always [illegible]."—London Telegraph.

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson XIII.—Third Quarter, For Sept. 24, 1911.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, Dan. vi, 10-23. Memory Verses, 21-23—Golden Text, Ps. xxxiv, 7—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

These historical lessons from the book of Daniel are most fascinating and most practically helpful, inasmuch as the God of Daniel and his friends is none other than our Lord Jesus Christ, who is the same yesterday, today and forever and always ready to hold strongly with all whose hearts are wholly for Him, not keeping us from trials, but manifesting His presence with us in the trial and bringing us through to His glory. Men and women who believe God were never more needed than now.

Oh, for a testimony such as was given concerning Daniel, even by his enemies! We shall not find any occasion against him, except we find it concerning the law of his God (verses 4, 5). Knowing something of his habit of prayer, they asked the king to sign a decree that no one should ask a petition of any god or man save Darius for thirty days under penalty of being cast to the lions.

Although Daniel knew the decree had been signed, he kept on as aforetime, kneeling upon his knees in prayer three times a day, with his windows open toward Jerusalem, remembering I Kings viii, 47-49. His enemies did not need to watch long in order to catch him in their net, and the king was promptly informed that "that Daniel of the captivity of Judah regardeth not thee, O king, nor the decree that thou hast signed" (verse 13). If the king had not before seen the design of his presidents and princes against Daniel he saw it now and was sore displeased, not with Daniel, but with himself that he had not seen through this plot before signing the decree.

He labored in vain to deliver his prime minister, whom he evidently esteemed and loved, but even the law of God, which is holy and just and good, cannot save any one, much less this law of the Medes and Persians, which was only a great iniquity. Our deliverance from the condemnation of the holy law of God is accomplished only by a sinless person taking the place of the guilty and suffering in our stead (II Cor. v, 21; Rom. iii, 19-24; x, 4).

We do not read that Darius so loved Daniel that he gave himself for him and went to the den of lions in his stead, but we do read just that virtually of Jesus Christ (I Pet. ii, 24; Gal. ii, 20, l. c.). Daniel was cast to the lions (probably not very gently), a stone laid upon the mouth of the den and sealed with the signet of the king and his lords. Imagine the rejoicing on the part of his enemies because they were now rid of him, and no doubt they ridiculed the God of Daniel who could not deliver him from the lions nor from their power.

After a night of sleeplessness and fasting very early in the morning the king is found at the den of lions calling aloud to Daniel if perchance he may still be alive. Surely Darius must have learned something of the power of Daniel's God to be able to imagine such a thing possible and to encourage him as he did on his way to the den. With what joy and gratitude the king must have heard the voice of Daniel and the words, "My God hath sent His angel and hath shut the lions' mouths that they have not hurt me" (22).

So Daniel was taken up out of the den, and no manner of hurt was found upon him because he believed in his God (23).

Thus shall it be in the morning of the first resurrection. No matter what the saints have suffered here in their mortal bodies, the resurrection body will be perfect, for we shall be like Him (I John iii, 2). The accusers of Daniel were then cast into the den of lions, with their wives and children, and there was no deliverance for them.

As to the righteous and the wicked, we read in Ps. xiix, 14, that the upright shall have dominion over them in the morning. Study the morning deliverances of Scripture, but note that there will be no morning for the enemies of God (Isa. viii, 20, R. V.). In verses 25 to 27 see how by a world-wide decree the living God, the God of Daniel, was magnified. How telling are the words in verse 28, "So this Daniel prospered," and according to the last sentence in his book we shall find him in his appointed place in the kingdom—that kingdom under the whole heaven which is to be given to the people of the saints of the Most High, when all dominions shall serve and obey Him (Dan. vii, 27). That will be after or in connection with the overthrow of all the kingdoms of this world, as set forth in Dan. ii and vii. The great, self exalting, God defying antichrist shall come to his end, and none shall help him (Dan. xi, 36-38, 45).

Then shall "the stone" without human aid break in pieces the world powers and fill the earth with a kingdom of peace and righteousness, and the enemies of the Lord shall perish as truly as did Daniel's enemies (Dan. ii, 34, 35-44; vii, 9-14; II Thess. i, 7-10). The Messiah has been cut off without receiving His kingdom, but at the end of the seventieth week everlasting righteousness shall be the portion of Daniel's people (Dan. ix, 24-27; Isa. lx, 21; xxxii, 1-17; Jer. xxiii, 5, 6).

The Tyrolese.

You may find the artistic temperament among the peasants in the villages of Bavarian Tyrol. They talk still of the King Ludwig, who lavished money on palaces and died an insane suicide and murderer. You remind them that they are still paying off the debts of the mad king. They reply cheerfully that they are glad of it, for Ludwig loved music and gave us Wagner.—London Chronicle.

A Stirring Appeal.

The following epistle was sent by an angry tenant to his landlord:

Dear Sir—I want them sellar steps fixed right off. My wife fel down last nite and like to broke her blame neck. Please send blumbber and figs our bath tub it will soon be time now for us to use him agen and oblige. Yours truie, ——.—Everybody's.

Meals and Medicine.

Doctor—You are debilitated. Take one of these pills three times a day before meals. Poet—If I could get the meals I wouldn't need the pills.—Town Topics.

PRESSURE OF AIR.

It May Readily Turn the Thermometer Into a Fibber.

THE BOILING WATER POINT.

On the Scale This Is Marked at 212 Degrees, but Under Certain Conditions It May Be Several Hundred Degrees—The Critical Temperature.

On an ordinary Fahrenheit thermometer there is written opposite 212 degrees "Boiling point of water" and opposite 32 degrees "Freezing point of water." Neither of these is correct except for a certain condition of the atmosphere, and that is when it gives on the barometer about thirty inches, or fifteen pounds pressure to the square inch. This is the ordinary pressure at what is known as sea level, and to this all thermometers are calibrated. In a mountainous region the pressure is hardly ever so much as fifteen pounds, and water boils at sometimes as low as 200 degrees.

If water is boiled in a diving bell, where the pressure is forty or fifty pounds a square inch, its temperature will be several hundred degrees instead of 212. If water is boiling in a near vacuum the temperature is so small that the hand thrust into the water would actually feel cold.

What has been said about the boiling point applies to some extent to the freezing point, but here it differs for different materials, whereas the remarks about the boiling point of water apply to the boiling points of all liquids.

Some substances when they freeze become larger, while others become smaller. On this depends the freezing point at different pressures of atmosphere. Water expands on freezing; so do type metal and some other things. All other substances become smaller on freezing. Water pipes burst when the water freezes. Coins of gold and silver are stamped instead of being molded, for the metals grow smaller on freezing or solidifying, and consequently the coin would be wabbly.

It has been found that the things that expand on solidifying, as water, freeze at a lower temperature when the pressure is increased, while the others freeze at a higher. When a substance that expands freezes under higher pressure than usual it has to exert more force to shove the pressure away, and consequently has to use up more of its heat energy, thus losing more heat and becoming colder.

Take the substance that contracts when it solidifies. The pressure will help it to get smaller, and consequently the greater the pressure the less heat it has to lose on attaining the solid state, so it will freeze at higher temperature. If the pressure is great enough it may freeze or solidify at a thousand degrees temperature, which is high enough to change most substances to vapor under ordinary atmospheric pressure.

This is one of the reasons advanced to prove that the interior of the earth is solid, for the assumption is that the core is made up of substances that contract when freezing, and there is, of course, an enormous pressure a few hundreds of miles below the surface.

In regard to the boiling points of liquids, there is an upper limit to the point at which a thing boils—that is, changes to the state of vapor. It is called the critical temperature. No matter how great a pressure exists on a substance, if it is at a temperature greater than its critical it will change to vapor anyhow.

The ignorance of this point held back the making of liquefied gases—such as air, carbon dioxide, etc.—for many years. The experimenters tried to liquefy gases at ordinary temperatures by enormous pressures, whereas if they had just cooled the gases below their critical temperatures before applying the pressure liquefaction would have ensued immediately.

This is the method employed today in making liquid air. The air is compressed at first and then allowed to issue from a small orifice, thus expanding and cooling, is then pumped back and compressed by the pump, allowed to go through the orifice again, thus cooling still more, until at last it is below the critical temperature, when the compression caused by the pump liquefies it.—Lawrence Hodges in Chicago Record-Herald.

In Trouble.

"Yes," he said regretfully, "I'm in a tight corner. My sweetheart is wild on the subject of germs and microbes, and she insists that I must choose between her and my mustache. I'm to lose one or the other."

"Lose the mustache, my boy."

"That's just the trouble. If you ever saw me without it you'd pity my haunting fear that when it's gone I'll lose the girl too."

The Simple Answer.

A society man at a luncheon said of a well known suffragist:

"She accomplishes a great deal, but some of her methods are not quite fair. A man once inquired of her husband:

"'Do you give your wife an allowance, or does she ask for money when she wants it?'

"'Both,' was the simple answer."

In Doubt.

"Were you ever up before me?" asked a magistrate.

"Shure, I don't know, yer anner. What time does your anner get up?"—London Answers.

Pay what you owe, and you'll know what you own.—Franklin.

Her Aim.

Mr. Binks (after an absence)—And so you shot a burglar while here and unprotected. You are a brave little woman. What became of him? Mrs. Binks—The other burglar carried him off. Mr. Binks—Which other burglar? Mrs. Binks—The one I aimed at.—Puck.

Experience Teaches.

She—Dearie, shall I learn to make biscuits the way your mother used to make them? He (with a shudder)—No, darling. She used to beat 'em, and my poor father always thought that was how she developed her muscle.—Exchange.

No Touches For Moods.

Figg—Well, you know the old saying, "Contentment is better than wealth." Fogg—That's so. People don't try to borrow it from you.—Boston Transcript.

The fear of being found out is often mistaken for the prickings of conscience.

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FOOD OF THE MEXICANS.

Frijoles and Tortillas the Main Diet of the Poor.

People at home in the "states" may think the food of the Mexicans meager. It is comprised chiefly of frijoles and tortillas, supplemented by the fruit of the cactus when in season.

Tortillas are thin little cakes made of corn boiled with lime, and these serve as the chief food. Every house has a metate, a sort of stone trough, which rests on the ground, and on this the corn is crushed to a paste and then patted into thin round cakes and tossed on a clay griddle to cook. Don't think as you ride down the street that in every house a child is being spanked—it is only the patting sound made by the women as they deftly shape the tortillas in their hands.

The lime in which the corn is softened is said to account for the very strong white teeth of the natives. Frijoles are, of course, beans and after being boiled a long time with onions, chili and other savory bits are put into boiling lard for their final flavor. Knives and forks are not needed where a tortilla can be folded in the middle and used as a scoop for the beans. These two articles of food form almost the entire diet of the poor.

All food is very hot, from the chili put in it, and one doesn't realize the peculiar flavor that cinnamon will give to many dishes until he has eaten it in everything, from coffee to ice cream. While pulque, the fermented juice of the maguey, our century plant, is the national drink, if a peon is very drunk it is probably due to mescal or tequila, two stronger drinks made from the same maguey.

Cooking is generally done over a few pieces of charcoal on the ground. Often have I seen women cook an entire meal over as little charcoal as one hand can grasp.—Los Angeles Times.

LURE OF DANGER.

Tragic Recklessness of a Trio of Fire Fighting Heroes.

Former Chief Croker of New York in the World's Work says that, although the whole fire service is founded on the principle of obedience, it is almost impossible to drag a man from danger when his battle blood is up.

"In 1905," he says, "I lost three good men in a big warehouse fire in Thirtieth street through recklessness inspired by this spirit. The building had been pretty well gutted, and one of the walls was getting shaky. Directly under this wall were three men from an engine company hugging a 'lead' of hose, their helmets down over their eyes and playing their water on the flames, which almost singed their faces. I saw their danger—it would have been obvious to any one but these three fight maddened heroes—and shouted: 'Get back there, men! Get back from that wall!'

"They paid as much attention to me as if they had been stone deaf. I ran over and shoved one after the other back into the street out of danger.

"'When you're told to get back, get back,' I said. 'You obey orders.'

"Then I turned my back and hurried to another point of the fire. The wall fell before I had gone ten yards. I looked around for the three men. They were nowhere in sight! The moment my back was turned they had rushed back to play their stream in that place of peril, and when the wall fell it buried them beneath the bricks—dead."

Early Rising.

The difference between rising in the morning at 5 and 7 o'clock in the space of forty years—supposing a man to go to bed at the same hour at night—is nearly equivalent to the addition of ten years to a life of threescore years and ten.

Where is the man who has the power and skill to stem the torrent of a woman's will?—Old English Proverb.

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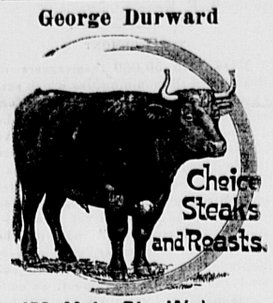
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Widow Clancy's Second

He Put a Wrong Interpretation on What He Heard

By CLARISSA MACKIE

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Harry Barry sat under the shade of his broad brimmed hat eating his lunch. It was a queer conglomerate lunch, the product of the cook's hurried gathering of leftovers.

Away off to the westward the Crane and Gabriel were riding back and forth, their forms like pygmies against the blue haze of the foothills. They had consumed their bean sandwiches and doughnuts and, perhaps, even their eggs—Harry Barry shuddered—and were alive and able to ride around with some agility.

As for himself, he felt like a water soaked log; a weight of tons seemed to press on his chest; he felt melancholy and down at heart. There was nothing in the cattle business for him—the bottom had dropped out of everything that bright sunshiny day.

If he had been assistant foreman of the Lone Bull ranch, if he had been chief herder of the outfit, if he had been anything except plain Harry Barry, the merriest, warmest hearted scamp the Lone Bull had ever known, he might have won the Widow Clancy. Yes, Harry Barry had been in love, was in love, always would be hopelessly in love, with the pretty widow who had bought the ranch next the Lone Bull and whose chief adviser he had been for several months. He it was who had bounced her foreman and installed in his place a stout, capable German, who was honest above everything else, and that is very important when a widow's funds are to be disbursed.

A few careless words in the bunkhouse that morning had turned his complacency into bitter consternation.

"Is it true about Ruyter and the widow?" Jim Lewis had asked of Timothy.

"So I hear." Tim had carelessly replied. "Seems Mrs. Clintock put it up to the widow, asking her if Ruyter wasn't the second. And, say, Jim, you oughter seen how Mrs. Clancy blush



A RATTLESNAKE, COILED TO SPRING.

ed—right up to her pretty ears. She said he was. Wonder what Harry will say to that."

Suddenly Harry arose and, mounting his horse, rode around to where Gabriel was loping leisurely along. "Blasted hot, ain't it, Harry boy?" he asked.

"Hades isn't in it," growled Harry, mopping his face.

"Things is mighty slow. Crane and me will get along first rate, Harry. Why don't you lope over to the gulch and take a snooze in the rocks? I heard the stream was deep enough to take a dip in. Go along; we don't want you."

"I'd like to mightily," hesitated Harry.

The Crane rode up then and mingled his commands with those of Gabriel, and soon the two older men were watching his drooping form disappearing toward Satan's gulch, a bit of coolness dug out of the foothills.

"I'd like to chaw up that Dutchman," growled Gabriel without preface.

"Here's your chance," said Crane dryly; "he's coming now."

Gabriel turned a saturnine countenance toward a huge roly poly figure bouncing along astride of a tall, rawboned sorrel. The German's face was crimson with the heat, and his fair hair was plastered to his forehead in dark strings. He pulled to a standstill beside the cattlemen and mopped his brow with a blue cotton handkerchief.

"It's hot!" he muttered helplessly.

"Is it?" asked the Crane innocently. "My pardner here, Gabriel, was saying as how he wished I'd favor him by riding home for a extra blanket."

"So!" exploded Ruyter. "You are coldt bloodied, Mr. Gabe!"

Gabriel shrugged his shoulders. "Why don't you go over to the gulch, Ruyter, and have a dip in the stream? Cool you off."

"I vill," said the other, with enthusiasm. "I forgot that gulch, poys."

"It'll make Harry feel peart to smash that Dutchman," observed the Crane.

"I only wish I was there to see it," deplored Gabriel.

Within Satan's gulch Harry Barry let his horse amble to the upper end, where there was a ragged heap of rocks from which sprouted a little grove of cottonwoods. From out of the rocks there issued a stream of pure water that steamed as it lapped the hot sandy banks. Under the cottonwoods there was a fictitious coolness, and Harry staked his horse and flung himself down in the grateful shade and closed his aching eyes.

If he could only stop thinking of the faithless Widow Clancy, who had so ruthlessly broken his heart. Harry would have felt better, but the love smitten young man was sore pressed with recollection of the tender coquetries of the pretty widow who had loved, or pretended she did, and, worst of all, she was going to marry that fat faced German butcher.

Ruyter was fat faced, but there was a certain florid comeliness about his looks as he jogged into Satan's gulch to search for quiet and shade. He did not see Harry Barry, nor did the cattleman see him until Ruyter had dismounted and was stumbling about among the stones; then Harry aroused and sat bolt upright among the rocks and stared at his successful rival.

"What do you want?" he snarled fiercely.

The German stopped short and stared. "That's no way to speak to a chentleman," he admonished severely.

"That's why I say it to you, Ruyter! What are you doing here?"

"I came to cool off," said the German angrily. "Dis Satan's culch, it's bublic broperty."

"It's not big enough to hold both of us," warned Harry, his hand on his hip pocket.

"Den you petter pe going some," said Ruyter imperturbably.

"I was here first," argued Harry.

"Den you should go first. You had your share of der coolness—so!" Ruyter sat heavily down on a rock near Harry and mopped his crimson face. "Chiminy, but it's cruel hot!" he groaned.

"Why don't you go back to the ranch, then. I tell you this place isn't big enough for both of us. I'll fight you for it," he suggested thirstily.

"I ain't a fighting man," murmured the German heavily. "It's too plumed hot to fight anyways."

Harry glared at the man who would not be affronted, the man who would not fight and give Harry Barry an opportunity to lay him low and thus place the Widow Clancy once more on the free list. It came over him all at once then that of course if the Widow Clancy didn't want him why should he want her? What was love if two did not participate? Why kill Ruyter? Was it worth while?

He scrambled to his feet and whistled to his horse. Ruyter looked up with dull interest. "Dat's right, Mr. Barry. First you come und first you goes—so!"

Harry Barry stood in frozen silence at what he saw behind Ruyter's back. There, disturbed from its rest among the rocks, was a rattlesnake coiled to spring. Another instant and Ruyter would be beyond help—Harry's rival would be put out of the way.

There was a flash of fire, a report that detonated among the scattered rocks and went echoing down the canyon. The German lifted both hands above his head and squealed shrilly.

"Dead!" he mourned. "Ah, Gott! I'm dead as der doornails!"

"Aw, wake up!" Harry permitted himself the pleasure of kicking Ruyter into activity. "That's what's dead as a doornail." He pointed to the twitching body of the rattler. Its head was blown to atoms, and the big German stared until his face was as white as paper.

"You did that for me?" he almost whispered.

"It's nothing," said Harry sullenly as he threw a leg over his horse.

There came a shrill cry down the canyon and a clatter of hoofs as Mrs. Clancy pounded recklessly among the loose stones. She drew rein at sight of the two men, and her eyes lingered longest on Ruyter's dejected form.

"They said you and Ruyter were going to fight," she said to Harry accusingly, her eyes blazing, her hair tinged with the red of the sun.

"I haven't hurt your Dutchman," said Harry rudely. "He's perfectly safe."

"He safed my life from dat, Mrs. Clancy," said Ruyter agitatedly, pointing a fat finger at the remains of the rattler.

She shuddered and then recovered her equanimity. Once more she was the cool, level headed little woman that Harry Barry had fallen in love with.

"Go on, Ruyter," she commanded the German; "you've got a lot of matters to clean up, you know."

"Yes, Mrs. Clancy," he said, gladly leaving the place. When the echoes of the sorrel's shambling hoofbeats had died away Mrs. Clancy lifted her eyes to Harry's handsome, sullen face and spoke:

"Why did you call Ruyter my Dutchman?" she demanded crisply.

"They say—they say—you're going to marry him," stammered Harry, feeling hot and foolish.

"I don't know who they are, but they are dead wrong. No, sir; keep your distance! I dismissed Ruyter yesterday, and the Clintocks are jollying me because he's the second foreman I've had since I've been here." Her eyes swept his face and then turned away. "Is that why you saved his life?"

"I thought they meant your second husband," said Harry, growing bolder.

"I'm not going to have a second husband," said Mrs. Clancy decidedly, yet showing the curve of a pink cheek.

"Never?" insinuated Harry.

But Mrs. Clancy did not answer, yet there was something in the demure curve of her lips that led Harry Barry to feel riotously happy and to sing love songs in her pretty ear all the way home.

THEIR LAST HANDCLASP.

The Final Meeting of Charles A. Dana and Jacob Riis.

I like to think of my last meeting with Charles A. Dana, the "old chief," as he was always called in the office. In all the years I was on the Sun I do not think I had spoken with him a half-dozen times. When he wanted anything of me personally his orders were very brief and to the point. It was generally something—a report to be digested or the story of some social experiment—which showed me that in his heart he was faithful to his early love. He had been in his youth, as everybody knows, an enthusiastic reformer, a member of the Brook Farm community. But if he thought I saw he let no sign escape him. He hated shams. Perhaps I was on trial all the time. If so I believe that he meant to tell me in that last handshake that he had not found me wanting. It was on the stairs in the Sun office that we met. I was going up; he was coming down—going home to die. He knew it. In me there was no suspicion of the truth when I came upon him at the turn of the stairs, stumbling along in a way very unlike the usual springy step of the old chief. I hardly knew him when he passed, but as he turned and held out his hand I saw that it was Mr. Dana, looking somehow older than I had ever seen him and changed. I took off my hat, and we shook hands.

"Well," he said, "have you reformed everything to suit you, straightened out every kink in town?"

"Pretty nearly," I said, falling into his tone of banter, "all except the Sun office. That is left yet and as bad as ever."

"Ha!" he laughed. "You come on. We are ready for you. Come right along!" And with another hearty handshake he was gone. He never saw the Sun office again.

It was the only time he had ever held out his hand to me after that first meeting of ours when I was a lonely lad, nearly thirty years before. That time there was a dollar in it, and I spurned it. This time I like to believe his heart was in it. And I took it gladly and gratefully.—Jacob A. Riis, "The Making of an American."

THE LAND OF CHEESE.

Switzerland Has the Proud Honor of Deserving This Title.

Cheese, although an important product of our dairy farms and a reasonably popular article of diet in the United States, has never held quite the position with us given it in some European countries.

English and Germans are far greater consumers of cheese than we, while both are surpassed by Norwegians. But above all Switzerland is the land of cheese. On more than one occasion travelers have dwelt upon the functions, social and sentimental as well as astronomical, performed by the cheese of Zermatt—that remarkable cheese which is so hard that it has to be scraped with a knife or cleft with an ax.

It is said by one authority that the patrician rank of a Swiss family in that part of the confederation is estimated by the age of its cheese, and the greater the respect due to or the affection for a guest the older is the cheese set before him. There are said to be families who own cheese that dates back to the time of the first French revolution, which is served only on solemn occasions, such as christenings, weddings or funerals.

There are in each pantry at least as many cheeses as there are boys and girls in the family, for at the birth of every child a cheese is made, which is named after the newcomer and is first cut into on his or her wedding day, on which festive occasion all guests partake of a piece of the groom's and the bride's cheeses in order to secure for them all earthly thrift and happiness. The rest is served as a token of friendly souvenir and heartfelt mourning after the tomb has closed over his or her mundane career.—New York Tribune.

New Mexico's Early Name.

What a pity the name "New Mexico" cannot be changed to "Cibola!" (Alabama, Arizona, Arkansas, California—Cibola! How well these would sound in the already musical roll call of the states!) Such was the primeval name, and the country was known as the "Land of the Seven Golden Cities of Cibola" after Vaca brought the first reports of its marvels into Mexico. The sensitive imaginations of the Spaniards, whetted by the tales told by Vaca and inspired to new flights by an occasional Indian's romancing, pictured seven noble cities, each as large and as beautiful as the City of Mexico. Fancy painted mirages wherein were gold and silver and rare gems without limit.—D. H. MacAdam in Metropolitan Magazine.

Enlightening the Minister.

"We are going to have pie for dinner," said Bobby to the minister.

"Indeed!" laughed the clergyman, amused at the little boy's artlessness. "And what kind of pie, Bobby?"

"It's a new kind. Ma was talking this morning about pa bringing you to dinner so often, and pa said he didn't care what she thought, and ma said she'd make him eat humble pie before the day was over, and I suppose we're going to have it for dinner."

In the Future.

Magistrate—What! Drunk again? When you were here last time you promised to sign the pledge. Prisoner—Well, I'm goin' to, yer honor, jest as soon as I learn to write. I've been takin' lessons, but I haven't made much progress yet.—Toledo Blade.

Largest Crystal of Beryl.

It remained for a Turk, wandering far from his native land, to find the largest crystal of beryl (aquamarine) ever discovered, a long distance inland in Brazil. It was dug out at a shallow depth, transported by canoe to the coast and finally sold at Bahia, bringing the finder, it is said, $25,000. According to estimates, this crystal would furnish fully 2,000,000 carats of aquamarines of various sizes.—Argonaut.

THE MAGNETIC NEEDLE.

It Is Quite Often Very Far From Being True to the Pole.

"True as the needle to the pole," like many another popular saying, conveys a distinctly erroneous impression. In order to keep itself duly informed as to the unfaithfulness of the needle to the pole, or, technically, the "variation of the compass" from the true north, our government maintains a division of terrestrial magnetism.

Not only does the magnetic needle vary at different places, but the variation changes from year to year and even at different times in the day. On magnetic survey charts those places which at a particular time have the same amount of variation are connected by what is known as an isogonic, or equal variation line. Through these points on the map in which there is no variation of the needle from the true north a line known as the agonic passes.

Iron deposits and mountain ranges modify the action of the unknown causes of the periodical variation and cause these lines to become even more crooked than those which mark equal temperatures, known as isothermal lines.

Isogonic charts may be accurate today and full of small errors in a few years. The famous Mason and Dixon's line between Pennsylvania and Maryland, which was surveyed in the years 1763 to 1767, was run by the stars and not by the needle, a great piece of foresight in that day. If it had been surveyed by the compass in 1800 it would have shown a deviation in some places of two miles, and had the line been run by uncorrected compass a hundred years later, in 1900, the variation would have reached nearly nineteen miles to the south and the rich coal fields of two Maryland counties would have been thrown into Pennsylvania.

The discovery of the magnetic needle's shortcomings is believed to have been made during the voyage of Columbus. The disclosure constitutes a high tribute to the scientific perceptions of that day, even though it spread consternation among the ships' crews.—Harper's.

PAGANINI HELPED HER.

The Great Violinist Didn't Play the Miser on This Occasion.

The following story places Paganini in a better light than this musical miser was accustomed to appear. And really one is led to wonder which is the true Paganini—the miser or the kind artist giving his talent to assist a poor servant girl. One morning the maid who waited on him in Paris came to him, weeping, and told how her lover had been conscripted and sent away to the war, and she, of course, was too poor to buy a substitute for him.

Paganini resolved to aid the girl and took a unique way to do it. He procured a wooden shoe and so fashioned it that it could be strung up and played like a fiddle. Then he advertised that he would give a concert and play five pieces on the violin and five on a wooden shoe. Of course this strange announcement drew a good house. The violinist had given the girl tickets to the concert, and after it was over he went to her, and, pouring 20,000 francs into her lap, he told her that she could now purchase a substitute for her sweetheart and with the remainder set up housekeeping. He also gave her the wooden shoe that had brought her such good fortune and told her to sell it. Of course this curious instrument brought her a goodly sum, which she added to the amount which was to bring her domestic happiness.—W. Francis Gates in "Anecdotes of Great Musicians."

Wanted Regular Work.

A farm hand had worked in the field from dawn till darkness, doing the chores by lantern light. "I'm going to quit," he said to the farmer at the end of the month. "You promised me a steady job."

"Well, haven't you got one?" was the astonished reply.

"No," said the man; "there are three or four hours every night that I don't have anything to do and fool my time away sleeping."—Success Magazine.

A Gentle Hint.

"But look here, Snip," said Slowpay, "you haven't put any pockets in these trousers. What's the matter with you?"

"Why, Mr. Slowpay," replied the man of clothes, "I was going to suggest that in case you ever had anything to put into them you send it up to us to keep for you."—Harper's Weekly.

Not True to Life.

"How very few statues there are of real women."

"Yes; it's hard to get them to look right."

"How so?"

"A woman remaining still and saying nothing doesn't seem true to life."—Boston Transcript.

His Curiosity.

Stranger—I noticed your advertisement in the paper this morning for a man to retail imported canaries. Proprietor of Bird Store—Yes, sir. Are you looking for the job? Stranger—Oh, no. I merely had a curiosity to know how the canaries lost their tails!

Not Worth Bothering About.

Customer—Confound you, that's a piece of my ear! Barber—Only a small bit, sir; not sufficient to affect the 'earing!—London Opinion.

Life's Three Questions.

The three great questions of life are: "Is it right or wrong? Is it true or false? Is it beautiful or ugly?" These our education should help us to answer, and insomuch as it fails it will lack in reaching a proper physical or moral standard.—Harper's Bazar.

Clam Shells.

Clam shells are susceptible of a fine polish and are used for many ornamental purposes. Chinese carve them into snuffboxes, tops of walking sticks, bracelets and similar articles.

BRAINY PAUPERS.

Brilliant Inventors Who Reaped Pitiful Rewards.

DIED IN POVERTY AND WANT.

Some Men of Genius Who Were Doomed to End Their Days In Obscurity, While Their Fruitful Ideas Made Millions and Fame For Others.

Now and again a man is born whose brain fairly bubbles with inventive genius. New ideas stream from him, and all branches of science are mastered with hardly an effort.

Such was Frederic William Martino, one of those many brilliant Italians who left their native land to seek fortune in a foreign country.

Martino came to England, and his name is most familiar from the Martini-Henry rifle, the breechblock of which was one of his numerous inventions.

It is an irony of fate that Martino's name should go down to posterity solely through a warlike invention which he himself thought little of when his greatest work was done in the cause of peace, for Martino was the discoverer of the process for converting basic slag into manure, a discovery which has put millions into the pockets of German manufacturers, but from which he himself, it is stated, never reaped a penny.

The fluted rib for umbrellas, a new process for the extraction of nickel from its ore, a new development of platinoid — immensely important in electric work—and a brilliant invention for the reduction of gold ore, these are only a few of Martino's discoveries. And yet he was so lacking in business capacity that in spite of his extraordinary output of valuable ideas he died at Glasgow in 1903 a comparatively poor and obscure man, while dozens of others have been made richer by his genius.

In 1860 the chemist Lenoir patented a motor driven by an explosive mixture of air and gas. He used electric ignition obtained from a battery and a Ruhmkorff coil, actuating a sparking plug very similar to that in use in the modern motor. The system of valves by means of which the suction of the piston drew in the charge of gas for the next explosion was also designed by Lenoir.

In 1862 he actually produced a car which, if crude, was similar in all respects to that in use today, save that he employed coal gas instead of petrol, and this he actually drove himself through the streets of Paris.

Yet for reasons similar to those which caused the failure of Martino he never received the reward of his genius, and it was left for Daimler, nearly thirty years later, to produce the first of the practicable autocars.

Lenoir died in 1900, poor and unknown.

Three years later, in 1903, the life of George Shergold came to an end in Gloucester workhouse. Shergold, originally a shoemaker, was the inventor of the safety bicycle. He built a machine of this order in the year 1876, the front wheel of which was twenty-seven inches and the rear wheel some thirty-one inches in diameter.

In 1900, when it first became generally known that the man whose invention had made millions for others was as poor as when he had cobbled shoes, a public subscription was raised, and for some time an allowance of 5 shillings a week was made to Shergold. But the funds became exhausted, and poor Shergold ended his life in the workhouse.

How many people have ever even heard of Scheele? Yet this poor Swedish chemist was perhaps the greatest discoverer of facts that the world has ever known.

We always hear in England that Priestley was the discoverer of oxygen. Yet Scheele made this most important of all chemical discoveries simultaneously with Priestley. And it was Scheele who discovered chlorine gas. Chlorine is perhaps the most important of all gases in commercial chemistry. It is the great bleacher that gives us white linen or white straw hats. It is also the best disinfectant known. It is essential to the manufacture of the great pain killer, chloroform, and it is used extensively for the extraction of gold from its ores.

Chlorine's value to the world has been incalculable, yet Scheele, the man who discovered it, lived hungry and died a pauper.

Professor Gore died a comparatively poor man, yet Gore was the inventor of the modern safety match, of the method of electrodeposition commonly known as electroplating and of many other processes which have put millions into the pockets of manufacturers. Gore's book, "Electrometallurgy," published in 1870, is still a standard work on the subject.—London Answers.

Value of Cinders.

A few years ago great heaps of cinders piled up, often being dumped into low places where new earth was needed. Manufacturing concerns were glad to get rid of the accumulations. But now the cinders are in great demand for use in the foundation for cement and concrete work. They form a perfect drainage material, and it has been found that frost acts very lightly on them. Furthermore, concrete work in which cinders are used is said to be of extreme durability. When cinders are ground and mixed with cement the mass becomes very hard.

Oath of the Turkish Doctor.

The oath which young doctors take in Turkey when they come before the medical examining board contains the following pledge: "That when I am called at the same time by two different patients, the one rich and the other poor, I will accept the call of the poor without taking into consideration the money offered and will do my best for his treatment, and that I will never decline to answer any call, day or night, during the reign of common diseases or of an epidemic of contagious disease."

The Woburn Journal

Telephone 55.
Residence 280.

FRIDAY, SEPT. 29, 1911

RECIPROCITY DEAD.

Last Thursday, week, Sept. 21, Canadian Reciprocity, a trades scheme originated by, and dear to, Bresident Taft, was snowed under clean out of sight by the Canucks at the general election held in the British Provinces that day.

On the evening of the election when our highly esteemed Chief Executive, now "swinging around the circle," while attending a reception and banquet given in his honor, at Kalamazoo, Michagan, heard the news he told the distinguished company seated around the festive boards that he was sorely disappointed.

No doubt of it. The overwhelming majority against the Pact, as U. S. Sec. of State Knox christened the agreement between Taft and the Canadian statesmen, was, indeed, a tremendous blow to him, as it was to Governor General Sir W. Laurier, and the Liberal Party, of which he was the head and front.

It was more than a victory that the Conservatives won at the polls last week—it was a real landslide, which buried President Taft's Canadian Reciprocity scheme, first officer Laurier of the Government, and the Liberals, beyond the hope of a resurrection.

Now that the fight is over and the Liberals defeated at every point, Canadian Reciprocity, which is only another name for Free Trade so far as it was intended to go, will be heard of no more on this side of the line until the Presidential campaign opens in 1912, which will end in November, that year, the Insurgents say, in the defeat of Taft for the Presidency, and the complete route of his adherents.

FROTHINGHAM.

Walker and White, candidates for the Republican Gubernatorial nomination at the primaries last Tuesday, made their fight against the Republican "Machine," while Lieut. Governor Louis A. Frothingham had the support of the Republican State Committee ("Machine") and "Old Guard," towards whom Walker and White were disgustingly abusive. The vote at the primaries stood:

Frothingham, 47,200; Walker, 20,681; White, 14,158.

The "Machine" is still in the saddle in Massachusetts, and the above figures show what the intelligent and sobersided Republican voters think of it.

Isn't it about time for Republican sorehead politicians to stop talking about the "Machine" and to find something new and fresh to growl about?

L. A. Frothingham for Governor is the right man for the right place.

FOR REPRESENTATIVE.

The only contest at the primaries in this city last Tuesday was between Charles M. Strout and Henry L. Andrews, the Republican candidates for Representative to the Legislature. Nobody took any interest, apparently, in the caucuses, os the total vote showed.

Mr. Henry L. Andrews, the successful candidate, was for 4 years an influential member of the City Council, a printer, and will make a useful Representative.

Mr. George L. Pratt, a leading citizen of Reading, was nominated. The two Republican nominees for Representatives to the Legislature from the 20th District are Henry L. Andrews and George L. Pratt, both good men who, no doubt will be elected.

A FIZZLE.

When the Board of Registrars of Voters finished registration for the Primaries last Saturday evening, there were 3,220 names of voters on their books.

At the Primaries held in this city last Tuesday only 685 out of 3,220 went to to the polls and voted.

The JOURNAL has been opposed, from the drop of the hat, to Luce's new fangled caucus law, and the treatment of it last Tuesday proved beyond a doubt that Woburn has no use for it, and the JOURNAL is not far out of the way in its opposition.

☞ The 22d Massachusetts Volunteer, or Wilson Regiment, 2nd Artillery, and 3rd Light Battery are to celebrate the 50th anniversary of their departure for the War at the Suntaug Lake Inn on the old campground in Lynnfield on Saturday, Oct. 7, 1911. Captain John L. Parker, Editor of the Lynn *Item*, then of Woburn, is Historian of the Regiment, which was named for Hon. Henry Wilson, who recruited it and was its Colonel until he became U. S. Senator, and, afterwards, Vice President of the U. S. The Woburn men who belonged to the Regiment and still live here are Captain John P. Crane, William B. Smith, Oliver M. Wade, Peter Peter McGoff. The Regiment are arranging for a great time on the old campground in Lynnfield Oct. 7.

LIME IT?

What do our good Republican Brethren think now of their new law which makes it obligatory on each voter to announce, in clear tones, in open meeting, the name of the political party to which he belongs before being allowed to cast his ballot?

☞ General Samuel C. Lawrence died at his home in Medford last Sunday at nearly 79 years of age. He was widely known and highly respected in this State, especially in military and political circles. He was the founder of the Lawrence Guards of Medford, their first Captain, and donor of the Armory, in which the funeral was held. At the breaking out of the Southern Rebellion he was Colonel of the 5th M. V. Regiment of Infantry of which Co. G of Woburn was and is a member. General Lawrence was the owner of a larger amount of Boston & Maine Railroad stock than any other person and bitterly opposed the merger of that Co. with the N. Y., H. & N. H. Co. He was the richest man in Medford.

☞ A large majority of the Woburn School Board are practical people who manage our schools in a practical way. Realizing the value of the Commercial Department of the High School the Board voted the other evening to buy 22 new typewriting machines and exchange a number of old for new ones. These will increase the present excellent facilities for obtaining a knowledge of the business, for which the Board are to be commended. Many graduates from this Department of the Woburn High School are now profitably employed all over this and foreign lands. To the poor boy or girl who has to make his or her way in life a full course in it is worth more than a Classical course at Harvard.

☞ Last Saturday, Sept. 23, City Treasurer James F. McGrath after the business had been satisfactorily arranged by him and City Solicitor Dennis L. Sullivan, paid over $22,160.30 to the Attorney for the claimants in full discharge of the judgment, interest and Court costs against Woburn for land bordering Horn Pond taken for the city's auxiliary Water supply. The judgment was for $19,000, which the interest on it and Court charges increased to $22,160.30. Competent judges, well acquainted with the land taken by the city valued it very much less than the owners obtained for it.

☞ Last Monday morning a special train containing a representative from each Department of the Boston & Maine Railroad left the North Station in Boston to visit every station on the Company's entire system for facts and figures on which to start the greatest retrenchment in expenses ever inaugurated by any New England Railroad corporation. The discharge of hundreds of employees is to begin next Monday, and in a few weeks the work of retrenchment will have been accomplished.

☞ On Thursday evening, Sept. 21, a full City Council, 15 members, voted 8 times for City Clerk and came no nearer electing one on the last ballot than on the first They tried it again last evening. The candidates on Sept. 21 were: Bernard F. McHugh, Michael J. McCormack, Jeremiah F. Carey, Frank B. French, Edward J. McDonough, James H. Kelley.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements

Land Court—Notice.
Adams & Blinn—Citation.
Dwight Chester—Mortg. Sale.
J W & E F Johnson—Citation.
Edison Elec. Ill. Co.—Light.

— Mrs. Lewis W. Patten, with her son Richard, of Taunton, spent Sunday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frederic A. Hartwell.

— The fall of the leaves increases day by day, and every morning the ground is more thickly strewn with them. Winter is coming.

— A note from Miss Alice S. Hartshorn at Marlboro, a former Woburn teacher, conveys the gratifying intelligence that she is well and reasonably prosperous.

— Woburn Grange will be fully represented at the Grange Fair to be held at Waltham on Oct. 2. Woburn Grangers are on hand for everything that is good.

— An automobile from Lowell to Boston, valued at $3,000, was burned to a crisp, the wheels only saved, last Monday evening near Daniel McIntyres in Burlington.

— The granite blasting, the reports of which are heard here every day, and are so earsplitting and annoying, are from a ledge just this side of the Winchester town line in Woburn.

— The Woburn Woman's Club have decided to begin work on Oct. 20, this year with a musical. A schedule of the year's meetings, with character of entertainments, has been arranged.

— Negotiations for the purchase of the Riley site on Pine street for a patent leather factory came to naught. The Pine street people refused to pay the price for it demanded by Riley Brothers.

— The Sacred Heart Bugle, Drum and Fife Corps of St. Charles church set the welkin to ringing every time they lead the Society on evening march. They will cut a good figure on Columbus Day.

— Mr. George C. Cammall is a live, wideawake and popular Woburn auctioneer. Because the people like him he is doing a good thrifty business.

— At the close of registration for State caucuses last Saturday night the Board of Registrars of Voters found that the number of voters registered was 3213, or an increase over that of 1910 of 130.

— The job printing department of the Woburn JOURNAL has all the work it can lay its hands to every day in the week. The best executed jobs, prompt delivery, and favorable charges, are what brings it in.

— Burbank W. R. C., 84 are to give an entertainment this evening, Sept. 29, in Post 33 G. A. R. Hall. A jolly comedy is to be acted by Nellie Foster, Addie Buckman, Maurice Greene and Albert Horne.

— Of all the enthusiastic and liberal supporters of the Wakefield—Reading Fair held last week one Woburn party only got a prize, and that was so small that it didn't count for much. It deserved a better one.

— Quite a large number of 1911 Woburn High School graduates are to enter "Tech" and various colleges this year, which speaks well for the W H. S. Woburn has a right to and does boast of the excellence of her public schools.

— We return our sincere thanks to Mrs. James F. McGovern of No. 17 Church avenue for a basket of mammouth pears from her trees of the same kind and quality that exactly fit into our pear tooth and gives us the greatest satisfaction.

— The Woman's Christian Temperance Union of this city celebrated the 25th anniversary of their organization in First Church parlors last Monday, Sept. 25, an account of which was received too late for its appearance in this issue of the JOURNAL.

— Columbus Day will soon get here. It is scheduled for Oct. 12, or two weeks, lacking a day, hence. To celebrate it properly a big parade is planned for Boston, in which will march the Society of the Sacred Heart of St. Charles Church and many other Woburn citizens.

— Mrs. John E. Osborne of Los Angeles, Cal., is visiting relatives and friends in Woburn. Mrs. Osborne, (who was Miss Etta Delano), expects to return West in October. This is her first visit east since leaving Woburn ten years ago. She is accompanied by her eldest son.

— What is the Bill of Fare for next month? Let's see: husk ings (red ears and all), applepearing bees, punkinpies, new cider, nutting, barberries and molasses, partridge and squirrel shooting, mincepies, twisted doughnuts and pickles, potatoes, tripe, sausages, a la mode and ad lib.

— According to the report of our Board of Assessors, of which Arthur E. Gage, Esq., is Chairman, and James H. Connolly, Esq., is Secretary, Mr. Luke Warren Fowle, a retired Boston merchant, is the heaviest taxpayer in this city. There are others who crowd him pretty close, but he is in the lead by, at least, a length.

— Roland Dow will turn out to be a business success. A lad who has common sense enough to give up teaching Greek and Latin to Buckeyes for a responsible position in the largest Mutual Life Insurance Company in New England will be able to cut his own fodder all through life and ask no odds of anybody.

— As usual the Evening School will open about the middle of October and continue 10 weeks. The School Board hope for a good attendance, larger than even than heretofore, and considering the increase of our foreign population—Italians, Greeks, Armenians, Russians—with their large families of children, the expectations of the Board ought to be met.

— It seems that the military spirit has experienced a revival in the Woburn High School lately, and that a Company of juvenile soldiers are incubating or have already incubated, we don't know which. Col. John M. Portal, an officer in the M. V. M., or Home Guards, is to be Instructor of the Company. What with military drills, football, dancing parties and study, the young men of the High School are to be kept pretty busy this winter.

— Some of our florists are given to bragging of their superior skill and taste in arranging nosegays and bouquets, but we venture to say that Mr. Charles M. Strout of Montvale avenue can give them adds at the business and beat them to a standstill every time. He don't think a bouquet is worthy of the name if it can be crowded into a bushelbasket, and turns up his nose at one containing less than 1 or 2 hundred flowers. For building up bouquets Mr. Strout has no successful competitor in Middlesex county.

— It has been customary in years past to have a hot spell of weather towards the latter end of September and this present month, now drawing to a close, has been no exception to the rule. To illustrate: last Monday, Sept. 25, the temperature outdoors, glass fully shaded, was strong 84 degrees. The degree of heat and humidity was not as high as it usually is about the time the B. & M. Railroad Co. give their annual excursion to Lake Winnipesauke at reduced rates. Howeuer, no complaint was heard or covering up of cabbages on Monday night for fear of frost.

— Yes, it is true that the business of leather making is rather dull in Woburn just now, and, of course, general trade and lesser manufacturers suffer sympathetically with the unpleasant condition. This condition, however, is not to last forever, nor for any considerable length of time. All branches of industry have their ups and downs, a taste of the latter of which this city is now unfortunately experiencing and has been for several months. "Preserve a stiff upper lip and keep pegging away" was President Lincoln's sage advice to his armies in the Civil War, and as it won then, so it will now and here, if the leathermakers stick close to Lincoln's advice. Woburn is a leather producing center of more than ordinary importance, and occasional periods of "downs" cannot prevent the growth of its great industry.

— Frank H. and Fred Kean, brothers, are sharpshooters. They love guns and are imbued with the genuine military spirit. Frank is Sergeant, and both have trained as officers and privates in Co. G, 5th Mass. Regiment. Last Saturday Frank won an individual cup at the Wakefield Rifle Range, which was not the first trophy by many he has been awarded for superior marksmanship. Fred, too.

Stetson—Richardson.

Prominent people of Boston, New York, Chicago, Toronto, Canada, Woburn, Hingham, Andover, and elsewhere, were present at the wedding of Mr. Clarence W. Stetson of Hunter, N. Y., and Miss Ruth Gage Richardson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank B Richardson, and granddaughter of the late G. R. Gage, which took place at the residence of the bride's parents on Mishawum Road on Thursday evening, Sept 21, 1911. Rev. Stephen A. Norton, pastor of the First Congregational church of Woburn, of which the bride and groom are members, was the officiating clergyman.

A reception followed the nuptial ceremony, for which the rooms were elegantly decorated. Mr. and Mrs Richardson and Mrs. Stetson, mother of the groom, assisted.

The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Theodora Richardson, as maid of honor, and Frank P Mowry of Newton was best man. The Ushers were George Smith, Percy Strout, Harry Fellows, Lester and Walter Hartshorn and Chester Holland Mr. and Mrs Stetson will live at Hunter, N. Y. He is Y. M. C. A. secretary for Greene County.

The wedding was one of the largest that has taken place here for many years, the number of guests being 400

The Woburn Vote.

The "Stay-at-Homes" from last Tuesday's primaries were more than 5 to 1 of the total registry of voters—685 to 32,000. Here it is:

FOR GOVERNOR.

Foss	258
Hisgen	24
Frothingham	225
Walker	129
White	49

FOR REPRESENTATIVE

Flint	77
Kelley	191
Parker	253
Andrews	307
Morton	80
Pratt	109
Strout	216

DIST. VOTE FOR REP.

Flint	134
Kelley	240
Parker	284
Andrews	502
Morton	387
Pratt	512
Strout	404

Methodist Church.

Next Sunday morning the older folks of the church and congregation will be honored by a service especially arranged for them. The pastor will speak on the theme: "A Glorious Sunset." The Epworth League, who have the arrangements in charge, have sent personal invitations to many of the older people, and they will do everything possible to contribute to their comfort and pleasure.

A vesper service will be given at the evening hour. The pastor will give an address on "Dr. Chapman and his Hymns," and the Alexander Song Book will be used. Persons having copies of this book are requested to bring them. The service will be held in the auditorium and the choir will be in service. This vespers is designed to serve as an introduction to a series of Sunday evening sermons to be given by the pastor beginning October 8.

Football Schedule.

The Woburn High School Football Team have adopted a schedule of games prepared for the present season, the first one of which was played last Friday afternoon at Milton. This is the schedule:

Friday, Sept. 22, at Milton
Saturday, Sept. 30, Open
Saturday, Oct. 7, at Medford
Thursday, Oct. 12, at Winchester
Wednesday, Oct. 18, at Arlington
Saturday, Oct. 21, Open
Friday, Oct. 28, Milton
Saturday, Nov. 4, at Stoneham
Tuesday, Nov. 7, Winchester
Saturday, Nov. 11, Chelsea
Saturday, Nov. 18, Stoneham
Saturday, Nov. 30, Alumni

Has Millions Of Friends.

How would you like to number your friends by millions as Bucklen's Arnica Salve does? Its astounding cures in the past forty years made them. Its the best Salve in the world for sores, ulcers, eczema, burns, boils, scalds, cuts, corns, sore eyes, sprains, swellings, bruises, cold sores. Has no equal for piles. 25c at All Druggists.

A Distinctive Number.

Always of unvarying interest, the Saturday, Oct. 7, edition of the Boston Evening Transcript will be read by thousands of persons with gratification and benefit because of the many specially written articles on a variety of interesting subjects which will be printed.

Anyone who has city, suburban, country or seashore real estate, houses or farms anywhere in New England to dispose of will find it advantageous to advertise in this issue of the Boston Transcript, as it will have an exceedingly wide distribution.

Many people who are not regular readers always look in the Transcript when they need a house, apartment, board or room, for they know that the largest lists of the better offerings are printed there as well as "want" advertisements of specially capable business assistants and good servants.

Kills A Murderer.

A merciless murderer is Appendicitis with many victims, but Dr. King's New Life Pills kill it by prevention. They gently stimulate stomach, liver and bowels, preventing that clogging that invites appendicitis, curing Constipation, Headache, Biliousness, Chills, 25c at All Druggists.

Phases of Woburn History.

BY WILLIAM R. CUTTER

Topography—Mortality.

II.

Judge Johnson has already printed several deeds which bear upon the subject of mining shares and allotments in Woburn at this Mine Hill. It is enough to say, that so much confidence was expressed in the enterprise, that, in 1680, 1692, 1694, and 1695, several interested parties in Woburn sold shares and rights in both Rag Rock and Mount Plainum (Copper Mountain) for the purpose of mining copper and other minerals, to John Foster and Francis Burroughs, both reputable merchants of Boston. Foster was really distinguished, the grandfather of Governor Thomas Hutchinson and the Governor's brother Foster Hutchinson, etc. John Foster died Feb. 9, 1710 11, and was given a great funeral (Sewall's Diary, vol. II, p. 300) He was a "true lover of the first ways of New England," in the thoughts of the Colonial Judge Sewall, who remarks:

Feb. 9. Seventh-day, between 11 and 12 m. Col. John Foster expires. His place at the Council Board and Court will hardly be filled up. I have lost a good Left hand man [modern expression, a good "right-hand man."] The Lord Save New England! Now just half the Counsellours mentioned in the Charter, are dead. The good Lord prepare the rest and me especially to follow after.

Judge Sewall writes concerning Burroughs:

Thursday, Dec. 10, 1713. Mr. Francis Burroughs buried after Lecture . . . . . He is Lamented as having been an intelligent Exemplary Christian. Buried in Mr. Heath's Tomb, New burying-place. (Sewall's Diary, vol. II. p. 410.)

A triangular piece of ground on the easterly face of this elevation, called Mineral Hill or Copper Mountain, represents the area in which these mining operations were anciently conducted. The lower boundary skirts the path (now discontinued) where the Billerica road formerly ran at the base of the hill. In modern times the tract has presented to the onlooker the appearance of an open pasture, filled with rocks and scattered trees.

There is one other calamity in Woburn which slipped by the Keepers of the local records. This time it was a very active and wellknown Woburn citizen, who was the unfortunate victim of a burning accident, which also included his house. The item was preserved in the diary of a Braintree man, and reads as follows:

1697. October. On the fifth day of this month, a house was Burned at Woburn, at noon day, and an old man burned to death in it; his name was Sears.—*Marshall's Diary, p. 8.*

John Sears died Oct. 5, 1697.—*Woburn Records* It will be observed that the entry in Woburn Records corresponds with the date given in the above diary entry.

The house lot of John Sears was between that of Allen Converse and that of John Wright on present Middle Street; that is, on the same side of that street, just west of the Woburn City Farm estate.

We have seen that locality, or topography, has an important bearing upon the ability of mortals to live; and that a community like Woburn, with its two hundred and sixty-nine past years, must have some local features, climate, soil, drinking water, plains, valleys, hills, streams, lakes, and swamps, to recommend it.

At this point it is convenient for the sake of comparison, to introduce some of the latest statistics regarding the territory of the former Woburn First Parish. Thirteenth Census of the United States: 1910. Bulletin. Population: Massachusetts.

	Population
Woburn, city, 1910	15,308
Winchester, town, 1910	9,309
Present total population of old Woburn First Parish	24,617
Woburn City, by Wards:	
Ward 1	2,708
Ward 2	3,014
Ward 3	2,568
Ward 4	2,625
Ward 5	1,478
Ward 6	2,055
Ward 7	860

It must not be overlooked that substantially a large portion of the inhabitants of Winchester reside upon those sections of that town which were formerly parts of Medford and West Cambridge, now Arlington, and were never a part of Woburn.

A word of explanation may be necessary. One hundred and twenty-five years ago, the territorial designation of that part of the old Woburn now comprised in the present city of Woburn and the present town of Winchester (that is, mainly comprised, for some portions of territory, have been added and some taken off since) was the Woburn First Parish; while that part of old Woburn, which is now mainly the town of Burlington, was the Second Parish of Woburn Precinct. The First Parish then contained less than twelve hundred inhabitants, and certain records were kept by each parish, and its particular church organization, but as regards statistics, with not the same particularity as now. The average death rate does not appear to be much less or much greater than now; and the average healthfulness of the community was about the same as now, agricultural or rural conditions showing little or no difference over urban (or city) conditions.

The records show that the people of the past time had their outbreaks of disease, their share of epidemics, and a very full share of calamitous accidents. Fatalities from sudden deaths were not uncommon. Drownings, and especially after the opening of the Middlesex Canal, were not rare. Open fireplaces (then very common) were the causes of serious and fatal burning accidents, frequently in the cases of women and children, whose light clothing easily caught fire from sparks or direct contact with the large blazing logs then used. Wounds from axes used in woodcutting at home and deaths from falling trees during periods of woodcutting abroad and in the neighboring forests were more frequent than recently because these operations were then more needful. Scaldings and falls from elevations and deaths from the kicks of vicious horses were assigned in the records as not unfrequent causes of accidental death. Sometimes deaths in snowstorms and in very cold weather, and of persons whose bodies were afterwards found in the open fields or in the roadways, are mentioned as among the not unusual causes at that period.

Difference in the management of matters of domestic economy have effected great changes in the foregoing classes of accident, and perhaps modern improvements have introduced many other forms to take the places of those we have enumerated, and these will keep up the average hereafter.

(To be continued)

Boston Theatres.

B. F. KEITH'S THEATRE.

Gus Edwards, the celebrated song writer and composer, author of "Sunbonnet Sue," "Goodbye, Little Girl, Goodbye," "Tammany," "Louisiana Lou," and over a hundred other popular hits, will be the principal attraction at B. F. Keith's Theatre next week. Last season Mr. Edwards invaded vaudeville with his big Song Revue, carrying a company of thirty-three singers, dancers, and comedians, and eight elaborate scenes. It met with tremendous success in every city on the B. F. Keith circuit.

THE TREMONT.

More than 50,000 theatregoers of Boston and the communities which surround it have seen "Excuse Me" during the six weeks it has been at the Tremont Theatre and the impressive success the Pullman palace car farce has achieved indicates that at least half as many more will gather at the Tremont Street playhouse during the three weeks that the piece has yet to stay in Boston. "Excuse Me" will not be presented in any other city in New England, nor will it be possible to extend the present engagment, as contracts made a long time ago call for the appearance of "Excuse Me" in Philadelphia upon October 23rd.

THE PLYMOUTH.

That the famous Irish Player at the Plymouth Theatre, Boston, have scored a phenomenal success is evinced at every performance when the seating capacity of this beautiful playhouse is severely tested. Not only has the theatregoing public raved over the remarkable genius displayed by this wonderfully clever organization, but the conservative critics of the entire Boston press, unanimously declared them to be the one great dramatic novelty of the decade.

THE NATIONAL.

Great crowds still continue to rush to the new National Theatre. This new Boston playhouse, the largest vaudeville theatre in the world, has been declared by the press and the people to be a tremendous success. In the past two weeks the theatre has been full at every performance. The National Theatre is located at 537 Tremont street, near the corner of Berkeley street, and very convenient to out of town patrons.

AUSTIN & STONE'S.

"The Missing Link" is on exhibition at Austin & Stone's Museum in Boston, but whoever wants to see it must go to that place of amusement at once.

Burlington.

Mr. Augustus Prouty, one of the oldest residents of this town, died at his home here last Tuesday morning, Sept. 26, 1911. He was born in Hampden, Maine, 83 years ago, and was a machinist until he bought a farm in Burlington, when he abandoned his trade to engage in farming. In the early months of the Civil War he worked in Portland on building gunboats for the Government, and later at the Charlestown Navy Yard in the same capacity. Ill health compelled him to leave there and engage in outdoor pursuits. It was then many years ago, that he bought his Burlington farm, on which he has lived a quiet, contented life ever since, respected by all who knew him. The surviving members of his family are Mrs. Staples of this town; a son who is the mail clerk on the route between Boston and Bangor, whose home is at Rockland, Mass.; and four grandchildren.

The funeral is to be held in the church at 2 o'clock this afternoon, Sept 29, conducted by undertakers B. A. & C. E. Tripp of Woburn. The religious exercises were by Rev. Mr. Washburn, a former pastor of the Burlington church, assisted by the present pastor.

Mortgagee's Sale.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage given by George W. Kimball of Woburn in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts to John Viall of Somerville in said County, dated the Second day of December in the year one thousand eight hundred and seventy-two and recorded at Middlesex South District Registry of Deeds, Book 1239, page 404, which mortgage was duly assigned to the Massachusetts Baptist Convention, or the Massachusetts Baptist Missionary Society, for breach of the conditions contained in said mortgage and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction on the premises described below on Saturday, the twenty-first day of October, in the year one thousand nine hundred and eleven at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage, namely:

A certain lot of land with the buildings thereon standing situated in the southerly part of said Woburn, containing eleven thousand square feet, more or less, and bounded as follows:

Beginning at the northwesterly corner of the premises at the junction of Fowle and East streets; thence the line runs easterly on and by said Fowle street ninety-eight and three-tenths feet to a stake at land now or formerly of Sylvester P. Cutler; thence southerly by land now or formerly of said Cutler one hundred and seventeen feet to a stake at other land formerly of said Kimball; thence westerly by said other land formerly of said Kimball eighty-nine and a half feet to a stake at said East street; thence northerly on and by said East street one hundred and seventeen feet to the point of beginning and being a part of the premises conveyed to George W. Kimball by George H. Conn by deed dated October 25, A. D. 1871, recorded at said Registry, Book 1196, Page 240.

Said premises will be sold subject to any unpaid taxes or assessments.

Term made known at time and place of sale.

MASSACHUSETTS BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY, Assignee, by Dwight Chester, Treasurer.

Boston, Sept. 27, 1911. 29-6-12

NOTICE

Lost—Co-operative Bank Book.

To The Woburn Co-operative Bank, Woburn, Mass.

I, Antonio Ciampa, of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, hereby give notice that book No. 2329 issued to me by your Bank has been lost or destroyed, and that pursuant to the Provisions of Section 40, of Chapter 590, of the Acts of the year 1908, as amended by Section 6, of Chapter 491 of the Acts of the year 1909, I hereby make application to your Corporation for the issuance of a duplicate book therefor.

ANTONIO CIAMPA.

Witness: FRANK M. ZOTTOLI.

The Woburn Co-operative Bank hereby consents that public notice be given of the above application by advertising the same once a week for three successive weeks in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper printed in said Woburn.

WOBURN CO-OPERATIVE BANK,
By Arthur E. Gage, Treasurer.

Musical.

Miss Maude H. Littlefield,

Violin and Piano-forte

INSTRUCTION

Season opens October 2.

79 Prospect St., Woburn.

Telephone 446

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law and all other persons interested in the estate of Julia A. Ward, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, Edward Johnson, administrator of the estate of said deceased, has presented to said Court his petition for license to sell at public auction the whole of a certain parcel of the real estate of said deceased for the payment of debts, and charges of administration, and for other reasons set forth in said petition.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County, on the tenth day of October, A. D., 1911, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to each person interested in the estate fourteen days, at least, before said Court, or by publishing the same once in each week for three successive weeks in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this fourteenth day of September in the year one thousand nine hundred and eleven.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

LAND COURT.

To the Boston and Lowell Railroad Corporation and the Boston and Maine Railroad, duly existing corporations having usual places of business in Boston, in the County of Suffolk, and said Commonwealth; George G. Hart of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, and said Commonwealth, and to all devisees or legal representatives of Henry Flagg, late of said Woburn, deceased; and to all whom it may concern:

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court by Mary E. Richardson of Berlin, in the State of New Hampshire, to register and confirm her title in the following described land:

A certain parcel of land with the buildings thereon situate in said Woburn, bounded Northerly by Wyman street one hundred and thirty one and 5-10 (131.5) feet; Westerly by Hart street one hundred and thirty one and 78-100 (131.78) feet; Southerly by land of George G. Hart one hundred and thirty six and 70-100 (136.70) feet; and Easterly by land of Boston & Lowell Railroad Coporation one hundred and thirty-four (134) feet.

The above described land is shown on a plan filed with said petition, and all boundary lines are claimed to be located on the ground as shown on said plan.

You are hereby cited to appear at the Land Court to be held at Boston, in the County of Suffolk, on the twenty-third day of October, A. D. 1911, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted. And unless you appear at said Court at the time and place aforesaid your default will be recorded, and the said petition will be taken as confessed, and you will be forever barred from contesting said petition or any decree entered thereon.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-third day of September, in the year one thousand nine hundred and eleven.

Attest with Seal of said Court.

[SEAL.]

CLARENCE C. SMITH, Recorder.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To John L. Loud an absentee who formerly resided in Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, having property in said County; to all persons claiming an interest in the property hereinafter named; and to all whom it may concern:

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to appoint Bertha G. Loud, of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, or some other suitable person, receiver of the following described property of said absentee, and whereas a warrant to take possession thereof has issued to an officer who has taken and now holds the same, to wit:

A certain lot of land with dwelling house thereon containing 7,736 sq. ft. situated at No. 9 Cleveland Avenue in said Woburn.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the thirtieth day of October, A. D. 1911, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this notice once in each week, for three successive weeks in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be seven days at least before said Court, and by posting a copy of this notice, not less than thirty days before said Court, upon each parcel of land named herein, and in two or more conspicuous places in Fall River, the city in which the absentee was last known to have been, and by mailing postpaid, at least thirty days before said Court, a copy of this notice to said absentee, addressed to him at 10 Cleveland Ave., Woburn, his last known address.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-second day of September, in the year one thousand nine hundred and eleven.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

LAND COURT.

To the Merrimack Chemical Company, of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, and said Commonwealth; William Banks now or formerly of Boston, in the County of Suffolk, and said Commonwealth, assignee in Insolvency of the estate of Eaton, Hill & Chandler, co-partners, formerly doing business in said Boston, or his successor or successors in said trust; and to all whom it may concern:

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court by George Mary Ann McIntosh Crockett of Wilmington, in said County of Middlesex, and on motion in the name of George H. Shields of said Boston, Trustee, has been substituted assignee, to register and confirm his title in the following described land:

A certain parcel of land situate in said Woburn, bounded northeasterly by land of the Merrimack Chemical Company about 560 feet; southeasterly by New Boston street about 340 feet; southwesterly by North Maple street; and northwesterly by Merrimack street about 648 feet.

The above described land is shown on a plan filed with said petition, and all boundary lines are claimed to be located on the ground as shown on said plan.

You are hereby cited to appear at the Land Court to be held at Boston, in the County of Suffolk, on the twenty-third day of October, A. D. 1911, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted. And unless you appear at said Court at the time and place aforesaid your default will be recorded, and the said petition will be taken as confessed, and you will be forever barred from contesting said petition or any decree entered thereon.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-second day of September, in the year one thousand nine hundred and eleven.

Attest with Seal of said Court.

[SEAL.]

CLARENCE C. SMITH, Recorder.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

LAND COURT.

To Charlotte A. Colburn, Edmund C. Colman, Jennie B. Graham, James N. Stuart and Vie H. Grover of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, and said Commonwealth; The Texas Company of Boston, in the County of Suffolk, and said Commonwealth; the Boston and Lowell Railroad Corporation and the Boston and Maine Railroad, duly existing corporations having usual places of business in said Boston; Mary E. Richardson of Berlin, in the State of New Hampshire; any heirs, devisees or legal representatives of Henry Flagg, formerly of said Woburn, deceased; and to all whom it may concern:

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court by George G. Hart of said Woburn, to register and confirm his title in the following described land:

A certain parcel of land situate in said Woburn, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at the Northwesterly corner of said land on Wyman street, and at land of Edmund C. Colman, from thence the line runs Southerly by land of said Colman one hundred twenty and 1-10 (120.1) feet; thence Westerly by same land one hundred (100) feet to land of Charlotte A. Colburn; thence Southerly partly by land last named, by land of Jennie B. Graham, and by land of James N. Stuart eleven hundred eighty three and 14-100 (1183.14) feet; thence Southeasterly by land of Vie H. Grover, seven hundred and twenty (720) feet to Kilby street; thence Easterly by said Kilby street sixty one (61) feet to Hart street; thence Northerly by said Hart street sixteen hundred fifty eight and 61-100 (1658.61) feet to other land of said Colman; thence westerly by said other land of Colman two hundred (200) feet to a corner; thence northerly still by land of Colman thirty and 8-10 (30.8) feet to said Wyman street; thence again Westerly by said Wyman street about forty (40) feet to the point of beginning. Containing about twelve and one 8a (12 1-2) acres.

Also another parcel containing about three (3) acres, situate in said Woburn, bounded Northerly by land of Mary E. Richardson, one hundred thirty seven and 7-10 (137.7 feet; Easterly by land of the Boston and Lowell Railroad Corporation ten hundred and sixty six (1066) feet; Southerly by land of The Texas Company one hundred and thirty (130) feet; Westerly by Hart street eleven hundred and forty eight and 8-100 (1148.08) feet.

Also another parcel containing about one-half acre, situate in said Woburn, bounded northerly by land of the Texas Company ninety-four (94) feet; easterly by the Boston and Lowell Railroad Corporation three hundred two and 20-100 (302.20) feet; westerly by said Hart street two hundred fifty seven and 20-200 (257.20) feet; southerly by Kilby street sixty three and 06-100 (63.06) feet.

The above described land is shown on a plan filed with said petition, and all boundary lines are claimed to be located on the ground as shown on said plan.

You are hereby cited to appear at the Land Court to be held at Boston, in the County of Suffolk, on the twenty-third day of October, A. D. 1911, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted. And unless you appear at said Court at the time and place aforesaid your default will be recorded, and the said petition will be taken as confessed, and you will be forever barred from contesting said petition or any decree entered thereon.

Witness, CHARLES THORNTON DAVIS, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this twenty-sixth day of September, in the year nineteen hundred and eleven.

Attest with Seal of said Court.

[SEAL.]

CLARENCE C. SMITH, Recorder.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors and all other persons interested in the estate of Eliza Murray, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Michael J. Doherty, of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on his bonds.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge in said County of Middlesex, on the fourth day of October, A. D. 1911, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each



Pillsbury's Best

Old Wheat Flour until the quality of the new crop is fully established we advise the purchase of Old Wheat Flour. We can supply you.

Boston Branch

Tea and Grocery House,

FRED. STANLEY

351 Main Street.

TELEPHONE 242-3.

OUR

Store Policy

has always been to carry the standard and desirable goods in every line. That is why we chose Kodaks for our photographic department. You will never regret the purchase of a 3A Folding Pocket Kodak—$20.

Whitcher's

PILL BOX

LET US SHOW YOU.



BEEF DIET

is always allowable. Prime roast steaks, and beef stews never go out of fashion,

BUY BEEF

and you won't want the services of a doctor but seldom. Long lived people are beef eaters. Get beef of us and you'll have the best at least cost.

Linnell's Market,

406 Main Street, Woburn.

Telephone. 314-1

BAY STATE STREET RAILWAY CO.

TIME TABLE

In effect June 25, 1911.

[Subject to change without notice.]

Leave WOBURN CENRTE for MALDEN SQ. at 5.45 A.M., then every 30 minutes to 8.15 A. M., then every 60 min. to 2.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45, 11.15 P. M. SUNDAY at 8.15 A. M., and every 60 minutes to 1.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45, *11.15 P. M. RETURN, leave MALDEN SQ. for WOBURN at 6.45, 7.15 A. M., then every 60 minutes to 8.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.15, †10.45, †11.15, †11.45 P. M.

Leave STONEHAM SQ. for SAUGUS CENTRE, LYNN and SALEM at 6.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes to 10.30 P. M. Leave corner Main and Franklin Streets, Melrose, for Saugus Centre at 5.45 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45 P. M. SUNDAY at 8.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes to 10.30 P. M. Leave corner Main and Franklin Streets, Melrose for Saugus Centre at 8.45 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45 P. M. RETURN leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Square at 6 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 11 P. M. SUNDAY at 9 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 11 P. M.

* Melrose Highlands Only.
† To Stoneham Square Only.

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For Real Estate call on Griffin Place at 349 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

WINCHESTER.

Society and sporting people are preparing for a big season of fun here this winter.

Mrs Margaret Lovejoy Webber is the new Pastor's Assistant and Musical Director of the First Congregational church of this town. She is a talented woman.

Our excellent villiage paper, the *Star*, ought to have made a heap of money out of its political advertising last week. There was a big grist of it and no mistake.

The Winchester Baseball team played their last game of the season last Saturday. They are one of the strongest ball combines in these parts, and our town is proud of them.

No citizen of Winchester will be more sincerely and deeply mourned than Irving S. Palmer who died suddenly last week, at the age of 72 years. He had hosts of friends and was respected by everybody.

On Oct. 2 the winter bowling tournament of Calumet Club will open for the season. Judge George S. Littlefield, Chairman of the Bowling Committee, has arranged an order of games and the tourney promises to be a lively one. Sixteen teams have been entered for the season.

The following High School graduates have entered or about to enter colleges in quest of more learning: Miss Hannah Locke and Miss Madge Hovey, Vassar; Mr. Marshall Jones, Amherst; Miss Margaret Mason, Boston University. Eliot Barta, Robert Hamilton, Frank Rowe, Jr., and Alfred Dover, Lowell Textile school; Miss Constance Lane, Simmons College; Miss Marion Parshley, Abbott School; Miss Gladys Spaulding, National Park Seminary; Miss Eudora Sykes, Framingham Normal School.

Does "Montague," who writes for publication in the Winchester *Star* so intelligently and entertainingly concerning the "Boys of Maine" as to suggest the probability of his having been one of them, call to mind that four of those "Boys" were prominent members of Congress at the same time from four States? They were the Washburn Brothers, born and bred in a small town in Kennebec county, three of whom emigrated to the West when young men, and the fourth remaining in his native State, by whom he was greatly honored. The brothers were: Israel Washburn, a Lawyer, the oldest of them, whose home was at Orono on the Penobscot River who was Governor of the State; Representative of the Third District in Congress; and finished his political career as Collector of the Port of Bangor. The next was Elihu whose adopted home was Galena, Illinois. He was a prominent Lawyer and represented the First Illinois Congressional District in the National House many years, where he was called the "Watch Dog of the Treasury." Capt U. S. Grant, U. S. A., resigned, took up his residence at Galena in 1858 and entered the employ of his father, who was a hide and leather dealer there. Congressman Washburn was an ardent friend of his and when the War of the Rebellion broke out he induced Governor "Dick" Yates of Illinois to appoint Grant a Brigadier General, the sequel of which is familiar to every intelligent American man, woman and boy. In 1869, after his inauguration, President Grant appointed Washburn American Ambassador to France, where, in the siege of Paris, in the Franco-German War in 1871, he did more to alleviate the sufferings of the people than the representatives of all other nations combined. The strain of that winter's work in behalf of the besieged and starving Frenchmen undermined his health, and he returned home to Illinois and died. Charles Washburn, the Flour King, represented the Minneapolis District of Minnesota; and William, the Madison, Wisconsin District—all four of them Members of Congress at the same time, unless, possibly, the service of William was rendered at a different period, which I believe was not the case. But it was a rare and highly honorable record the family of "Maine Boys" made.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., Preaching by the Pastor, Rev. H. C. Parker. Subject: "Our Debt to Religion."
12 M., Sunday School.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. B Williams, D. D.
12 M., Sunday School
At 5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the Pastor, Rev. Stephen A. Norton, D. D.
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 6 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
7 P. M. Evening Service.
Wednesday at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, Main Street
Rev. F. M. Estes, Pastor.
SUNDAY SERVICES:—
Preaching, 10.30 A. M.
Sunday School, 12 M.
Preaching, 7 P. M.
Prayer Meeting, Wednesday, 7.45 P. M.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Service in Five Cents Savings Bank Building, Room 19, every sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Unreality." Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M. Reading Room open to the public daily except Sunday from 2.30 to 4.30.

Married.

In this city, Sept. 21, by Rev. Stephen A. Norton Clarence Nelson Stetson of Hunter, N. Y., and Ruth Gage Richardson of Woburn.

In this city Sept. 21, by Rev. Stephen A. Norton George M. Wilson of Newton Lower Falls, Mass., and Ethel Osborn of Woburn.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notice 10 cents a line.

In this city, Sept. 19, Margaret Wall, aged 32 years.

In this city, Sept. 26, Edward W. Flariday, aged 39 years, 11 months, 12 days.

In this city, Sept. 25, James E. Ball, aged 66 years, 4 months, 19 days.

In this city, Sept. 26, Rufus P. Crosby, aged 81 years, 11 months, 28.

Are You Happy?

If you are it is safe to say that you enjoy good health, as it is impossible to be happy unless you are well. Noted physicians will tell you that bad stomachs and torpid livers are the cause of 95 per cent of all diseases.

For the past 42 years SEVEN BARKS has proved to be the unequalled remedy for all STOMACH, LIVER and KIDNEY troubles, and the greatest tonic and blood purifier known. It makes your digestion what it should be and keeps your entire system in good condition. Price of SEVEN BARKS is but 50 cents a bottle at all druggists. Money refunded if not satisfied. Address

LYMAN BROWN, 68 Murray St., New York, N.Y.

STATE POLITICS

Defeat of Reciprocity as Affecting the State Campaign

DEMOCRATS HOLD BARBECUE

Republicans Will Make Active State Canvass—Many Speakers Will Be Heard—Industrial Heads Fear the Threats of Tariff Revision

The defeat of the reciprocity agreement by the Canadians was such a genuine surprise that politicians have hardly recovered yet, from their astonishment. The people of Massachusetts have been told by Democrats for many years that our neighbors across the border were ready to approve a treaty whenever it was presented to them, but that idea has been completely demolished by the events of the past week. Just what effect the rejection of the agreement by Canada will have upon the state campaign is just now the subject of much discussion. It seems to be a very general view that nothing contributed quite so much to rejection of the agreement as the statements made by Speaker Champ Clark in the special session of congress favoring annexation. That statement was used by Canadians in opposition to the ratification of the agreement, and it is understood to have been agreed in Canada that it was most potent in stirring up opposition to it. Such a statement coming from the speaker of the lower house of congress had the force of an official of the nation. It was so accepted by the Canadian opponents of reciprocity. The Democratic party is therefore blamed as being responsible for the defeat of the agreement, through the Democratic speaker of the national house, and there is a general suspicion that while Democrats in congress voted for reciprocity they were anxious to have it defeated by the Canadians and willing to help in that defeat.

Governor Foss Was Mistaken

Governor Foss has always insisted that Canada was ready for reciprocity and that all that was necessary was to give that country an opportunity, and she would accept it. His judgment was not sound, and just how he will justify himself remains to be seen. It is believed by Republicans that he will suffer a good deal by the defeat of the measure. It eliminates that issue from his campaign. If it had been ratified he would probably have claimed to be responsible for its adoption, and announce himself as the original advocate of Canadian reciprocity, notwithstanding the fact that it was an issue and had many advocates in Massachusetts before Mr. Foss became active in politics.

Certainly Governor Foss is not well pleased with the result of the Canadian election. The Boston Globe quotes him as acknowledging to friends who called on him the day after that election, that the reciprocity issue had been wiped off both the Democrat and Republican slates. It described the governor as betraying unmistakable signs of his regret at the outcome. Those close to him are said to acknowledge that they have been robbed of a valuable campaign issue.

Democrats Have a Barbecue

The Democrats opened the campaign last Saturday with a barbecue at Caledonian grove. In his speech Governor Foss decided that the Democrats in the state did not care whether the issues should be national or local.

He declared that the defeat of reciprocity in Canada could not be laid to the door of the Democratic party, forgetting the part played by Speaker Champ Clark, who injected the annexation bogey into the Canadian campaign.

Then he tried to convince his hearers that if there was any fault on the part of the United States it was the fault of the Republican party, in that it did not first revise the tariff and then follow with reciprocity.

In this Mr. Foss does not agree with many of his friends, who are convinced that reciprocity would suffer the same fate in Canada regardless of whether the American tariff was high or low, but that its chances would have been much less if it had been low, because there would have been less reason for Canadians to desire it.

At all events, both Republicans and Democrats who look at the question fairly are agreed that reciprocity will not again be considered by either Canada or the United States for a number of years, and that it is no longer a real issue in this country.

Campaign Will Be Hot

With the close of the primaries and the nomination of the Democratic and Republican candidates for governor, and the rest of the two state tickets, the campaign will begin at once to be extremely active.

The Republican state convention will be held on Oct. 4. The Democrats will hold theirs on the 5th, and will thus have the last word in platform making and speaking. However, there is no particular value in that. Republicans intend to make a big campaign, and to leave no stone unturned to secure the election of governor. They will have prominent speakers from various parts of the country, and it will be a thoroughly wide awake, stumping campaign on their part.

There are only two states in the union which hold a complete election, Massachusetts and Rhode Island. The rest of the country will be much interested in the result of the election in these two states.

Business and Industry Timid

It is plainly to be seen that business and industrial enterprises are not being pushed as vigorously as they would be if the tariff question were not under discussion and liable to call for a change by a congress which is not over favorable to New England. Those who have studied the situation say that the present uncertainty in the goods as well as the stock market merely reflect the troubled state of mind of the entire business and manufacturing community, and that if this uncertainty were removed there would be a quick return of normal conditions, full employment of operatives in the mills and factories. The situation would be greatly helped, they believe, by some indications that the tariff attack upon New England is resented by the voters here. The defeat of Mr. Foss would be such a sign, and convince manufacturers that New England industries are not to be sacrificed without a protest from the people of New England themselves. Republicans believe it would have a sobering and a restraining effect upon southern Democratic congressmen, show that the north will not tolerate a sectional tariff, and convince the Democratic house that the pushing of such measures in the coming session will endanger their chances of winning the presidential election.

It is plain to be seen that Governor Foss intends to claim credit for everything in sight. He is even trying to prove that he instigated the suit against the United Shoe Machinery company, although the attorney general's department of the United States had been probing the acts of the corporation for months before the governor alluded to it. In fact, the story is told that Mr. Foss heard the federal grand jury was going to act, and took that opportunity to put himself in the limelight as advocating proceedings against the concern. Then, when a few days later the grand jury got busy, the governor tried to make it appear that he was responsible for starting the proceedings. All the talk about the state attorney general getting into the case was intended to befog the issue and excuse an attack upon Mr. Swift.

Do We Sleep Too Much?

Perhaps, on account of popular opinion and personal habit, we waste much time in a jellyfish condition that could be more profitably spent in active pursuit of our ambitions. The answer, of course, depends upon the nature of our occupation. If there is much muscular effort involved, with a corresponding large amount of waste in the cells and blood, eight hours or more are probably necessary. But if our work is of a sedentary nature and mainly of the brain there is naturally a smaller quantity of accumulated waste, and less time is required for its removal. Many are the instances of great men, past and present, who have lived healthfully and worked unceasingly and strenuously on only four or five hours of sleep, or half the laborer's portion. Surely we are not to suppose that those men were or are physically different from others, but rather that by inclination or necessity they have developed a habit of sleeping intensely for a short period instead of lightly for a longer period, with resulting gain of time and efficiency.—Atlantic Monthly.

Kings Are Useful.

A king is a hand embroidered gentleman trimmed with metals, faced with whiskers and thatched with a metal roof that would never keep off the rain. Nominally he is the head of the nation; actually he is a figurehead, and that is figuratively speaking only, for he is generally too fat to claim a figure and seldom has much of a head—except on the morning after a celebration.

Once upon a time the king was the big tuba of the band. Now he is merely an oboe—until there is a revolution, and then he becomes a real live hobo.

However, a king has his place, although he is yearly finding it more difficult to stay in it.

Kings are found to be very useful in poker games, and by society ladies who wish to be presented to somebody they can brag of having met when they get back home to their long left loved ones.—Detroit Free Press.

Light and Sound Waves.

With reference to our ability to tell the direction from which sound proceeds, attention may be called to an interesting difference between the eyes and the ears in relation to the size of the waves that strike them. The average wave length of light is about one ten-thousandth of the diameter of the pupil of the eye. On the other hand, according to Rayleigh, the waves of sound proceeding from a man's mouth are about eight feet long, whereas the diameter of the passage of the ear is quite small and could not well have been made a large multiple of eight feet. One consequence of the minuteness of light waves in comparison with the size of the eyes is that the lenses of the eyes are able to concentrate rays of light upon the retina with great efficiency.—Scientific American.

According to Orders.

In employing men to work at his Palo Alto farm in California the late Senator Stanford gave strict orders that they were never to strike, kick or whip a horse. On one occasion, while at dinner, one of the drivers insisted that he must see the senator. He was ushered in, with blood over his face, which was badly cut. "John knocked me down," explained the man, referring to one of the trainers. "What did you do?" asked the senator. "Nothing," replied the man. "But you must have done something. I want the truth," persisted the senator. "Well, I only kicked a horse," growled the man, "and John knocked me down." "Those were John's instructions," said the senator emphatically, "and he did just right."

Gallant.

Mme. Sarah Bernhardt once told of a gallant to whom she had been introduced. "His compliments," she said, "were so glowing that at last I cried out:

"'But, monsieur, remember, I am sixty-four years old!'

"'Madam,' he replied, 'to me you are just thirty-two, for I, seared as I have been by scandal, am too charitable ever to believe more than half of what I hear.'"

Some Squeeze.

A judge was questioning an old Irishman.

"He took you by the throat and choked you, did he?" asked the judge.

"He did, sor," said Pat. "Sure, sor, he squazed me throat till I thought he would make cider out o' me Adam's apple."—London Telegraph.

Information.

Johnny—The right way to spell 'high' is h-i-g-h, isn't it? Auntie—Yes, dear. Why do you wish to know? Johnny—'Cause I'm writing an English composition about the hyena.

One Exception.

Wildman Senior (to son home from college)—Well, Richard, how have things been going with you this term? Wildman Junior—Pretty slow, dad—except the cash.—Exchange.

RAFTS OF GNAT EGGS.

Their Floating Illustrates a Curious Property of Water.

Many simple experiments show that the surface of water possesses a property which causes it to resist the passage of bodies either from above or below. This is true not only of soapy water, but of the cleanest and purest water as well. A sheet of fine gauze tends to float because, its weight being widely distributed, each of the numerous separate wires is resisted by the surface film so that the water cannot readily pass through the meshes.

Insects and plants utilize this fact in many interesting ways. Some water plants whose leaves float on the water have a very simple contrivance to keep the upper surfaces of the leaves dry. This consists of a great number of minute hairs covering the tops of the leaves. Water cannot penetrate among these hairs even when the leaves are forced down beneath the surface.

The little rafts of eggs that gnats set afloat on the water are kept from sinking and from being upset through this same principle. The tiny eggs have their points all upward, and they are glued together so closely that, while there is open space all around the point of each egg, yet the width of these spaces is so slight that water cannot readily pass through. You may again and again upset such an egg raft, but it will right itself every time, and the upper surface will remain dry.

ARMS OF THE MEDICI.

The Gilded Globes That Mark the Pawnbroker's Shop.

Few persons seeing the signs of the vast wealth of our avuncular relatives in most thoroughfares in London pause to consider their origin. Of course it is the balls of gold to which we refer. Not only may they be taken as indications of wealth, but as a sign that pledges are received. But the balls do not indicate what they really are. They are the arms of the Medici family. Whoever has visited Florence will recall the three balls alternated with the red lilies. But how comes it that the decorations of the Tuscan palace have found their way to London and elsewhere?

The explanation is not difficult if we give the subject a moment's thought. The first gold changers to settle in London, as in Paris, were the Florentines or Lombards. They chose Lombard street as the place where they would carry on their business. These early settlers are perpetuated today by the bankers. In the early days the inhabitants counted among their number some of the Medici family, and to inspire confidence they exhibited their family arms, to which they had a perfect right. The family of Medici is extinct today, but their arms survive them, the present users thinking the respectability of the origin too great to be dispensed with.—London Globe.

On Being Calm.

One of the finest things within reach of the average individual is calmness. It is also profitable.

Calmness is the twin sister of comfort. The man or woman who has formed the habit of calmness is apt to be comfortable when others are uncomfortable.

Nor is it such a difficult matter to make this habit feel enough at home to become a member of the family!

For calmness is about ninety per cent freedom from fear.

As a rule, the person who is not calm is afraid of something or somebody. Afraid of self, perhaps. And that is the most disconcerting sort of fear.

The way to be calm is to be calm.

When the winds of adversity or disappointment or discouragement are seeking to ruffle your mental seas, keep remembering that there is no such a thing as a comfortable passage with the waves beating high. So, keep calm.—Philadelphia North American.

People Who Rarely Wink.

There are people who rarely wink. How they manage to get along without doing so is a marvel, but somehow or other they do. Some eyes are naturally more moist than others, and the very moist eye does not so much need the assistance of the lids to keep the eyeball bright. It is a constitutional matter, for winking, though under the control of the will, is done so quickly that it is practically an involuntary action. Men wink when they feel that the eye is uncomfortably dry, and when it does not become dry the necessity for winking is not felt.

Earning a Spanking.

A child whose mother had found it necessary to rent dishes for a huge family gathering was much impressed by the occurrence, which she did not understand. Some months later at a more formal affair she electrified the party by asking shrilly:

"Mother, do you remember the time when you got a whole lot of new dishes and they came and took them away from us next day?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

Revising It Downward.

"Then I'm to tell the firm," the bill collector said, making a memorandum in his notebook, "that you'll probably settle this account next week?"

"Well, I'd hardly put it that way," hesitatingly answered the other. "'Probably' is a pretty strong word. Better make it 'possibly.'"—Chicago Tribune.

No Chance.

Mrs. Jones—It's queer that baby doesn't talk. She's almost two years old and hasn't spoken a word yet. Mr. Jones—I know, dear, but do you ever give baby a chance?

Lost Time.

The late Sylvanus Miller, civil engineer, who was engaged in a railroad enterprise in Central America, was seeking local support for a road and attempted to give the matter point. He asked a native:

"How long does it take you to carry your goods to market by muleback?"

"Three days," was the reply.

"There's the point," said Miller. "With our road in operation you could take your goods to market and be back home in one day."

"Very good, senor," answered the native. "But what would we do with the other two days?"—Boston Record.

Her Choice.

"I believe there's good people in all denominations," Mrs. Lapsling said, "but as for myself I always go to one of the orchard ox churches."—Chicago Tribune.

A sharp tongue is the only edged tool that grows keener with constant use.—Irving.



ROBERT LUCE

of Somerville, Republican candidate for Lieutenant Governor of Massachusetts. Election, Nov. 7.

MANY SUFFERERS from nasal catarrh say they get splendid results by using an atomizer. For their benefit we prepare Ely's Liquid Cream Balm. Except that it is liquid it is in all respects like the healing, helpful, pain-allaying Cream Balm that the public has been familiar with for years. No cocaine nor other dangerous drug in it. The soothing spray is a remedy that relieves at once. All druggists, 75c., including spraying tube, or mailed by Ely Bros., 56 Warren Street, New York.

STORIES OF ROSSINI.

His Dread of Thirteen and Friday and a Coincidence.

Rossini had scant patience with amateur composers. One such once accompanied the manuscript of his latest composition with a Stilton cheese, of which he knew Rossini to be fond. He hoped of course to have a letter praising his work. A letter came, but all it said was: "Thanks. I like the cheese very much."

When Rossini was rehearsing one of his operas in a small theater in Italy he noticed that the horn was out of tune.

"Who is that playing the horn in such an unholy way?" he demanded.

"It is I," said a tremulous voice.

"Ah, it is you, is it? Well, go right home." It was his own father.

Rossini's whimsicality extended even to his birthday. Having been born on Feb. 29, in leap year, he had of course a birthday only once in four years, and when he was seventy-two he facetiously invited his friends to celebrate his eighteenth birthday.

All his life he had a dread of the number thirteen, as well as of Fridays. He never would invite more than twelve to dinner, and once when he had fourteen he made sure of an understudy who would, at a moment's notice, have been ready to come should one guest have missed. And, though this was a double superstition, he died on Friday, Nov. 13.—New York Sun.

An Unforeseen Calamity.

In his own mind Abel Saunders was a man marked out by destiny for misfortune; in the minds of his neighbors it was a wonder that such a shiftless man got on as well as Abel did.

When he appeared at the door of the resident who had ordered a dozen eggs the night before he unfolded a much rumpled paper and took from it four eggs.

"That's all there is left o' what I started with," he said lugubriously. "If 't had been anybody but me they'd 've got here all right. But the four little holes that was in the bottom o' the bag—I saw 'em, but there wa'n't any one of 'em half big enough for an egg to come through—if they didn't all join together when I was most over here! If I hadn't 've been as spry as a man like me has to learn to be I couldn't have saved ye a single egg!"—Youth's Companion.

Gave the Tiger His Arm.

The late Sir Edward Bradford was a great figure in British official life, especially in the Indian service. Sir Edward was a splendid huntsman. Although possessing only one arm, he rode a most spirited horse. The occasion on which he lost his left arm furnishes an example of his presence of mind and the cool bravery which were his characteristic traits. He was out tiger shooting in the jungle when knocked down by a tiger. Instead of struggling with the animal, he permitted it to maul his arm so as to let one of his party shoot it.

Her Own Worst Worry.

"You say she worries herself unnecessarily over trifling things?" said one of two women who were speaking about the ways of another.

"Worries?" was the answer. "Why, she's more trouble to herself than a family of children!"—New York Sun.

Easy.

White—Have you any trouble in making both ends meet? Green—Not a bit. The end of my money and the end of the week always come at the same time.—Harper's Bazar.

A Fierce Night Alarm

is the hoarse, startling cough of a child, suddenly attacked by croup. Often it aroused Lewis Charchlin, of Manchester, O., [R. R. No. 2] for their four children were greatly subject to croup. "Sometimes in severe attacks," he wrote "we were afraid they would die, but since we proved what a certain remedy Dr. King's New Discovery is, we have no fear. We rely on it for croup and for coughs, colds or any throat or lung trouble." So do thousands of others. So may you. Asthma, Hay Fever, La Grippe, Whooping Cough, Hemorrhages fly before it. 50c and $1.00. Trial bottle free. Sold by All Druggists.

A Reliable Remedy FOR CATARRH

Ely's Cream Balm

is quickly absorbed. Gives Relief at Once. It cleanses, soothes, heals and protects the diseased membrane resulting from Catarrh and drives away a Cold in the Head quickly. Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. Full size 50 cts. at Druggists or by mail. Liquid Cream Balm for use in atomizers 75 cts. Ely Brothers, 56 Warren Street, New York

ELY'S CREAM BALM FOR COLD IN HEAD CATARRH HAY-FEVER HEADACHE TRADE MARK ELY BROS. NEW YORK



PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists

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WOBURN NATIONAL BANK

Savings Department.

The beginning of successful operation of UNITED STATES POSTAL SAVINGS BANKS, and the possibility of legislation, by Congress, looking to the establishment of NATIONAL SAVINGS BANKS, as outlined by Senator Aldrich, in his tentative plan for a new banking law, seems to indicate a popular demand for places of savings under the control and supervision of the UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT.

To meet this legitimate demand and to extend increased banking facilities to the people of Woburn and vicinity, the WOBURN NATIONAL BANK has opened a new department to be known as its SAVINGS DEPARTMENT, and will receive deposits of money to bear interest FROM DATE OFDEPOSIT at the rate of three per centum per annum on sums not less than $100. These deposits however will not be subject to check.

All deposits in this bank are GUARANTEED by its capital stock of $100,000, its surplus and undivided profits December 31, 1910, of $68,860.34, and by the personal liability of its responsible stockholders to the extent of an additional $100,000.

These directors give its affairs their personal attention:

Daniel R. Beggs of Beggs & Cobb, leather manufacturers.
William E. Blodgett, Treasurer of R.Guastavino Co.
John C. Buck, Cashier.
Robert Chalmers, Physician.
Everett P. Fox of W. P. Fox & Sons, leather manufacturers.
John W. Johnson, President.
Edward F. Johnson, Judge of District Court.
John G. Maguire, Lawyer.
L. Waldo Thompson, Woburn Hardware Co.

DIRECTORS.

Woburn, January 30, 1911.

The Engagement Ring

carries with it the tenderest and deepest of all sentiments. It is the token of tokens.

Solitaire Diamond

Engagement Rings at $12.00 to $175.00. Solid Gold Wedding Rings at $2.00 to $12.00.

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A Matrimonial Tangle

And the Remarkable Manner In Which It Was Unraveled

By ALLAN G. LAMOND

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In the olden times when there were but three classes in the southern states, the planter, the poor white and the negro, the planter was a sort of patriarchal governor and his family were his deputies. Each plantation was a small community, and when the patriarch was a kindly man the word slavery was in some respects a misnomer. There was often among these planter families a noblesse oblige that is a wholesome feature in any people.

While the young men and women of this class in the main regarded their obligations seriously, they were prone to impulse and often to recklessness. All had their ideas of honor and chivalry and a certain independence in practicing them.

Colonel Le Grand of Mississippi—called colonel by courtesy—was one of these community governors and by virtue of the system prevailing at the time in the south a small monarch. He was beloved by his subjects for a



STRUGGLING TO KEEP AFLOAT.

generous, impulsive man with an abnormal sense of honor. He had five sons and one daughter. In such cases the daughter is the virtual sovereign of the family. Anita Le Grand ruled first her father and then every one that her father ruled. She was in every respect a chip of the old block. So tender hearted was she that she found herself in a perpetual state of charitable bankruptcy.

The time came when this defect, if it may be called a defect, in Miss Le Grand's character was bound to show itself in her choice of a husband. When she was sixteen it was said of her that she would soon make some young man very happy or very miserable. When she was seventeen she was making several young men both happy and miserable. When she was eighteen every gentleman bachelor was her suitor, and at nineteen she was inextricably involved with half a dozen applicants for her hand.

"Won't you try to love me?" one of these suitors would plead.

"Yes; I'll try."

He went away happy, and another took his place.

"If you don't love me my life will be wrecked."

"Oh, don't talk like that. I'll do the best I can."

"If you won't be mine," said a third, "I shall go home and a bullet will end all."

"Oh, dear! Give me time to think about it."

Since every one of these suitors went away magnifying his chances and each came eventually to look upon himself as the favored one, it was not long before Miss Le Grand was in a state of semi-engagement to each one of these young men. Indeed, she saw herself on the brink of a state of betrothal bankruptcy similar to those charitable crises over which her father had often tided her. But unfortunately for her the kind man could not save her from a multiplicity of suitors. True, since she went to him for succor in all her necessities, she laid this betrothal muddle before him. The colonel took the matter under advisement. Anita gave him a list of the young men who claimed that she had encouraged them, though there was really no more encouragement than is to be found in the above named responses to their pleadings. The list embraced the most desirable partis among the neighboring plantations.

"What!" said Colonel Le Grand to himself. "Albert, the son of my old friend Wharton! My little girl could not do better. If she is pledged to him she must keep her word. His father is the soul of honor, and my daughter must be scrupulously honorable with his son. Young Fitz-Warren, the sole heir to one of the finest plantations in the south! Rutledge! Winterton! All fine fellows. Every man an honorable gentleman. But here's one I'm not so certain about. Dick Abercrombie. Too much gunpowder in him. He's fought two duels. True, by one of them he got rid of a fellow who was trying to ruin his younger brother by gambling. I would not mind him if it weren't that he will surely get himself killed in some fashion and leave my little girl a widow. They call him 'Mad Dick' Abercrombie, and he's well named. No, he won't do at all. Still, he must be treated honorably."

The colonel's next move was to call his daughter into his office room and question her as to her feelings toward these individuals. He began at the top of the list.

"Have you given your word to Bert Wharton, my darling?"

"I don't know."

"Do you love him?"

"I think I might if I tried."

"How about Fitz-Warren?"

"I think I might love him a little too."

"You mean you might love him exclusively?"

"Yes."

"Then there are Rutledge, Winterton and Abercrombie. I have no objection to any of them except Abercrombie."

To this there was no reply.

"Abercrombie came very nearly killing himself riding his bay gelding in the races last season, and he might have been shot by that villain he insisted on fighting if it hadn't been for his luck. These reckless fellows all seem to be protected by the ghosts of their mammies or some other guardian. We must count Abercrombie out."

"Yes, papa."

"I hope you haven't pledged yourself to him in any way."

"Not any more than the others."

"H'm! Not any more! Have you given him as much encouragement as the others?"

"Just about."

The colonel knit his brows.

"Well, my daughter," he said after reflection, "I fear I can't help you in the matter. I wish I could choose for you, but that is impossible. Consult your own heart and"—

"All right, papa. I'll find some way out of it. Don't worry."

She kissed him affectionately and departed.

Anita consulted her own heart and found that there was a leaning toward the only one of her suitors to whom her father objected. "Mad Dick" Abercrombie unfortunately held first place on the list. She would have taken some means to eliminate the others and get out of the muddle by accepting him had it not been for her father's disapproval. But her father would disapprove of her not keeping faith with him as well as the others. Therefore she decided that, whatever the plan she chose to settle the matter, she would give him an equal chance.

Miss Le Grand's plan for a decision was a stroke of genius. At least so she considered it herself. She wrote each one of the applicants for her hand a note stating that she had become somewhat involved with several of them and had concluded to marry the man who loved her best. This point she would determine by the energy displayed in endeavoring to secure her hand. The first man who proposed to her in person after the receipt of her note she would accept.

Miss Le Grand, having written the notes, gave them to Anna, her maid, to deliver the next morning and the same evening disappeared.

The Le Grand plantation was situated about ten miles from the Mississippi river. Miss Le Grand arranged with Uncle Bob, the master of the horse, to get out the carriage and have it standing outside the gate at 11 o'clock on the night of her disappearance. Accompanied by Anna, who was in her confidence and carried a portmanteau, Anita stole out of the house and made her way to the carriage. Sending Anna back with a last injunction to deliver the notes, Uncle Bob was instructed to drive to a little town on the bank of the Mississippi river. There the next morning about 10 o'clock a steamboat coming down stream stopped at the wharf. Miss Le Grand went aboard, the steamer drifted off, and our traveler registered as bound for Baton Rouge, where she intended to visit a relative.

Some ten miles of the journey had been traversed when a man on the eastern shore, about two miles below the boat, plunged into the yellow waters of the Mississippi and swam for the channel. When the steamer neared the point where he was swimming he was observed by the captain and some of the passengers. The forward guards soon became crowded. On reaching the swimmer he was seen to be struggling to keep afloat, for he had made a long swim in dangerous waters. A plank was thrown to him, and a yawl usually towed at the stern of such boats was pulled for him. He was taken aboard the yawl and rowed to the steamer in an exhausted condition.

Miss Le Grand, who had not slept the night before, was dozing in the ladies' cabin. She was awakened by a babble of voices and saw standing before her, foremost in a crowd of passengers, water soaked and panting, none other than "Mad Dick" Abercrombie.

"I've come to ask you to marry me," was his greeting.

There was a burst of laughter from the crowd, in which Miss Le Grand joined.

"Accept him," shouted one. "Any man who has the energy and pluck in wooing a woman to commit himself to this eddying and whirling river deserves her."

Miss Le Grand extended her hand, and Abercrombie, kneeling, kissed it.

When Colonel Le Grand heard of the remarkable method by which his daughter had unraveled her matrimonial tangle and how "Mad Dick" Abercrombie had won he exclaimed. "The rascal is worth a dozen of the others." And when he asked Dick how he got wind of the direction Anita had taken he received the following evasive reply:

"I flatter myself, colonel, there is not one of your servants that would not give me a lift in the chief event of my life."

And he was right.

Encouragement Enough.

"But why should you be so dreadfully surprised and disappointed when I decline your offer?" she asked recently. "I am certain that I never gave you the least encouragement to propose to me."

"You did!" he cried bitterly. "You gave me the greatest encouragement."

"When?"

"When you told me your income was $25,000 a year."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Sarcastic Wills.

One eccentric Frenchman directed that a new cooking recipe should be pasted on his tomb every day, and another Frenchman, who was a lawyer, left $50,000 to a lunatic asylum, declaring that it was simply an act of restitution to the clients who were insane enough to employ his services.

Staging a Play.

"I can give you the part of a butler."

"I couldn't take a small part like that."

"You are evidently not used to society drama. The butler has his share of the epigrams."—Pittsburg Post.

His Intentions.

Mrs. Rasher—Has Mr. Goldcoin, with whom you have been dancing all the evening, at last declared his intentions, Mabel? Mabel—Yes, aunt. Mrs Rusher—I am so glad! And what did he say? Mabel—He declared he would never marry.—Vogue.

Trinidad's Pitch Lake.

All efforts to ascertain the depth of the famous pitch lake of Trinidad has been unsuccessful. At the sides of the lake the pitch is hard and cold, but at the center it is almost constantly boiling.

Happiness.

Happiness is rather a negative than a postive term in this world and consists more in the absence of some things than in the presence of others —Sam Slick.

A GAME OF BRIDGE.

John W. Gates Sprung a Surprise on His Young Friend.

John W. Gates' last office was in the Trinity building. He called his firm Charles G. Gates & Co. Others termed it "the house of the twelve apostles," as a dozen partners were in it. Gates was considered a good bridge whist player. Often after 3 p. m. bridge was played in the office. One day there were only three to play. A young man of good family, but not wealthy, came in.

"Sit down," said Gates agreeably. "I hate to play with a dummy."

"How much a point do you play?" asked the newcomer.

"Fifty," said Gates.

"I can't afford it," was the rejoinder. "Twenty-five is a big game for me."

"Well, make up the rubber," said Gates disappointedly. "We'll play for twenty-five."

The young man played well, had luck and won.

"We have a sort of clearing house here," said Gates when the game ended. "I'll send you your check in the morning."

The young man got a check for $13,000. Astounded, he took it to the signer.

"What does this mean?" he asked. "I circulated that I won $130. We were playing for 25 cents a point, weren't we?"

"We were playing for $25 a point," returned Gates.

"Wha-at! Why, if I'd lost I couldn't have paid."

"If you hadn't paid we'd have run you out of the city," said Gates coldly. "But you won. Cash that check." It was cashed.—New York Tribune.

YOUR MORNING MAIL.

It May Be Dangerous to Open It at the Breakfast Table.

Did you ever hear that it is dangerous to open your morning mail at the breakfast table? According to a Berlin scientist, Professor Kron, and the London Lancet, it is dangerous—very. Professor Kron has succeeded in tracing several cases of contagion to the old custom of waiting until you sit down at the breakfast table before opening and going through your morning mail. He calls attention to the fact that the average man or woman goes down to breakfast with hands and face scrupulously clean, teeth scrubbed and throat gargled. In that condition he is prepared to eat without danger of swallowing more disease germs than may have possibly escaped the watchful attentions of the cook.

But instead of doing that he handles letters and papers which have passed through many hands before reaching his own. Between bites he opens envelopes and wrappers and in doing so unthinkingly paves the way for the absorption of all kinds of germs which may or may not do him a great deal of harm.

It has long been the custom in many well regulated households where the breakfast hour is fixed somewhat late and where the mail carrier gets around before breakfast is served to place each person's morning letters by his or her plate in the dining room. This, says the Lancet, is a custom which should be abolished at once. Letters should be opened and read either before or after breakfast, but never at the table during the handling of food.

To Restore Leather Bindings.

To restore the leather bindings of books wash them first very lightly and carefully with clean warm water in which a tiny piece of soda has been dissolved, in order to free the leather from grease; then wash with clear water to remove the soda and dry. Dissolve a bit of gum arabic the size of a small bean in a teaspoonful of water and beat it up with a teaspoonful of the white of an egg. With a bit of sponge go lightly over the leather with this glair and let it dry. Should the glair froth up on the leather, as it is very likely to do if there is much tool work on the book, dab it until it subsides with the palm of the hand or with the sponge squeezed as dry as possible.

Her Dear Husband.

"Why," exclaimed a newly married woman to a bunch of friends, "for three months after our marriage my dear husband made me bake hot biscuits for him every meal."

"And yet your husband is a strong, healthy looking fellow," answered her friend, in astonishment. "Doctors say that such a diet is terrible, and"—

"Oh, yes, this husband is healthy. I was referring to my first husband!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

She Understood.

Mr. Misfit—It's no use trying to explain things to a woman. She can't understand scientific terms. No; there is— Mrs. Misfit—Oh, yes, I can, Charles! Heredity is what a man blames his father and mother for, and environment is what he blames his wife and children for.—Exchange.

The Logical Lunatic.

A lunatic was in the habit of catching imaginary flies. When asked to explain her strange action she pointed under her cloak and replied, "The flies are to feed this mongoose."

"But there is no mongoose."

"Well, there are no flies."

Flattery.

"Odd thing about flattery."

"What?"

"It makes everybody sick except those who swallow it."—Exchange.

So much is a man worth as he esteems himself.—Rabelais.

His View.

Willis—Do you think a man should be allowed to hold the highest honor in the United States more than four years? Gillis—Sure thing! I say, if a man can top the league in batting for ten or even fifteen years, let him stay in the game for the good of the sport.—Puck.

Time to Quit.

"I used to sing quite a little," said Mr. Cumrox.

"How did you come to quit?"

"I began to take notice that the audience was inclined to appear sad at the comic songs and look tickled at the pathetic ballads."—Washington Star.

Fairly Warned.

"Won't you try a piece of my wife's angel cake?"

"Will it make an angel of me?"

"That will depend on the kind of life you have led."—Houston Post.

The chains which cramp us most are those which weigh on us least.

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson I.—Fourth Quarter, For Oct. 1, 1911.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, Ezek. iii, 12-21. Memory Verses, 17-19—Golden Text, Ezek. iii, 17—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

It is most helpful to consider these men who were truly sent of God and who faithfully delivered His messages. The heart of all their messages was the one to whom they all bare witness (Acts x, 43); the one whom Ezekiel saw as a man upon a throne (i, 26); the one for whom the throne of David still waits, who will be King over all the earth and rule the world in righteousness (Luke i, 32, 33; Zech. xiv, 9).

Ezekiel was one of the captives in Babylon, and, like Daniel, he was there for his own good and the good of others (Jer. xxiv, 5), that he might turn the people to God. The hand of the Lord was specially upon him, as it is said at least seven times (i, 3; iii, 14, 22; viii, 1; xxxiii, 22; xxxvii, 1; xl, 1), and by the Spirit of the Lord he saw visions of God, heavenly things as in chapter i, and things at Jerusalem on earth as in chapter viii, things then taking place or about to take place as in chapter xii, and things yet future as in chapter xxxvii.

When we have become children of God by receiving the Lord Jesus Christ there is nothing we need so much as to be filled with the Holy Spirit and have the hand of God upon us, controlling, guiding, working. If we are in His hand for His pleasure, inasmuch as the pleasure of the Lord shall prosper in His hand (Isa. liii, 10) it will prosper through us if we are only willing and obedient.

The aim of every believer who is right with God must be the glory of God, that God in all things may be glorified and the time of His kingdom hastened (I Pet. iv, 11, 13; v, 10). In chapter i the prophet saw the likeness of the glory of the Lord in the cloud, and fire and brightness, and the living creatures, and the wheels and the throne over all with the man upon it (chapter i, 3; xxvi, 28). In chapter x, 20 he tells us that he knew the living creatures were the cherubim, and I believe that Adam and Eve and the antediluvian believers saw in the cherubim in Eden symbols of what redeemed ones shall be in the kingdom.

Before it is time to teach this lesson I hope to have ready a booklet on "The Cherubim." It is only as we are filled with visions of God and glory that we can be His faithful witnesses here in this ungodly world. There is rebellion against God on every side as truly as in the days of Ezekiel (chapters ii, 3-8; iii, 7), and the word of truth is not popular. It is even according to Isa. xxx, 9-11, but if Spirit filled and beholding the glory we shall not be moved by what we see and hear all about us.

As the Lord's messenger or watchman Ezekiel was to hear the word at His mouth and give them warning from Him (verse 17). His orders were: "Speak My words unto them whether they will hear or whether they will forbear." "Eat this roll and go speak unto the house of Israel." "Speak with My words unto them." All My words receive in thine heart and go and tell them, thus saith the Lord God (ii, 7; iii, 1, 4, 10, 11). The messenger of the Lord must never get up his own message nor speak from his own heart merely, but he must eat the words of the Lord according to this lesson and Jer. xv, 16; Rev. x, 8-11. Like this prophet and John in Patmos, we will find the word sweet to our taste, but afterward bitter (iii, 3, 14), for there will be an opposition to it on the part of many which will enable us to sympathize with Jeremiah in his experience of chapter xx, 8-10. May there also be in us such a burning that we cannot but speak the words of truth, however much we may be tempted not to do so (Acts iv, 20).

The prophet's seven days' astonishment (verse 15) reminds us of Job's friends who sat with him seven days and nights without speaking a word (Job ii, 13) and of the words of Ps. xxxix, 9, "I was dumb, I opened not my mouth because Thou didst it." Concerning verses 18 to 21 of our lesson compare chapters xxxiii, 7-14, and note Prov. xxiv, 11, 12, and see our responsibility to give to others the glad tidings which are for all people. We are put in trust with the gospel and are debtors to all who have never heard, and we will be greatly ashamed in that day if we have been unfaithful to our trust (I Thess. ii, 4; Rom. i, 14-16; I John ii, 28). It was one who belonged to the wicked one who said, "Am I my brother's keeper?" (I John iii, 12), and we must be careful lest while professedly Christians we act as if we cared not if others perish. Concerning the words "iniquity" and "righteousness" in the lesson paragraph we are considering, we must remember that "all our righteousnesses are as filthy rags" (Isa. lxiv, 6), and apart from the righteousness of God in Christ, which becomes ours when we receive Him, there is none that will stand (II Cor. v, 21; I Cor. i, 30; Rom. x, 3, 4).

From lesson verses 22, 23, we learn that we must be where God wants us in order to hear His voice. "Arise, go forth into the plain, and I will there talk with thee." "Arise and go down to the potter's house, and there I will cause thee to hear my words" (Jer. xviii, 2). Obedience is everything, whether the word is "Go forth" or "Go shut thyself within thine house" (verse 24), whether He says "Be dumb" or "Open thy mouth" (verses 26, 27).

A Matter of Economy.

"But why do you wish to have a running account at the department store?" asked the husband. "Do you think it saves you anything?"

"Of course it does, you silly thing. Isn't that just like a man! It saves me more than you can imagine," answered the wife in a breath.

"But what does it save?"

"Time. I don't have to stop and ask the price of anything I want to buy."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Her Beautiful Hair.

"Maybelle, your girl friend has beautiful hair."

"It will pass, Tom."

"Why do you girls hate to admit that another girl has fine points?"

"In that case it wouldn't do to appear too enthusiastic. I lent her that hair."—Kansas City Journal.

Feminine Reasoning.

Stella—Her gown is just like yours. Bella—I don't care if hers is a duplicate of mine, but I don't want mine a duplicate of hers.—Puck.

TALES OF SPOOKS

The Deputy Death Sent to the Second Lord Lyttleton.

WARNED HIM AND VANISHED.

And Just When He Thought He Had "Jockeyed the Ghost" the Prediction Became a Fact—Story of a Specter Dog and the Legend of Lady Howard.

Belief in specters, phantoms and apparitions still lingers in many parts of England. We scoff at ghost stories as stuff that is "considered ridiculous by all persons of sound education and common sense," and yet mixed in with the legends of wraiths and hellhounds are some true tales that are hard to explain from the standpoint of natural cause and effect.

A strange story is that told of the notorious second Lord Lyttleton, who is said to have been as evil as his father was the reverse. He died when in his prime under the following well attested circumstances: A few days before his death Lord Lyttleton saw enter his room a woman who told him that on the third day after her appearance he would die. He was very much frightened and extremely depressed by the occurrence, but on the morning of the third day his fears had abated somewhat, and he had to breakfast with him a party which included Lady Flood, Lord Fortescue and two of the Misses Amphlett, to whom he said, "If I live over tonight I shall have jockeyed the ghost, for this is the third day." In the forenoon the party set out to Pit Place, Lord Lyttleton's country seat near Epsom, and were not long arrived when his lordship had a suffocating fit, but recovered sufficiently to dine with his friends at 5 o'clock.

By what is described as "a friendly trick" the watches and clocks throughout the house were advanced half an hour. The evening passed, and Lord Lyttleton's spirits recovered their usual gayety. At half past 11 he retired, and, according to his valet's report, "he kept every now and then looking at his watch. * * * Within a minute or two of 12 by his watch he asked to look at mine. * * * His lordship then put both to his ear to make certain that they went. When it was near the real hour of 12 he said: 'Come; I'll wait no longer. Get me my medicine. I'll take it and try to sleep.'" It appears that the valet stirred the draft with a toothpick, and this angered Lord Lyttleton, who sent him for a spoon. When the man returned he found his master in a fit. Instead of attempting to relieve him he ran for help, and when he returned with the alarmed guests Lord Lyttleton was dead.

A peculiar class of apparition in which many persons believed is that of specter dogs, which are again divided into three kinds: (1) Black dogs that are fiends in disguise; (2) evil spirits that hunt souls in this guise; (3) spirits of the wicked departed made to take this shape for their sins. These black dogs are of all sorts and sizes, big dogs and little dogs, long haired dogs and short haired dogs, meek dogs and fierce dogs, but as a rule the standard specter hound is huge, most ferocious looking and shaggy like a wolf, and, we are told, packs of these hellhounds have been seen, sometimes hunted by a huntsman whose description much resembles the popular conception of the devil.

A famous story is told of a goblin hound which used to inhabit an old mansion at Lyme Regis, in Dorset, that had been partly demolished and turned into a farmhouse, in which lived an old drunken farmer. Having been urged to drive out the black dog by his companions, he seized the poker and rushed at the dog, which sprang up instantly and rushed upstairs, followed by the tipsy farmer. It fled into an attic and, hey presto, jumped clean through the ceiling. The angry farmer struck at the place, when, to his amazement, down fell from the hole he had made an old fashioned money box, which proved to be full of gold and silver coins of the reign of Charles I. The dog was never again seen in the house, but it is said to haunt a lane which leads to it, where it can be seen at midnight and which bears the name of "Dog lane," while a local inn displays the sign "The Black Dog Inn."

Lady Howard, who lived in the reign of the first James and was as famous for her wit as for her beauty and her wealth, was also possessed of a good many bad qualities. She had four husbands, whom she killed off rather rapidly, and was very cruel to her only daughter. For her sins she was transformed when she died—so the story runs—into a black dog, and at midnight she runs between Fitzford, her one time residence, and Oakhampton park in order to carry to the place from which she started a single blade of grass. This she is doomed to do until she has removed every blade of grass from the park.—London Globe.

Easy Mark For Charley.

Mrs. Green—I tell you it's nice to have a husband who isn't afraid to praise you up to people. Why, only yesterday I heard Charley telling Mrs. Jones that I was getting to be a regular Xantippe.

Mrs. Wise—A Xantippe! Do you know who she was?

Mrs. Green—Oh, yes; I told Charley I'd overheard him, and he explained that Xantippe was the goddess of youth and beauty.—Boston Transcript.

The unspoken word never does harm. —Kossuth.

Rode to a Sure Death.

Jacques de Chastel, bishop of Soissons, had accompanied Louis IX. (St. Louis) on the African crusade and, finding that nothing had been accomplished and that the army was about to return in disgrace to France, refused to go, took leave of his friends, partook of the sacrament, mounted his horse fully equipped for battle and, in sight of the whole army, charged alone into the Saracen camp, where he was at once cut to pieces.

A Vast Difference.

Young Hopeful—Father, what is a traitor in politics? Veteran Politician—A traitor is a man who leaves our party and goes over to the other one. Young Hopeful—Well, then, what is a man who leaves his party and comes over to yours? Veteran Politician—A convert, my son.—London Tit-Bits.

Natural Suggestion.

Harduppe—I don't know how to express my love for Miss Gotrox. Wigwag—I should think you would send it C. O. D.—Philadelphia Record.

FIGHT OFF WORRY.

Don't Waste Nervous Strength and Energy In Useless Fretting.

The immediate cause of neuralgia is poison in the blood; therefore our object is to keep the blood pure and healthy, as it is only when the blood is poor that the neuralgia poisons develop in it. Poor blood is caused by lack of sleep, lack of fresh air, improper food and overfatigue, by too little exercise and by mental worry.

Nothing is easier to say than "Don't worry" and few things so difficult to carry out. But by "Don't worry" the doctors mean do not waste valuable nervous strength and energy in fretting over things beyond your control. Make a point of putting all anxiety from you during meals and above all when you go to bed. Train yourself to think of something cheerful as you try to go to sleep; otherwise your sleep will be harassed and fitful and will do you very little good.

He was a wise man who made it a rule to think of nothing disagreeable after 10 o'clock at night. He at any rate could never have been a victim to neuralgia.

Keep up the general tone of the nervous system and you will have little difficulty in keeping off nervous ailments, notably neuralgia.—London Mail.

A FREAK OF NATURE.

The Curious Vegetable Caterpillar of New Zealand.

Among the many strange growths, apparently freaks of nature, which are to be found in New Zealand the vegetable caterpillar readily ranks among the foremost. This caterpillar is several inches in length, is hairless and does not differ essentially in appearance from some of the caterpillars of our own land.

Its claim to distinction lies in the fact that when it gets ready to die it digs a hole for itself in the earth and completely buries itself. Later a slender green shoot springs from the spot. This bears two or more leaves near its top.

Upon investigation it is found that the green shoot springs from the head of the dead caterpillar, and further investigation develops the fact that the body of the caterpillar is filled with roots.

The form is retained without change, and the roots do not pierce through the skin or enter the ground. When dug up this dead yet living freak presents a most odd appearance, for the head and even the eyes of the caterpillar are distinctly seen, yet from the head is growing the green sprout, with its leaves.

"A Child Shall Lead Them."

It was in Boston.

They were having a "difference."

"After careful cogitation," said he, "I am firmly convinced that I displayed a deplorable lack of discernment in choosing you as the partner of my joys and sorrows."

"You are correct," said she, "and I am sure that I must have been suffering under a mental aberration to have given an affirmative answer to your impassioned pleading."

"I have realized," said Bartholomew, the four-year-old progeny, as he stepped from the nursery—"I have realized for several years that my parental affiliations were uncongenial, I might almost say distasteful. But I have deemed it my duty to continue as 'the tie that binds.' Now I must insist that unless you show to each other the courtesies due my immediate ancestors I shall be forced to repudiate my relationship."

They embraced. Again a little child had won.—Brooklyn Life.

Psychology of Sleep.

The psychology of sleep is a vast and little explored subject. Sleep deepens to trance, trance to death. Therefore in life, speaking somewhat paradoxically, sleep is most akin to death. Whether the spirit is parted from the body and goes long journeys through space, or whether it is in a state of one long dream, parts of which we are alone conscious of, is a matter for the Society of Psychical Research. Yet many of us have dreamed things, seen things or even spoken and heard things in sleep which we have seen, heard or spoken later on in reality. We can more or less follow the stages up to the final sleep of all, but here we must pause, and, with Hamlet, in vain attempt to learn what lies beyond the veil: "And in that sleep of death, what dreams may come!"—London Globe.

A Correction.

In a town of such size that every one knows every one else it is often customary to speak of people by their first names, even when one would not do so to their faces. The butcher is known as Joe Smith, the grocer as Frank Parsons, the lawyer as Will Andrews, and no offense is meant or taken. One day a friend was helping a teacher of the industrial school to put hats and coats on forty little members of the kindergarten class. Two little tow headed girls attracted her attention, and as she tied their hoods she asked:

"Are you Charlie Porter's little girls?" Two serious little blue eyes looked up as the elder replied:

"His name was Charlie when he was a little boy. He's Mr. Porter now."—Exchange.

The Moral.

"The persistency with which children see in a fable some other moral than the one which it is intended that they shall see is often distressing," remarks a Philadelphia instructor of the young. "I had recited to one little boy the story of the wolf and the lamb and had followed it up with the remark:

"'And now you see, Tommy, that the lamb would not have been eaten by the wolf if he had been good and sensible.'

"'Yes, I understand,' said Tommy. 'If the lamb had been good and sensible we should have had him to eat!'"—Lippincott's.

A Hotel Experience.

"There are two classes of arrivals who ask you to register for them," said a hotel clerk yesterday. "One is the woman with tight gloves who really cannot write. The other is the men who arrive after 11 p. m. and who say: 'Just register (hic), old man, will you? Been carrying this grip and m' hand's so nervous I couldn't hold a pen.'"—New York Sun.

Lost Days.

"You used to say," she complained, "that you counted that day lost when you did not hear the sound of my voice."

"Yes, I know," he replied, "and I shall never cease to long for those dear lost days."—Chicago Record-Herald.

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SEE THE FUNNY SIDE.

Use Your Sense of Humor When Distressing Situations Arise.

Humor proves to be the saving clause of many a distressing situation. The trouble with most of us is that we take our troubles altogether too seriously. We fail to see the funny side of things that for the moment concern us, even though we are quick to grasp it when we are mere onlookers.

In the face of gathered clouds that seem to shut out the sunshine forever it is not a bad idea to remind ourselves that this old mother earth has been revolving on her axis for countless ages, that generations of men have come and gone for thousands of years and that the march of human progress has gone right along in the forward direction despite what seemed to be occasional setbacks.

"Laugh and the world laughs with you." There is humor in nearly every situation if we can only see it from the right angle. Those of us who try to smile in adversity and think how much more laughable it would be if conditions were reversed at least feel less uncomfortable over it and take pleasure in looking forward to the time when the shoe will be on the other foot.—Omaha Bee.

The Road to Thrones.

In the year 1716 a girl called Marie d'Abbadie was hired as a servant in an inn at Pierrefitte, France. She was the daughter of peasants named Dominique Habas and Marie d'Abbadie. A Gearnais from the village of Boeilh, whose name was Jean de Saint-Jean, stayed in this inn, saw the pretty maid, fell in love with her and on May 30, 1719, wedded her in the church at Assat. They had several daughters, the eldest of whom on Feb. 20, 1754, was married at Boeilh to Henri Bernadotte, physician, son of Jean Bernadotte, master tailor. Their son was Napoleon's Marshal Bernadotte, who became king of Sweden and whose great-grandsons and great-granddaughter are respectively King Gustave V. of Sweden, King Haakon VII. of Norway and the Queen of Denmark.

Bedlam.

How many people use the expression "a regular bedlam" without knowing bedlam's "where or what." Bedlam was the popular corruption of Bethlehem, the name of an insane asylum in London, first established in 1523. Owing to the prevalent ignorance of that age, it was a place of chains and manacles and stocks and finally became so filthy and loathsome that no man could enter it. It was rebuilt several times, but even as late as 1812 the institution was marked by its cruelty to inmates. The poor lunatics were chained and flogged at certain stages of the moon's age. Treacherous floors were arranged that, slipping suddenly, precipitated the unsuspecting ones into "baths of surprise."

Two of a Kind.

Convict No. 671 (ex-burglar) leaned confidentially over to his companion, a new addition, and whispered:

"What yer in for, sonny?"

"Five years. And you?"

"Same. Pinched a gold cup wot some one give as a prize in a race an' the thing turned out to be on'y gilt arter all. Whatcher larfin' at?"

Convict 999 (ex-company promoter)—He, he! I'm the chap who gave the cup!—London Tit-Bits.

Telling Tales.

"That," said the professor, "is an Egyptian queen. She is at least 3,000 years old."

"My!" exclaimed the girl with large fluffy hair. "I'll bet she'd be annoyed if she knew you were telling it."—Exchange.

Rubbing It In.

Patient (angrily)—The size of your bill makes my blood boil. Doctor—Then that will be $20 more for sterilizing your system.—Boston Transcript.

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